



The World's Greatest Tragedy.



“The man said something in the girl’s ear, and a moment later the brass-studded door closed behind them.” (Page 45.)
(Investigators are at present looking for the girl.)

FROM DANCE HALL TO WHITE SLAVERY

The World's Greatest Tragedy

Thrilling stories of actual experiences of girls who were lured from innocence into lives of degradation by men and women engaged in a regularly organized **WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.**

Showing the evils of the **DANCE HALL** with the usual saloon or bar attachment and the easy steps by which young girls are led to their downfall.

Based upon investigations and reports made by a committee of prominent women appointed by the **MAYOR OF CHICAGO**, to help fight the evils of public dance halls and the work of white slave traders.

Showing also that the accursed liquor traffic is the means by which the horrible white slave traffic is enabled to secure its thousands of innocent victims and flourish.

These stories of actual occurrences are told by conscientious men who have taken many risks to secure the facts, to aid the organizations and leagues and individuals who are working earnestly to save girls, to clean out the vice districts, to secure laws that will punish the fiends, both men and women, engaged in white slavery, and more than all else to warn fathers and mothers, and through them the sons and daughters of the land, against the dangers and pitfalls which are spread for the unenlightened.

Prudery is not modesty. Ignorance is not innocence.

BY

H. W. LYTLE and JOHN DILLON

Investigators for the Metropolitan Press

TO THE LITTLE WOMEN OF AMERICA,
WITH ABUNDANT FAITH THAT THE ADULT READERS OF
THIS BOOK MAY RISE UP AND DESTROY THE PITFALLS
THAT EVIL MEN HAVE LAID TO ENSNARE
YOUR INNOCENCE,
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.
JOHN DILLON.

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SOME OPINIONS

"The combination of the community dance hall and the disorderly saloon is one of the mighty factors in the ruin of our young girls. We cannot afford to ignore this evil and maintain a shred of self-respect."

—MRS. LOUISE DeKOVEN BOWEN.

"The dance hall evil is a canker that the community must eradicate to save its future generations."

—JANE ADDAMS, HULL HOUSE, CHICAGO.

"More girls enter the White Slaver's mart through the portals of the disorderly dance hall than through all other agencies." —LESTER BODINE, SUPERINTENDENT OF COMPULSORY EDUCATION, CHICAGO.

"The Vice Commission found the low dance hall one of the master keys to the Red Light District."—CHIEF JUSTICE HARRY OLSON, OF THE MUNICIPAL COURTS, CHICAGO.

"The solution to this evil is the properly regulated social dance. Young persons must and will dance. If we do not give them an orderly and clean place where they may pursue this pleasure they will go to the low dives, and who is to blame?"—DR. J. B. McFATRICH, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, CHICAGO.

THE OBJECT

The object of this book is to save our girls and boys by showing them where the snares and pitfalls are in the paths of daily life. Some prudish persons frown upon handling such delicate subjects, but the greatest of our American magazines have printed articles for many months, written by leading men and women, in an earnest effort to induce parents to enlighten their children on the very dangers which we here portray. Most parents now are willing to agree that ***ignorance is not innocence***, and still they hesitate to enlighten and warn. It is the hope of the publishers of this book that its tragic portrayals will startle all parents into action and that the reading of its pages may assist the noble workers enlisted in the various Law and Order Leagues and Purity Associations of the whole world to save the youth of our own land at least.

THE PUBLISHERS.

**Causes
Which
Lead to
White
Slavery**

IGNORANCE

IGNORANCE

Lack of Modesty in Dress

Vicious Employment Bureaus

Demand for New Victims

IGNORANCE

IGNORANCE

Narcotic Drugs

Lack of Laws and their Enforcement

Misplaced Confidence

IGNORANCE

IGNORANCE

Crooked Theatrical Agencies

The Professional White Slaver

Fake Want Advertisements

IGNORANCE

IGNORANCE

The First Drink

The Public Dance Hall

Traders
and
Procurers

**How to
Stamp
Out
White
Slavery**

KNOWLEDGE

KNOWLEDGE

Know the Dangers that Exist

Help to Make Better Laws

Read and Sell Good Books

KNOWLEDGE

KNOWLEDGE

Warn the Young and Innocent

Help all Reform and Anti-Vice Societies

Officials

*Punish
Grafting*

KNOWLEDGE

Help Do Your Part

KNOWLEDGE

Punishment of White Slave Traders

Learn Yourself, so You can Tell Others

KNOWLEDGE

KNOWLEDGE

Use Your Brain and Influence

Close up Public Dance Halls

Avoid Talking the First Drink

KNOWLEDGE

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FROM DANCE HALL TO WHITE SLAVERY

CHAPTER I.

THE DANCE HALL PERIL.

IN all large cities the two agencies operated for commercial reasons, which attract the greatest number of young people, are the theatre and the dance-hall. It is inconceivable to suppose that the hurry, hustle and bustle of the industrial world can find relaxation and amusement exclusively, in the home or what corresponds to it. The girl or boy works by day in an atmosphere of the artificial. By night when his or her time is not regulated, amusement must be sought and found, whether natural or artificial.

In Chicago it is estimated that approximately 32,000 children, a majority being industrial units in the working machine, attend the "nickel shows" and the cheap theatres nightly. The estimate is large but it dwindles into insignificance beside that, attendant upon the popularity of the dance hall as a place of amusement. The

dance is the natural relaxation of the proletariat. An evening's average of 86,000 young people attend the dance halls of Chicago.

In the city of Chicago, today, flourishes a commercialized institution which has its menace for every phase of our social, civic, domestic and industrial life. The Social Evil has been capitalized at \$300,000,000—admittedly a conservative estimate. Commercialized vice renders fabulous returns on this hypothetical investment.

Commercialized vice is not troubled with the necessity of supporting a demand. The supply must be fostered.

So upon the altars of vice in the city of Chicago, annully, are 5,000 girls offered up as sacrificial victims to the Social Evil.

These five thousand tragedies, differ only in circumstance; tragedies of the home, the shop, street, factory, or office; tragedies, even of the churches, and—the instance seems to apply in an overwhelming majority—*tragedies of the dance*.

Investigation of the Social Evil in Chicago by the Municipal Vice Commission and the voluminous report compiled as a result, stands sponsor for the statement that almost 75 per cent of the girls—the 5,000 girls—who are annually sacrificed, attribute their downfall in a greater or less degree to the public dance hall. By this is meant the community dance hall when affili-

ated with the disreputable saloon. No reference is meant to the properly regulated social dance.

On November 13, 1910, an investigation of the public dance halls of Chicago was begun by the Juvenile Protective association. The investigation was concluded March 9, 1911. A total of 278 dances were attended, while 328 halls were investigated. The results of this investigation show that the public dance halls of the city are "largely controlled by the saloon and vice interests."

The interests of the dance hall have in a majority of instances become synonymous with those of the saloon, and back of both lies the demand of commercialized vice for the 5,000 annual victims that must be secured.

In 240 of the 328 halls investigated liquor was sold in the halls, which 190 had saloons opening into the halls and 109 are known to have sold liquor to minors.

The remainder, except for a few isolated cases, gave return checks at the door in order to facilitate the use of the neighboring saloons. In practically all, the identification between the saloon and the dance was complete. The dance has become a commercialized corollary of the evil which requires 5,000 young girls annually as victims.

The sale of drinks to minors, both girls and

boys, is a general condition and is the crux of the situation as regards the definite perils and evils of the public dance.

Separated from its cause, the effect disappears, and the dance hall evil, though general in its effect, is specific in its cause. The sale of liquor may be safely proclaimed the cause, for in such halls as have absolutely separated their dances from the saloon interests, the entertainment has been found to be quiet, orderly and moral.

Most of the dance halls exist for and by the sale of liquor. The ostensible purpose of dancing is but secondary and it is at such dances that the "procurers" of vice do their greatest work toward enrolling the 5,000 unfortunates for the year's sacrifice to the demands of immorality.

It is one of the commonplace tragedies of the dance hall that the girls average between fifteen and nineteen years of age, while the boys are between sixteen and eighteen; ages at which pleasure is demanded with all the eagerness and as one of the prerogatives of youth.

In the halls where liquor is sold, practically all the boys show signs of intoxication before the middle of the dance is reached, probably for the reason that it is often impossible to get a drink of water in the halls. The dances are short—four to five minutes, with brief encores—while the intermissions provide ample time to spend money

purchasing drinks. The dances thus degenerate into mere excuses for the sale of liquor.

The waiters and employes of many dance halls are suspiciously ready to give information regarding the location of disreputable lodging houses, often immediately contiguous.

In many cases the use of the dance hall premises for immoral purposes is connived at by the management.

The dances themselves may be divided into two general classifications: those run by the proprietors of the hall and, in most cases, of the saloons connected, and those affairs given by clubs and societies.

At the former the dangers are more subtle. The halls are cleaner, better order is kept and an assumption of decency is made, but such resorts are usually gathering places for the professionals of the commercialized institution which continually demands new and fresh victims.

Here gather the professional women of the street, the men and women procurers of new recruits and the crowds of young men who go to the dances for the especial purpose of "picking up" girls for immoral usages.

At the club dances disorder often prevails, particularly when the dance is being given in connection with any saloon or liquor interest. Many of the clubs are clubs in name only—organized

for the purpose of making money from the dancers.

The dances are advertised by posters, but more generally by "pluggers," vari-colored cards with the dance announcement on one side and a popular song, often suggestive, on the other. The greatest dangers are to be found in connection with masquerade and fancy dress balls, where the costumes often permit of the most indecent dressing and where prizes are awarded for the best costumes.

Prizes usually consist of cheap jewelry, liquor, perfume and cigars donated by the neighboring tradesmen. A barrel of beer is usually awarded to the prize-winning group of men and a dozen bottles of wine to the successful group of girls. A quart of whiskey is the popular prize for single character sketches.

The dances sometimes maintain a semblance of respectability until midnight has been passed, when a grand scramble for the bar or the neighboring saloons ensues. The effect immediately becomes generally apparent, although operations as a rule begin earlier in the evening. The men frequently subject the girls to liberties without interference from the police, ostensibly on guard for just such occasions, or the spectators.

Immoral dancing is one of the most sensual features of such dances. The so-called "grizzly

bear," "railroad round," "rocking horse," etc., ad infinitum, as danced to the suggestive music of the cheap orchestras that provide the accompaniment, are the open evidences of vice.

These variations, once introduced, serve for the speedy destruction of any girl's moral sense. The frequent reference to them in the newspapers, as being endorsed by Newport, or displayed at some great ball in New York, has had a tendency to lead imaginative girls to look upon contortions in the dance as permissible, whereas they would be shocked under any other environment.

It is this thing that has made it more easy for the professional procurer, the cadet, the pander and the White Slaver to seize upon the dance hall as his stamping ground.

The facts set forth above have led Dean Sumner, chairman of the Vice Commission; Mrs. Louise DeKoven Bowen, of the Juvenile Protective League, and Jane Addams, of Hull House, to make a vigorous fight on the dance hall as the big key to vice in Chicago. Prolonged study has led them to the conclusion that the vice problem may not be solved without careful consideration of the dance hall evil.

They do not believe that the facts should be suppressed. They believe that they must be brought out into the light of day. The facts must

be faced. The evil must be understood to be combatted.

It is with ~~the~~ hope that some mother, whether she be a Chicago mother or one from the rural districts, may know the evil as it exists, that this book is published.

To bring home more vividly the perils, individual cases have been treated. Each is from the records of the dance hall evil in Chicago—from the police blotters, from the work of vice investigators, from the memoranda of the Juvenile Protective league. Perhaps a name or an address may be changed in some individual case. But in the main even these details are not altered.

The stories set forth a few of the 5,000 tragedies that are enacted annually in the city of Chicago. Each one is a separate drama. Yet each one might, in the ultimate terror of its results, be considered as representative of the 5,000 annual tragedies of girls in Chicago—girls who pass into White Slavery through, perhaps, the portals of the dance hall.



“Nonsense, get wise, Ollie. This is Malt Tonic; won’t hurt you a bit.” Then she hesitatingly lifted the glass. (Page 20.)



Childish innocence is the greatest attraction for the oldest and most dissolute rake.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE GIRL FROM THE COUNTRY.

ON AN evening train that whizzed through Irondale, hesitated at South Chicago and stopped for a relieved gasp of feathery steam at Englewood, Olga came to the city.

The circumstance of Olga's arrival was noted only by a hackman on Sixty-third street; noted and then forgotten as the girl manifested her intention of boarding a street car. But, among the "South End Notes" of the Goshen (Ind.) newspaper the fact that "Miss Olga Hart had accepted a lucrative position in one of Chicago's largest mercantile houses," was noted, discussed and dilated upon.

And so Olga came to Chicago—or rather to South Chicago. It was on Escanaba avenue near Eighty-ninth street that she finally found the aunt with whom she was to live.

It was through the good offices of the self-same aunt's husband, Franz Mueller, the "mercantile position" had been secured. Olga had not come to Chicago merely in response to the indefinite lure of the city. Parents, friends and relatives had all insisted that the position be ab-

solutely secured before Olga should trust her eighteen years of inexperience to the ways of the big city.

Numerous were the letters exchanged between the metropolitan Mr. Franz Mueller, who was an insurance agent, and the rural Peter Hart, of Goshen, Ind. All bore on the question of Olga's metropolitan prospects and it was only after grave deliberation that the "mercantile position" received the paternal sanction.

At the home of her aunt Olga found that the representations of Mr. Mueller as regarded her position had not been all talk. The mercantile position proved to be that of stock girl in "South Chicago's leading clothing store," carrying a salary of eight dollars per week, which, as Mr. Mueller explained, "is going some these days when the kids usually pull down six per—haps."

Mr. Mueller was a large, stout man, sportily inclined, with a sort of counterfeit geniality that invariably impressed on first acquaintance. As has been said, he was an insurance solicitor. Mr. Mueller made a good living and maintained a comfortable flat on Escanaba avenue. He lived with his wife and a man boarder, an electrician, employed in the steel mills of South Chicago. The Muellers had no children, Mr. Mueller explaining that "kids take up too much room and

we've got only enough for ourselves and one more, which is Pete Hart's kid."

Mrs. Mueller was a small woman, nervously subdued. She seemed afraid of her husband and started at every move on his part. She was Olga's aunt on her father's side. Mueller greeted "the little country kid" effusively, explaining that he whiled away the interval between trains "with a few drinks at Pernod's." Under the influence of the "few drinks" his first acquaintance good humor expanded until nothing became too good "for the pretty milkmaid Pete Hart sent us."

Pressed for details as regarded the "mercantile position," Mr. Mueller described the situation as the "goods." Further than that he assured Olga that her good looks would secure her rapid promotion.

"The only thing you need now is the 'scenery,'" he declared, after a glance that revealed the rural simplicity of her attire, "and it's me for togging you out for a winner. We'll hit Commercial avenue after dinner and grab off a new dress for you that'll make that 'Way Down East' get-up look like a hunkie's paycheck."

"But I can't afford it just now," said Olga, secretly flattered.

"Now, nix on that stuff, kid—Olga—we'll call you Ollie. This is on me and I'm putting this

thing over. We'll get the layout and then after you start to work you can give your aunt a few nickels. We'll call it square and that goes. You can go to work Monday, this is Friday, and if you don't like the job quit and we'll get another one for you.

"The stunt for you is to keep your eyes open and grab some good lad with a lot of class; work him for the dances and the shows and get hooked up in a year or so. Do you dance?"

"Why, yes," said Olga, rendered breathless by the prospect of getting hooked up in a year or so. "I was leader of the class in waltzing in the high school down home."

"That'll do for a start, but you want to get wise to the Boston dip and the 'Rockin' Horse' gallop if you get by with the stuff here in Chi," continued Mr. Mueller, oblivious to the fact that he was "getting by" with very little of the slang phrases that were an integral part of his genial moods.

So Olga listened to the advanced preachments of the metropolitan Mr. Mueller while her aunt anxiously watched the country girl's face for evidence of their effect.

"You're a pretty little kid, but awful raw," concluded Mr. Mueller, frankly, as the boarder entered. "I'm going to *educate* you a bit, Ollie, and if I don't put you on easy street it'll be

because you've got less looks and I've got less brains than I think at present."

The boarder, a well-built young man of perhaps twenty-three years, entered into the conversation with a wink at his host and:

"How's things, Mueller?"

"No kick, George. Meet my niece, Miss Ollie Hart, who's going to live with us for a while. Ollie, Mr. Richert."

"Delighted, Ollie," responded George.

"Ollie" stiffened a trifle. The boarder smiled agreeably and overlooked what Goshen might have considered impertinence.

"George" had a "way with the ladies" and evidently saw in the "country kid" fresh field for conquest. The boarder applied himself to the task of making a "hit" and by the time dinner was served had established himself in the opinion of Olga as a perfect type of the man about town she had read of in metropolitan novels.

When Mrs. Mueller in response to a dictatorial nod from her husband produced several bottles of beer, Olga began to feel that the Goshen ideas of life as laid down by father, mother and the Sunday school superintendent were indeed the "old stuff" Mr. Mueller declared them.

Nevertheless when a glass of the amber fluid was placed before her by the still genial Muel-

ler, "old stuff" held a temporary advantage, for she said:

"Excuse me, uncle, but I never drank beer, and I'm afraid it would make me sick."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Mueller, impatiently; "get wise, Ollie. This is malt tonic, best in the world; won't hurt you a bit." Then as he saw her hesitatingly lift the glass, "But don't drink with any of these fellows that ask you to, 'cause if you do"—with a significant pause and a smile in "George's" direction—"they'll get your goat."

"Is right," assented the boarder, lifting his glass, thirstily. "Gesundheit, Ollie."

Olga clinked glasses, hesitated a moment, then sipped the heavy liquid. When she set the glass down it was half full, and the preliminary step in the "education" of "Pete Hart's kid" had been taken. At the same time, Mueller's warning, embodied in the ambiguous phrase "they'll get your goat" rang significantly in her ears. She decided that there were things in the metropolitan life that even the infallible family council had little knowledge of.

"Ollie's some dancer, George," Mueller was saying when Olga came out of the first homesick mood. "Prize waltzer and all that; classy on the hop, aren't you, kid? Just wait till we get her some 'scenery' and put her wise."

"How about taking in the hop at Lincoln hall tomorrow night?" queried George, quickly. "Introduce you to all my friends and you and I will enter in the prize waltz they're running. If we win it or make a good showing you'll be in right and the fellows will all be camping on the doorstep. Most of the fellows and girls you'll work with in the store will be there and it'll help you a lot if you know them before you start in."

"What kind of a place is that Lincoln hall, George?" asked Mrs. Mueller. It was the first definite part she had taken in the conversation.

"Oh, it's a good place," answered the boarder, carelessly. "This dance is being run by the Lincoln club and the prize waltz is the big feature. I'd like to beat Louie Sayr and his girl in the prize event and if Ollie can waltz as well as I can, it's a cinch. The prize is \$25 and that'll buy her a new hat if we win. What do you say, kid?"

Olga was rapidly becoming accustomed to the idiosyncrasies of speech peculiar to Mueller and Richert. She finished her glass of beer and deliberated over the possibility of winning the prize waltz event, thereby enabling her to return the money Mueller proposed spending on her. As she looked up she caught a smile of amusement

on the boarder's face. For some reason she resented it more than his familiarity.

"What d'ye say, Ollie?" queried Mueller, filling her glass again. Again the picture of the family council shaking its head in grave disapproval, caused her to hesitate. Mueller frowned and Olga raised her glass gaily, smiling into George's eyes.

"Gesundheit again, George; I'm with you and we'll make them all"—she paused—"we'll make them all work to stop us," she finished smilingly.

"And then some," assented Richert, enthusiastically.

"Her education has passed the primary stage," said Mr. Mueller, with a resumption of his discarded professional manner. Henceforward it proceeds into the elementary."

All laughed as at a very humorous remark, but Mrs. Mueller's smile seemed dubious. Mueller poured brandy from the decanter for Richert and himself, glanced at Olga, then stopped the bottle and placed it on the sideboard.

After a brief test of Olga's proficiency in the waltz, the boarder pronounced her "an odds-on favorite" and demanded to know what "jay dancing teacher" taught "that gliding reverse."

"Why, that's copyrighted stuff and it's what beat me and my 'doll' the last time," he declared beamingly. "Louie Sayr and Jennie Maher have

got it down pat, but they make the turn like an I. C. freight train alongside us. We'll 'cop' sure, Ollie. You watch my smoke."

True to his word, Mr. Mueller bore her off to Commercial avenue and purchased the promised "layout" with a prodigality that might have surprised his wife. That his interest was merely philanthropic, Olga felt, for not once did he depart from the fatherly air of indulgence that had been his from the start of their acquaintance. Mr. Mueller picked and chose with the eye of a connoisseur and Mr. Mueller's word carried the weight of metropolitan experience.

Meanwhile Richert questioned Mrs. Mueller. Skillfully he drew from her the fact that Olga had been known as the belle of the little Indiana town; that she had come to Chicago at the solicitation of her aunt; that she had never been away from home before; had never "kept company" with any young man and was known as a thoroughly good girl.

At the conclusion the boarder withdrew to his room and sat for a long time in a deep Morris chair, a half smoked cigarette between his fingers. As he left the house later he paused to murmur:

"Country class and chicken," then as the door closed behind him: "Soft."

Lincoln hall was crowded. It was a triumph

for the "Pastime Social club" and Harry (Bubbles) English, president, promoter and membership at large of that organization, smiled expansively. "Bubbles" was a business man and "Bubbles" had run dances before; wherefore, it was apparent to him that the promotion of the present dance would net him at least a hundred dollars, exclusive of the \$40 bonus to be secured from the proprietors of the saloon on the first floor if business reached a satisfactory point.

Mr. English was a small, dark young man, hailing from Gary, Ind., where he was a notable figure in "the Patch," which to the initiated, corresponds to Chicago's Tenderloin, or South Chicago's "Harbor avenue." Mr. English was a past master in the art of promoting dances.

Knowing South Chicago and the contiguous territory, he had advertised his dance as an "informal ball and waltzing contest," with grand prizes of fifty dollars in gold for the three best couples. Mr. English knew that a sprinkling of the really respectable and proficient dancers of Cheltenham, Windsor Park and Grand Crossing would rise to the bait and willingly rub elbows with the regular South Chicago and Irondale clientele of Lincoln hall for the sake of winning the prize.

But even his most optimistic expectations had been exceeded and Mr. English found his dance

crowded long before 10 o'clock, when the "regulars" arrived in full force. The hall is situated on the third floor of the building at Ninety-first and Commercial avenue. Admission was by ticket and had been placed at fifty cents per person. An additional fee of fifteen cents was charged for wardrobe accommodations.

Mr. English had advertised his dance well by the "plugger" method, the accepted publicity system, and had distributed many thousand cards bearing popular songs on the reverse side, with an invitation to be present at the event of the season. That the Pastime Social club had no being as an organization beyond the capable personality of "Bubbles" English became apparent when that gentleman requested a favored few to wear the white ribbons of the floor and reception committees. Committees are indispensable formalities.

In the balcony Professor Krause's orchestra dispensed musical inspiration at bargain rates. A certain amount of prestige, apparently attaches to the providing of music for a prize waltzing contest and the professor's services had been secured at a bargain.

Two policemen had been detailed to keep order and Mr. English informed both that the drinks were "on" him at all times during the evening. The hour for termination of the "in-

formal ball" had been set for 3 a. m. and both officers nodded understandingly when Mr. English informed them in addition that "no rough stuff goes."

Close to 10 p. m. the delegation of "regulars" arrived and the ensemble was complete. Preliminary dances had justified Mr. English's mandate that "no rough stuff goes," and the crowd, though a trifle boisterous, was well behaved.

The grand march had been dispensed with and dancing was by invitation. Programs were conspicuously absent. A glance through the crowd revealed little but the free and easy good fellowship of the proletariat save for an occasional young man, scrupulously dressed with a large diamond ring or stickpin prominently displayed, or a girl whose effort at elegance and manner reminded of Freiberg's or more favored resorts of the free and easy. In one corner of the dance floor enclosure was a well-built young German who seemed to know "everybody and his brother," as he informed a pretty girl at his side, whose blue silk dress and black and white picture hat belied, in their elegance, her open-eyed gaze of wonder.

Olga had come to the dance, primed for the honors that would greet her "copyrighted" gliding reverse.

The program started with a catchy two-step

and Olga forgot everything but the fact that she was "working like a clock," in the lure of the dance. George was a good dancer and Olga skimmed over the floor as lightly as a swallow. On the turns her partner insisted on the "gliding reverse" without a step and the young couple threaded their way in and out of the closely packed dancers as swiftly and surely as a needle in the hands of an expert seamstress.

At the conclusion Olga was surrounded by a crowd of young men who proffered their cards and begged dances for the remainder of the evening. "George" was besieged by his friends to "put them next." Introductions followed with a rapidity that bewildered. Girls in the immediate vicinity stared enviously.

One young man who had reached her first suggested in an undertone that they "get out of this panic and have a drink downstairs." George assented eagerly, but Olga hesitated; it was not the picture of the family council that rose up before her, but a phrase of peculiar insistence that seemed to ring in her ears:

"Don't drink with any fellow that asks you, 'cause they'll get your goat if you do."

"I'll have an ice cream soda with you gentlemen," she said, "but nothing stronger."

The pale-faced man who had proposed the trip downstairs fingered his diamond stickpin

and stared into Richert's eyes, an incredulous smile played about his mouth.

"Oh, come on, Ollie, get wise," said the escort, impatiently. "You can have a glass of beer if you want to and we'll let it go at that—nothing stronger. Don't be a clam."

"If Miss Hart wishes it she can have a creme de menthe or something soft, such as a pousse cafe," said the other man, with an ingratiating smile.

"Well, I don't want to be tiresome, gentlemen, but I'd rather not have anything," said Olga, less determinedly. She was rather well impressed by the stranger's courteous manner.

"Come on," said Richert, leading the way down the stairs to the first floor, where Cavanaugh brothers had prepared for the evening with a force of five additional waiters and bartenders. Olga hesitated at the "ladies' entrance," but the pale-faced stranger guided her gently within. His deference would have seemed exaggerated to one familiar with the unmistakable signs of his calling, but to Olga he appeared as the cavalier.

Seated at the table, George mopped his brow vigorously and called for a waiter. The country girl glanced about the well-filled rear room and noted with surprise that strong wines, cocktails and even the malt drinks of the stronger sex

were popular among the girls and that more than one already was laughing quite hysterically. One girl, apparently not over sixteen, was leaning across the table with her eyes fixed in a peculiar stare on the face of her masculine companion. Her face was flushed and her fingers toyed nervously with a long-stemmed glass.

Her companion seemed to be debating some question in his mind.

"Nothing doing tonight, kid," he finally announced, decisively, whereupon she began repining bitterly for having taken up with such "a cheap tin horn."

The man before her, apparently about twenty years of age, replied angrily. The girl met him half way with an outburst of slang expressions that caused Olga to half rise from her chair, though she did not comprehend a word of it.

"Never mind that pair," said George. "She's only trying to shake him down for the evening." The stranger said nothing, but the suggestion of a smile played about his white face.

Olga did not understand. Since she had been in the city there was so much that she did not understand. It seemed to her she must learn a new language.

"I don't think my folks—I—I don't want to stay," she began. "If you don't mind I'd like to go home."

"Sure," said George, with a note of anger in his tone. "There's the jayhawker for you. Spoil our evening. Six weeks from now and you'll understand how to handle yourself without prying into the business of people around you. Come on, we'll go home. Might as well know what to expect from a cornhusker."

"No, no," said Olga, "I didn't mean to spoil it." Her embarrassment was manifest.

"Sit down," said the stranger, pulling George by the coattails. "Take a lesson in manners. Can't you see that this little girl wants to be a good fellow, but she can't stand the rough stuff?"

The appearance of the waiter put a quietus to embarrassment. George ordered a rye whisky. The stranger wanted some peculiar kind of water. "And the little girl," he said with such an air of charm that Olga felt her ebbing confidence return, "nothing stronger for her than a creme y'vette or perhaps an absinthe frappe?"

At the mention of absinthe frappe, Olga's face cleared. Frappe was familiar. Recollections came to her of the reception that Mrs. Grayson had given to the new minister and his wife at home. Olga was one of the girls who served. And they had dealt frappe from a big cut glass bowl.

"Oh, I'll take an absence frappe," she replied with an appreciable increase of enthusiasm.

"What a cute name for it. I suppose they named it after the song?"

"What song?" asked George.

"Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder."

George burst into a loud guffaw. "Chicken, all right," he said. "It ain't absence, its——"

The stranger put a restraining hand on George's wrist. Ollie noticed how white his fingers were. There was a polish to his nails that somehow reminded her of the buffalo horns in the hall at home. Below his coat sleeve extended a cuff with a pink and white stripe, with just the suggestion of mother of pearl links.

"There, didn't I tell you," he said. "This kid is some wit, all right, all right. But you don't want one of them frappes—too sweetish, make you sluggish—can't win that dancing prize. Better have a creme de mint—you know, peppermint juice."

The waiter set before Olga a small, stemmed glass with a conical bowl. In the bottom were inviting particles of cracked ice. Surmounting it was a liquid, clear, dark green in tint. From the glass protruded two short straws, suggestive of the soda fountain in the drug store at home. The fresh odor of mint cooled her nostrils. She put the straws to her lips and took a tentative taste. There was none of the bitterness of the beer. The strong nauseating fire of the occa-

sional hot draughts of whisky and water she had been forced to take at home by the country doctor were not here. Again she sipped the cooling, subtle, refreshing liquid. She looked at the stranger. Both smiled. Her thoughts were those of delight at returning trust. His thoughts were his own.

She launched into a description of the peppermints and horse mints on "our place down in Goshen," a delightful air of familiarity accompanying her description. George listened in a bored manner, but the stranger watched her keenly, smiling softly the while.

As the girl was carried away with the knowledge that this pale, slender self-contained man was interested to the extent of letting her monopolize the conversation, she hardly noticed the intrusion of the waiter, the quiet raising of eyebrows on the part of the stranger, the departure and the return with filled glasses.

Slowly there stole over her a warmth. She lost her hesitation. Words began to be easy. Talk wandered into a wealth of minute detail of her life and her people.

"We have an orchestra out at the schoolhouse every other Friday night," she was saying, "but it doesn't play so nicely as this big one here, Mr.—Mr.—why, I don't even know your name."

"Norman," said the stranger. "G. Ellsworth

Norman. George, didn't you introduce me?" But George had slipped through the folding doors to the bar in front. Drinks had been coming too slowly.

"He's a swell fellow," said G. Ellsworth Norman. "Got a heart big as an ox. By the way, your glass is empty," he beckoned a hovering waiter. "Yes, George Richert is a regular fellow, all right. And won't you tell me how he came to find such a stunning person as you?"

The directness of the flattery might have embarrassed Olga a half hour ago. Now she felt only pleasure at it coming from this obvious master of the wide, wide world.

After a while George returned. Had Olga been more discerning she might have noticed the thickness of his talk and the heaviness of his manner. Mr. G. Ellsworth Norman delicately suggested to return to the hall and George was not averse to yielding his partner to that gentleman for the next dance.

On entering the hall she sensed a subtle change in the atmosphere. Over at one side of the floor two professional pugilists were exchanging compliments, each surrounded by his following, the Irondale mill men and the Grand Crossing railroaders. Several well-dressed girls of blasé appearance were carrying on some sort of negotiations with two men, rather older than the youths

who made up the vast majority of the attendance. A party was finally made up and all four left.

On the dance floor a strange variety of figures was in course of execution. Many of the couples bobbed backward and forward in a dance which Olga recognized from the description of Mr. Mueller as the "Rockin' Horse Gallop." In this dance the masculine figure executed the "backward rock" with such force in some cases as to lift the companion several feet above the floor.

"Pretty raw," commented Olga's partner, as several couples careened past in modification of the "grizzly bear." The orchestra was playing an air of doubtful character and practically the entire floor was a picture of flying skirts and lumbering couples, swaying with the peculiar step of a pacing horse. In the vortex of the whirling spray of humanity Olga saw George Richert dancing the "grizzly" with a rouged girl whom even she was able to place as "tough."

With the encore, a rattling march air, "the panic" reached its height. The floor was given over exclusively to the "rounders," the "bearcats" and the "hoppers" and along the rails those present, who had succeeded in maintaining their claims to respectability, looked on with varying

expressions of disgust, disapproval or indifference.

In one corner of the pavilion surrounding the dance floor "Bubbles" English surveyed in amusement. In his pocket several hundred dollars "clear velvet" reposed. With the successful financial outcome of his venture, interest had become detached. A constant influx of visitors to the back room down in "Kavanaugh's" testified to the volume of business that was being done. Everybody seemed to be drinking, although the waiters denied that any real "drunks" had been accommodated.

Other saloons in the neighborhood were doing well also, but Kavanaugh brothers had cornered the lion's share of the "business." A stream of thirsty dancers clogged the stairway at all times and the smoking and ladies' retiring rooms gave forth ample evidence of the financial success of the enterprise.

The dance went on for many minutes more and in the midst two policemen crowded to the rail and began to clamber over. Their purpose was evident and Mr. English accompanied by several of the toughest looking of the Irondale "crew" rushed up and backed them into a corner where an excited conversation was held. At the close a bill changed hands and the dance went on. Olga's partner laughed sarcastically.

"They've fixed the uniforms, but I'll bet there are a couple of 'mugs' here from the assistant chief's office ready to put one over on the precinct men," said the stranger, again fingering his stickpin.

Olga failed to appreciate the inner workings of the police department, but she gathered that conditions present were bad enough to warrant police interference, even in the mind of this cosmopolitan stranger. The number finally ended in a riot of indecency and even "Bubbles" shook his head disapprovingly, while the really considerable proportion of respectables along the rail promised themselves that they would leave the hall after "the prize waltz."

Two more dances intervened before the feature event—the prize waltz—and Olga danced the first, a waltz, with the quiet stranger, who had remained at her side since the defection of George. The cosmopolitan proved an even more finished dancer than the young electrician and his conversation, though subdued, was intensely interesting to the country girl, disillusioned by what she had seen and heard. Occasionally he smiled at a flashily dressed woman in the crowd or winked slyly at some kindred spirit.

The following number was announced as an "eccentric" and Olga dodged a repetition of the previous "panic" by proposing that they have

some more "refreshments." The stranger assented readily. Down the winding stairs they went, in company with a few of the more determined respectables, who had reached the limit of endurance.

All present, including the palpably professional women of the street, were pronouncing the dance a "riot" and Olga welcomed the temporary seclusion of the rear room and the *creme de menthe* of which she had become strangely fond. The conversation of her partner had proved the only real diversion of the evening and the absence of the burly George and his familiarities was a relief. Never once had the subdued man opposite her departed from the attitude of courtesy and deference. A close observer might have been struck with the fact that he seemed bored.

Mueller's colloquial warning, "They'll get your goat if you do," stuck in Olga's memory with the haunting familiarity of a nursery jingle. She found herself repeating it over and over in her mind even while she was drinking the greenish liquid before her. Peculiarly enough, she did not recall the name of the man she was drinking with nor did she study him closely. His quiet clothes, polished manner and deferential speech appealed to her as natural in a man of

his metropolitan experience. His eyes were continually on her face, eternally seeking something.

"You don't mind my saying that I like you," he told Olga as the waiter turned away.

"Why?" she asked. Her face was noticeably flushed. Her eyes were luminous. The clamor of those about her had suddenly seemed far away.

"Well, you're so different."

Olga sensed a tenseness in his tone. Heretofore the impersonality of the man had struck her as that of a brother or an old friend. How he was beginning to assume a positiveness that was flattering to the girl from the country.

"How different?"

"Oh, you're such a funny girl. You aren't like anyone I seem to have met before. I've only known you a few hours and I feel as though I'd trust you with every secret I have."

His hand strayed from his glass. The tips of his polished fingers brushed her wrist. Olga felt as if she had been bitten. She withdrew her hand. The slender fingers pressed firmly. Before Olga knew it she had returned the pressure. Then she sat back suddenly.

"Please take me to Mr. Richert," she said.

"But you——"

"At once."

Olga returned to the hall above as the entries

for the grand event, the prize waltz, were being recorded. Richert was nowhere to be seen, but the quiet stranger soon found him in the smoking room, intoxicated beyond the point where locomotion of any kind was possible. The cosmopolitan bestowed but one glance on the somnolent electrician, then returned to Olga.

"George has gone home, sick," he reported and the girl was alarmed.

"Oh, no, not without me," said Olga in alarm. "Please tell him to get my things."

"No, don't get flustered, child," said Mr. Ellsworth. He beckoned to "Bubbles" English, who seemed to know him as an old friend.

"Miss Hart," he said, "is worried about George Richert, who brought her to the dance. Will you please assure her that he was taken home and tell her what he said?"

"He said," replied the portly "Bubbles, "uh—what did he say? Oh, yes; he said he didn't want to spoil your chances for winning the grand prize and so he skipped without telling you because he knew you'd insist on coming, too. He said he wanted you to stay. He said that he wanted you to stick it out with his old friend here, Mr. ——"

"Ellsworth," supplanted that gentleman.

"Yes, and that this gent would take care of you just as good as your father. Yep," with

evident pride at his triumphant thought, "he said this gentleman would take care of you just as good as your father."

"And if we're going to win that prize," said Mr. Ellsworth, assuming the leadership of things, "we gotta get busy."

Fourteen judges were chosen from the half-intoxicated throng that surrounded the dance floor and the event began after much wrangling and discussion between the various officials. It was after midnight and the only respectables present were those who had come for the main event—and had managed to survive. The crowd about the hall to the number of more than five hundred howled for the respective favorites and the waltz finally began in the midst of ribaldry.

The accompaniment, a slow musical comedy selection, began with orchestration that was really creditable. Olga Swung into the rhythm perfectly with her partner and was surprised to find that his step accorded with hers, easily and gracefully. The man was a finished dancer and when they had made the first turn many an unclouded eye in the hall followed them. The event proved the only remaining shred of respectability and even the orchestra sensed the difference and performed admirably. In the judges' enclosure "Bubbles" English was beam-

ing and the policemen at the door stared interestedly and with a considerable degree of relief.

The personnel of the committee of judges was the result of Mr. English's idea as to which faction or representation had served his purpose best. The Irondale "crew" were in a large majority and many of the spectators predicted that "the little doll in blue will be jobbed"—meaning that Olga would probably lose first prize through the prejudice of the judges. One of the girl contestants showed unmistakable signs of intoxication and when, in passing close to Olga and her partner, she "heeled" the girl, causing her to falter momentarily, the crowd shouted comments in a boisterous key and admonished the judges to "crab the rough stuff."

The dance was concluded in a series of graceful evolutions and the orchestra stopped. Then the numerous factions represented howled for their favorites and the cautious judges found themselves unable to reach a decision. The consensus of opinion was that Olga and her partner had earned the honors by their faultless work, but after ten minutes of wrangling and numerous fights on the dance floor, the decision was given as:

"First prize, Miss Jennie Maher and Louis Sayr; second, Miss Olga Hart and partner."

Scores of unsteady youths rushed forward to

congratulate Olga, telling her that was a "bear," "a whale" and other complimentary things of doubtful expression. Numerous invitations to drink were forthcoming. Through it all her partner remained close at her side, keeping off the more eager young men who crowded forward to put themselves "next to the new stuff."

The quiet stranger received little attention from the crowd. He was merely represented as "—and partner" and he remained passive except when some drunken youth elbowed his way to the front and leered suggestively into Olga's face. The stranger pushed himself into close proximity to the unsteady one and carried him to the edge of the crowd.

Many of those present suspected him of being a "mug," or plain clothes officer, while some referred to him by a name all explanatory in its application. One woman of doubtful appearance on the edge of the crowd caught his eye and exchanged a gleam of recognition, but to the majority he was a "ringer."

Olga was disappointed in spite of the fact that she had won second prize amounting to "ten dollars in gold," as the announcer stated impressively. She was drunk with delight at the fact she had won tribute from these city people. She felt like a queen who had been robbed of a crown. The outcome of the dance apparently

had worked a decided change in her partner also. His manner became brisk, almost commanding, and he smiled cynically as he noted her disappointed expression:

“Never mind, kid, we’ll celebrate on the ten anyhow. Come on along and we’ll have a good drink,” with a new familiarity taking her arm and leading the way to the stairs.

What passed in the rear room of “Kavanaugh’s” is known to Olga, to the quiet stranger, who had so abruptly changed his manner and—possibly to the waiter whose ministrations filled the half hour interim, but it is not for this record. When Olga and her briskly, silent partner appeared, his pale face held a new expression and his arm grasped Olga’s tightly. The little country girl had been transformed. Her vivid complexion had changed from its pink and white to a startling, fiery red.

Over her face a new expression had spread. Softly she referred to her cosmopolitan chevalier as “Ellsworth.”

The dance had relapsed into the mire from which it had been rescued momentarily by the prize event. With the ten dollar gold piece she had won in her glove, Olga descended the stairs with her partner as a squad of fifteen policemen entered the dance floor and threatened all who

remained with arrest. The "lid" was on and the crowd left reluctantly and a trifle belligerently.

One man remained on the floor after all had left. He insisted in dancing alone and a call went for "the wagon." In a drunken frenzy George Richert fought and struggled to get away and find his "girl."

"God help the girl you brought up here," said a burly sergeant as the "wagon" arrived.

Mr. Franz Mueller stood outside Pernod's buffet at 91st street and Commercial avenue. Across the street the first of the departing throng poured from Lincoln hall where the Lincoln Social club was holding an "Informal Ball and Prize Waltzing Contest." It was 1:00 a. m., and, Pernod's having closed, Mr. Mueller was thinking of returning to his home.

On the opposite side of the street a couple passed in the glare of a show window decorated for the Christmas trade. Mr. Mueller started in surprise, for a blue silk dress and black and white picture hat showed strikingly in the glare of the electrics.

"Well, if there ain't Pete Hart's little kid," soliloquized Mr. Mueller. "Pretty little kid; awful raw, but she'll educate fast. Watch Uncle Franz put Ollie next to the city game." The rest trailed off into silence as the girl and man paused

beneath an electric sign that bore the simple legend—"HOTEL."

The girl hesitated a moment and turned in an undecided manner. Then Mr. Mueller caught the end of an unnatural (high) pitched sentence:

"— they'll get your goat if you do." The man said something in the girl's ear and a moment later the brass-studded door closed behind them.

Mr. Mueller stared hard at the departing throng that crowded the sidewalk before Lincoln hall. Mr. Mueller rolled a cigarette abstractedly and finally Mr. Mueller stepped aboard a city-bound street car. The conductor caught an indistinct phrase as Mr. Mueller paid his fare:

"Two days in the city"—he stiffened—*"graduated, by gad."*

The above is an actual experience reported to the Juvenile Protective League by a South Chicago mother. Investigators are at present looking for the girl.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRAGEDY OF STEFA, THE LITTLE IMMIGRANT.

IT WAS a difficult situation for Stefania Zradzka, twenty-one years old, late of this earth. In the first place she faced an imminent and nameless maternity. In the second she was without friends, without relatives and without money. In the third her employer, a respectable sweatshop proprietor, felt that the conventionalities called upon him to discharge her.

Therefore, Stefania, after writing a little note, paying her board bill, and kissing the children of her landlady good-bye, sat down on a bench in Humboldt park one recent night and drank carbolic acid. Two park officers found her body next morning—one hand still clasping a child's amulet which had been given her by her mother, the other holding a cheap handbag. The handbag contained forty cents and a prayer book.

The note which Stefania left explained much. Jennie Kloskowski, the daughter of Stefania's landlady, explained more. And what neither



When the Park Policemen found her, her half-frozen hand still held the leather amulet which had been given her by the mother in Poland.
(The Tragedy of Stefa, the Little Immigrant.)



If her mother does her duty, this girl in the innocence of youth
will not become the easy prey of lustful men.

made clear, the average man can explain for himself.

Jennie Kloskowski found the note some hours after Stefania had gone. She translated it that afternoon.

“Dear Jennie; dear Mrs. Kloskowski: I have had many troubles out of which I cannot get. Because of this I am going away. I don’t know whether I will come back or not. If I come back I will pay for the storage of my trunk. If I don’t, I am bidding you good-bye forever. Either keep my photograph of my mother or send it to her. You, Mrs. Kloskowski, have been just like a mother to me.

“I expect to become the mother of a child in two months. I wanted to live for the sake of the child, but I have no money and I cannot work. Therefore there is no way of getting out of my troubles. Good-bye, then.
STEFFA.”

“‘Stefa’ was our pet name for her,” explained the translator. “We loved her.” Then, from the defensive lips of her friend, there grudgingly came the story of Stefania’s death.

She came to America three years ago from Galicia, Poland. That is where her mother

lives now. The immigration laws let the daughter in because she was able to produce evidence of a "male relative"—in this case a cousin living at 1433 Cleaver street. Having stood voucher for Stefania's entrance, the cousin felt his duty had been fulfilled, and the girl was left to her own resources.

They consisted of good looks, health, industry, and a childish faith in human nature. She went to work in a lower State street sweatshop, or, to put it more politely, tailoring establishment. The first year she made fifty cents a day. The second she made \$5 a week. The last she made \$35 a month.

It was then that she felt sufficiently prosperous to take from the city the pleasures that are the inalienable right of its citizens. She bought a few yards of yellow silk. With deft fingers she transformed the strips of cloth into an imitation of the beautiful gown she had watched a wax divinity wear so stunningly in the window of the Star Ladies' Tailoring Company.

Garbed in this creation, with a cloth rose in her hair, she went to her first dance. It was held at Imperial hall. Stefa didn't have a companion. She went by street car, paid her own fare, bought her own ticket for fifty cents—although she had read the handbills without envy

—"gentlemen with escorts, fifty cents, ladies free."

For three dances she stood at the door and tried to ignore the smiles of the more fortunate members of her sex. Then the great event came. A red-faced youth, with a scar, walked up to her and said, "Come on, kid." Stefa danced. Stefa danced more gracefully than most of the girls in the hall. In some parts of the old country Terpischore is revered as a god. Stefa's first triumph was the signal for a host of invitations from other young men. But she felt a peculiar loyalty for the youth with the scar who had said "Come on, kid."

Stefa danced out the evening with the youth with the scar. He started home with her and rode as far as his street. He took her address. The season was pretty far gone, but he called for her regularly and took her to the hall twice a week until the season was finished.

It was during the last that she fell in love, and being firmly convinced that she was loved with equal sincerity, asked nothing more. Thus, in the course of time she found herself hanging in midair, with a long, long drop below and nothing in particular above. Also, she was no longer in love.

In March she moved to the residence of Mrs. A. Kuszerka, who lives at the head of a preter-

naturally dark flight of stairs at 876 Milwaukee avenue. Mrs. Kuszerka is a midwife. They have midwives in Poland. After two months Stefania told Mrs. Kuszerka of her situation.

Mrs. Kuszerka gave no aid. Instead, she became greatly frightened, and advised Stefania that her room was wanted. So Stefania moved.

In August she arrived at the home of Mrs. Kloskowski. By that time she was in a state of intermittent terror. Frequently she would be compelled to leave her dinner on account of a fit of trembling. At night she lay awake and cried. The Kloskowskis made no inquiries; she was a good lodger, paid her \$4 a week for board and room without question, and made little trouble.

Not until four weeks later did she confide in them. She was compelled to. She could no longer work every day and the reduction in her wages necessitated a reduction in living expenses. Mrs. Kloskowski lowered her rent to \$3 a week and offered to make it \$2 when Stefania could work no longer. More than this Mrs. Kloskowski could not do.

One day Stefania came home crying. She had been discharged. The forewoman had taken pains to tell her why. Stefania spent Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning in search of work. She did not find it. She did find a num-

ber of brutal rebuffs and candid opinions. Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock she gave Mrs. Kloskowski \$3.

"That will pay my board until tomorrow," she said. "Maybe I'll get a job by then." Then she kissed Mrs. Kloskowski's four children, one after another, and went out.

When the park policeman found her, her hand, half frozen, still held the leather amulet, which, says Minnie Kloskowski, had been given her by the mother in Poland. On it was a spot—a small acid burn. Stefania, dying, had kissed it.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE YOUNG MOTHER.

THE lights of Roosevelt hall burned dimly and hazily through a dense fog of tobacco smoke. It was 11:30 o'clock and Saturday night, and the semi-annual dance of the Cheroot Workers' Benevolent association was in full swing.

The fourth dance was in progress, a waltz, and several hundred couples hopped, dipped, slid, walked and pushed their boisterous way about the dance floor, to an accompaniment that reflected the supreme carelessness of the dancers. The dance general was at its height and there was laughter, music, gayety and song; also, the bar on the second floor and the tables, which provided a cool retreat from the fetid atmosphere of the dance floor.

Two stairways led down from the dance hall to the second floor, and two streams of thirsty humanity flowed incessantly up and down. The night was warm, the air in the dance hall was bad and the beer was cool. The combination could not but redound to the financial benefit of the far-seeing gentlemen who had placed the bar in such close proximity to Roosevelt hall proper.

To its patrons of a few years back, Roosevelt hall retains the familiar sobriquet it merited by years of conscientious effort in the interest of the element it represents. The Brand's Hall "Madhouse" or simply "the Panic," it was sometimes called.

But Brand's hall of old has been renamed and Roosevelt hall it is, probably in recognition of the strenuous dances it has housed. Roosevelt hall is popular and Roosevelt hall and its clientele supports seven weekly dances—one for every evening of the week and for Sunday.

Roosevelt hall is known as a "two-bit dance" and an evening's enjoyment of the dance and "what goes with it" may be had for the nominal sum of twenty-five cents per capita.

It is a popular hall for "club dances" or other affairs run by societies and organizations of a certain class. The rental is extremely reasonable and the hall can be secured at a much lower cost than that attendant upon the engagement of much smaller halls of the city. The hall is situated on Clark street, the main thoroughfare of the north side, two doors south of Erie street and owes much of its popularity to its convenient location.

One may drop in at Roosevelt hall at any hour of the evening regardless of dress and conventions and be assured of a cordial welcome,

always providing that he dances or has money to spend at the tables on the second floor, preferably the latter. Assuming that you are a gentleman and of fairly prosperous appearance, your welcome is sure to be friendly.

Should your presence be that of a good-looking, fair or passable appearing young woman the welcome might and probably would be almost enthusiastic. Young men of the sort that patronize Roosevelt hall regularly go to the public dance with the idea of meeting, dancing and drinking with young girls of good or promising physical appearance. Meeting or "picking up" the girl is the primary business of the evening; drinking on the second floor where the bar caters to all stages of youth with equal impartiality, is the accepted method of furthering the ephemeral acquaintance of the evening and dancing, quite naturally, becomes a secondary consideration.

Merely to dance in a public dance hall is extreme bad form and is not conducive to popularity among either the masculine or feminine contingent.

The bar is an institution, a channel of acquaintance for the man bent on "picking up" and for the girl expecting to be the one "picked." Occasionally a girl appears at Roosevelt hall whose purpose is to dance and that only.

She may be out of place but is welcome, for

there are any number of educators on hand, willing and even eager to "put her wise."

The semi-annual dance of the Cheroot Workers' Benevolent association was well attended, for it was on such occasions that an unusual proportion of "chicken" appeared in Roosevelt hall.

The atmosphere of Roosevelt hall, aside from its artificial haze and odor, was one of extreme informality. On the dance floor the "gentlemen" danced with or without their coats, as suited their fancy best. In the balcony they lounged at ease with "ladies" whose demeanor gave forth evidence of the fact that they had been "picked up." On the second floor, the spirit of "let-'er-go-Gallagher" was supreme. Among the ladies and gentlemen of the Roosevelt hall persuasion, personal liberties and unwarranted familiarities are the accepted thing, a diversion and, if the vulgarity is acceptable, a "leading argument."

Of course, as in all things, there is a denouement and an accepted one. That fact became immediately apparent when the Outsider, a gentleman of fairly prosperous appearance, found his plans for the evening stay at Roosevelt hall identified with those of Kitty, a "regular," through the convenient channel of the second floor pavilion.

On the dance floor he met her, and the acquaintance began with a nod of recognition from

the girl. Whether she recognized him in good faith or not is a negligible consideration. Sufficient that she "picked him up" and that he appeared able to purchase drinks on the second floor at frequent intervals.

A dance number of five minutes' duration made the immediate need pressing and they "followed the crowd" to the stairway and thence to the "life-saving station." At a table in the corner, the Outsider manifested no immediate desire to leave and Kitty sat back for the development of the evening's "business." Kitty appeared to be about twenty years of age and of fairly good appearance. She was dressed neatly and wore several conspicuous pieces of cheap jewelry with an air.

"What will it be, Kitty?" asked the Outsider—he had received her name.

"Beer and tell him to gather the wool," answered the vis-a-vis tersely. All the "ladies" of Roosevelt hall object to a "high collar" or a considerable quantity of foam on their beer. The drinks were brought and Kitty devoted herself to the main business for a moment in silence, emerging finally to ask, "Are you dancing the string?"

"Hardly," answered the Outsider. "What do you suppose I came up here for?"

"Oh, to pick up a chicken I suppose? What are you after?"

"You'll do, so far," said the other, diplomatically. Kitty smiled cynically.

"Suit yourself, little man," she answered, carelessly. "I'm on if you say so."

"That's a bit unbusinesslike," answered the Outsider in surprise, for Kitty did not trouble herself to assume the attitude of cajolery of the "ladies" of Roosevelt hall usually brought into play when a "night out" was in question.

"Well, I'm tired tonight. Been at it steady all week and this crowd's a frost, anyhow," said the girl, wearily. "I wasn't going to come at all and I shouldn't have left him alone tonight."

"Left who?" inquired the Outsider, quickly. Kitty looked up in a startled manner and her dull brown eyes took on a gleam of caution. She looked her companion over carefully.

"Well, it's none of your business and I know it, but I think I'll spill the story if you want to know," she answered with a sort of determined recklessness. "My kid's sick, been sick for a week, and I guess he'll kick in pretty soon unless—oh, what's the use of figuring things out when they're impossible," she stopped and the questioner was silent, for the girl's manner denied questioning. Slowly she glanced about the room, rather disdainfully, and the Outsider no-

ticed that her hand was clenched tightly over a small gold locket.

A fresh drink was ordered and the girl looked up with a slightly reawakened interest. Her hand toyed nervously with the heavy beer glass and she glanced reflectively at a boisterous couple who were embracing each other with a fine disregard for the presence of others.

"Do you know how long I've been 'hustling' here and on the street?" she asked suddenly. The Outsider noticed that her face was pale and that there were strange patches of color on her thin cheeks.

"No."

"Two months," she said slowly. "Two months ago I wouldn't have known where this hole was and now——" The sentence trailed off into silence and the girl stared blankly before her. The attitude was new and the Outsider glanced at her in surprise. Kitty straightened in her chair and went on.

"I'm a married woman and I've got a child. I'm a legally married woman and my child is a legal child," she repeated almost defiantly. "I was a dressmaker and still work downtown, but I can't support a sick child on \$7 a week. Don't look so surprised. There's plenty more here who are married and have kids."

"How did you start this game?"

"Well, you ought to know. I've lived on the north side all my life. Born right around on Chicago avenue and I've lived there ever since. Father and mother both dead—my mother died last month and I was at this hall then."

"Where's your husband?" asked the other.

"My husband?" she laughed, as if at a great joke. "Why he's probably at some other dance buying the drinks for some poor little kid just out of short dresses who thinks he's in love with her. Do you know where Twenty-second street is? Well, my man lives there, and when he needs the coin he buys a ticket to the Button-workers' ball or the Teamsters' dance and grabs off some little girl who drinks too much and—you know what happens to her.

"I've been there and I wouldn't be here if I hadn't met him. Still, I don't know," and she laughed again. "If it hadn't been him it would have been some one else. You can't dodge them fellows if you have any looks and like to dance. You can dodge them for awhile, but they're like the undertaker—they'll nail you in the end."

The music upstairs had started and many of the couples at the table got up and left the room. At an adjoining table a young man was carrying on a low-toned conversation with a girl whose face was flushed and who laughed giddily as he pulled her arm. Kitty stared at them fix-

edly and her companion surprised a look of pity on her face.

"Well, what next?" queried the Outsider. The girl turned slowly and raised her glass of beer. She gazed broodingly into its depths and looked her companion full in the face after a pause of several moments.

"Yes, he got me at a dance. I was working downtown in the ribbons. I was 18 years old and the only fun I got was the dances. I went to a hop at Turner hall on Clark street one night with another girl in the neighborhood. There she is," pointing to the girl who sat beside the young man and laughed foolishly. The girl turned at this moment and winked craftily at Kitty. The latter smiled and held up three fingers. The other girl nodded and Kitty resumed her story.

"The dance was run by a gang of German singers and my man had a committee badge on No, he didn't belong to the singing club, but a badge helps a lot at a dance when you're out after something. Anyhow, he danced a couple of dances with me and I fell for his line of talk. He kept buying drinks and the bar was handy, so I was piffled about midnight.

"I didn't go home that night and neither did she," pointing to the other girl who, at the moment was clinking glasses with her companion.

"Well, I stuck with him for quite a while and we were married. He tried to put me in a place after that and I found out that he married me because he didn't want to run chances of getting the government after him as a white slaver. I 'hustled' for him for one week on Clark street and then he left me. That was a year ago and right after my baby was born.

"I went home to my mother with the kid and she took me in without a word, although I hadn't seen her in a year," the girl's eyes filled suspiciously and her hand closed convulsively over the gold locket. The Outsider's eyes were on the cheap little trinket. She tucked it into the bosom of her waist.

"Yes, that's his picture," she answered the unspoken question almost in challenge. "Why shouldn't I keep it? It's the only thing I've got except the kid." Her face softened wonderfully and the unnatural blotches of color grew fainter. She opened the locket slowly and an evilly handsome face looked out—the face of the professional "procurer." But Kitty stared at it without resentment, almost tenderly. It is a pathetic paradox that the depth of a woman's betrayal is often on a ratio with her regard for the cause of her fall.

The music stopped upstairs and the dancers flocked down again to the tables. The vanguard

of those "dated" had begun to leave. The Outsider stirred restlessly and his companion closed the locket with a hard snap.

"That's about all," she said finally, but continued: "I got a job and tried to make a living for the kid and myself without this," she waved a thin hand about her, "but it was no go. The mother had a little money, but only enough to keep her, and one night I strolled down Clark street and in here. A fellow 'picked me up' and I saw that I could make \$25 a week here, so I've been at it for a little over two months. The mother died last month. She thought that I had got a raise in salary and was able to keep the kid and myself"—she laughed even more bitterly. The Outsider started. Her eyes were gleaming and her breast heaved. Across her forehead was a fine network of lines. She coughed intermittently behind her hand and followed each spasm with a draught of beer.

Kitty caught his expression, glanced at the clock on the wall that pointed to 12:55 p. m. and turned to her companion with a reckless laugh.

"Another drink and we're through for the night, little man. Nothing to do till tomorrow. Gee, but we're a happy pair." The Outsider produced a package of cigarettes and she stretched forth a hand for one. She lit the paper



The tragic climax of this young life was not reached in one step, but led there by easy stages through the fascination of the dance hall. (**The Tragedy of the Young Mother.**)



The lure of the dance with the mask's concealment has led to many a snare with a tragedy at the last.

stick and puffed surreptitiously at the pungent weed. A fit of coughing seized her.

"Yes, I guess I'm done for," she said as the drinks were brought. "I saw a doctor months ago and he told me what this game would do for me, but what could I do? I've got the 'con' and I know it, but I can't reserve a special train for Denver. Let's finish this drink and get out of here; I've got a date and I got to keep it. I'm sorry to ditch you this way, but there's plenty more of 'em upstairs. I'd like to go out with you, but 'previous engagement,' you know," and she smiled with a gayety that seemed to lose some of its forcedness. At the doorway the Outsider stretched out a hand and Kitty looked at it suspiciously.

"For the kid," he said in an undertone, and she gripped the hand tightly. A two-dollar bill showed for an instant and one of the passing "ladies" smiled at her sister "worker." There were real tears in the young mother's eyes as she turned uncertainly to the stairway.

On the dance floor the Outsider confirmed the statement that there were "plenty more of 'em upstairs." Two "ladies" were actually shaken off on the way to the wardrobe. The dance was nearing its close and an undated night was a calamity for these dubious divinities of "the Panic." Outside, Clark street was full of noise

and life. After a time the Outsider descended to the street in proximity to the girl and the young man who had occupied the adjoining table.

They stopped occasionally to push each other playfully against the wall or to dance "the grizzly bear" on the landings. As the sidewalk was reached the Outsider heard, "That's the fellow Kitty had cornered——" He turned south and the couple followed.

Down Clark street the clang of a police ambulance sounded and the Outsider noticed a crowd on the sidewalk before a drug store at the corner of Ontario street. He entered the pharmacy in company with a brisk, young ambulance surgeon and a policeman.

"What's the trouble here?" queried the doctor as the crowd fell back to allow all three to enter.

"Looks like suicide, Doc," said the drug clerk, pointing to an inert figure in bedraggled skirts on the floor.

The figure stiffened slightly and from behind the set lips came a single sentence: "He's dead—and me with the rounders," the Outsider winced. "Harry, mother, the kid's dead," and the dull brown eyes opened a moment and fastened themselves full on the Outsider's face.

Then the head fell back. The ambulance sur-

geon arose and carefully dusted the knees of his trousers.

"Cyanide," he announced. "Where did she get it?" The drug clerk turned a startled gaze at the policeman who had produced a notebook and pencil.

"Why, I sold it to her, but she had a prescription," he answered as the policeman's pencil traveled rapidly over the notebook. "Is she dead?"

"Can't you see?" said the ambulance doctor, impatiently, as he set down his case and adjusted the stretcher. A game of pitch was waiting in the stationhouse on Chicago avenue and the disagreeable business of the evening was best over with quickly. The prescription was produced by the frightened drug clerk and the name "Kitty Stone" secured as the inert figure on the floor was carried out to the ambulance.

"Does anybody here know her?" asked the policeman, as he noted the facts for his report. The Outsider started suddenly and pushed forward.

"I know her," he said rather wildly, for the picture of a dark, evilly handsome man was before his eyes, staring out of a cheap gold locket.

"Who is she?" said the policeman, glancing suspiciously at the man before him.

"She's a young mother," answered the Out-

sider, then broke off and ended lamely, "that's all I know." The officer glared at him and told him of "a notion he had to run him in." The Outsider retreated.

The officer returned to his notebook.

"You say she paid for the stuff with a two-dollar bill after she had asked for a phone slug?"

"She used the telephone before she bought the dope," answered the drug clerk.

The ambulance surgeon put his head out the rear door of the backed-up conveyance and yelled:

"Come on, Mike; she's nothing but a little 'Tommy,' and she had the 'con' anyhow. Never mind all that dope. They never have any friends around."

The ambulance clattered down the street with a clang. The Outsider walked slowly north. He stopped on the sidewalk before Roosevelt hall and glanced up at the lighted windows.

"They never have any friends around," sang incessantly through his head.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE WALL FLOWER.

AGNES was lonely. Even to herself she admitted it, but always with a sanguine regard for the future.

Aggie was a clerk in a department store on State street and Aggie's \$4 per week with "P. M.'s" permitted of a few diversions. The "P. M.'s" represented commission sales over and above a certain amount. Some weeks Aggie's salary ran as high as \$9, but such weeks were in the minority.

Usually, the weekly salary hovered between \$5 and \$7 and in consequence her amusements were limited to an occasional vaudeville show and a dance once and sometimes twice a week. Aggie listened in wonder as the other girls told with a gusto how they "threw him down flat" or "ditched him on a dance an' he was awful sore." It was a source of wonder to her that any girl could be so foolhardy and reckless as to "throw her steady down" or even to "ditch" an uninteresting partner on a dance. But then Aggie was lonely.

In the store Agnes occupied a place only as

an efficient clerk of fair appearance and as a sympathetic confidence. Her dress was neat and she was attentive, but somehow, she lacked that all important "way with her" and therein was found the reason for her place among the mural decorations.

Aggie was not bad-looking. Even her fellow clerks in the store would have admitted this had it been brought to their attention by an outsider. She was small and slender, almost thin, with really beautiful chestnut brown hair and eyes of placidity. Her features were slightly irregular, but good and her infrequent smile revealed a double row of white teeth. Aggie was neat almost to the point of "fussiness," but she possessed little of that indefinable attribute known to one people as "chic," to another as "class."

Aggie usually attended the Saturday night dances at Columbia Hall. She was an orphan and alone in the city and the North Clark street hall presented an opportunity for companionship with her kind without the necessity of mingling with doubtful elements. Columbia Hall is a "dancing academy" established, as its management explains, for the children of the respectable average and the untoward effects of the public dance hall are felt there only in a bare minimum.

Aggie lived on La Salle avenue, within a few blocks of the hall, and whenever possible

she seized the opportunity of attending the dances. But Aggie was a "wall-flower" and it was only on "beginners' night" that she achieved any degree of popularity by virtue of her dancing ability. She was not a really proficient dancer, but she did as well as the average. It soon became apparent to her, however, that the average young man does not attend a dance merely for the pleasure of gliding about a polished floor.

Aggie was something of a philosopher and she reasoned it out quite logically, that your gallant of the public dance hall uses the public dance, itself, only as the means to an end—intimate association with the members of the opposite sex. In the accomplishment of his purpose his range of selection is wide, and almost any individual taste may be satisfied in a public dance hall of a Saturday evening.

In the selection Aggie was always left at the post or rather "at the wall." The young man in search of a fair charmer picks and chooses with an eye open for the "live ones."

Nevertheless, Saturday night was Aggie's favorite evening at the dance. Of course, she went unescorted. She, herself, would have been surprised if you had doubted it. She always wore the same costume, a dark blue skirt and white shirt waist and among the "regulars" she

had become known as the "stagger" and the "wall-flower in blue." Aggie danced probably one out of every four or five dances and she always stayed until the program had been concluded. And she enjoyed herself, for it was a relief to move among real people, to dance, if only occasionally, to talk, though rarely, at length, and to watch others enjoying themselves.

The ushers and the floor committees at the dances did yeoman service in the interest of the "wall-flowers" and on fortunate nights Aggie sometimes danced as many as half the number programmed. The music was good, the crowds good natured and orderly, no liquor was sold in the building or adjacent buildings, and a spirit of sociability hung over the weekly gatherings.

It was December and the professor announced by way of a novelty a Japanese "Moonlight" dance, reminiscent of the departed summer. Agnes appeared at the "Moonlight" in the vanguard of the early comers, but instead of the customary dark blue skirt, she wore a rich black voile with a delicate lace waist cut low in front. The effect was somewhat startling. It made Aggie look like a different girl.

It was Saturday. The "P. M.'s" this week had brought the week's salary up to \$8.50 and Aggie felt a trifle more "live" than ordinarily.

The substitution of her clothes for the accustomed combination had been in response to a whim, but Aggie rejoiced as she noted the surprised stares of recognition accorded her by the attaches of the hall. After a preliminary swing about the hall with a young man, introduced by the professor, she found that she was dancing with a new confidence.

The dance proved a real novelty and a success. The management had installed clouded arc-lights to give the effect of moonlight, while a myriad of winking stars appeared against a blue field in the ceiling.

Peculiarly enough Aggie had filled her program long before the middle of the evening on the night of the "moonlight." In the wake of a young man with whom she had danced, her Prince Charming appeared for an introduction, the "fellow" who would rescue her from the "wall." He was a dark, quiet man of probably 30 years of age, well dressed, courteous, too polite he might have seemed to some.

The man was of medium height, well dressed, but with a peculiar cast of countenance. His eyes were dark and inscrutable. His face, save for the cynical smile that hovered constantly about his mouth, was expressionless.

There were dark shadows under his eyes. The corners of his mouth drooped. In contrast with

his appearance he was a ready and rapid talker with a slangy expression that seemed out of keeping with his quiet, almost dignified, appearance.

When not dancing, he stood at one side of the hall "looking 'em over," as he said, with the quiet, cynical smile that seemed inseparable. His manner with Aggie was extremely courteous, but his conversation was familiar to a degree that was surprising.

"Do you hop, Kiddo?" he asked during the second dance they had together.

"Why, no," said Aggie in surprise. "Do you?" The man smiled, still cynical and gathered his partner close in a step that was daring for Columbia Hall.

His preference for the "close" style of dancing was pronounced and Aggie met it a bit uncomfortably, but she overlooked her partner's familiarities with her own explanation that it was "just his way."

Later in the evening he attempted a dance to two-step measure that caused the floor manager to look sternly in his direction. The man caught the look and smiled his tiresome, cynical smile.

Aggie had found herself and with the coming of the Man it seemed that she was destined to escape the role that hitherto had been hers. Gaily she danced with this cavalier of the crowds

and she even attempted to return the airy persiflage that he had introduced. He was indeed a Prince Charming to the little shopgirl. About his attentive courtesy Aggie had woven a spell of romantic enchantment before the evening was over.

The evening ended quietly and orderly as things have a habit of ending in Columbia Hall. Aggie's cavalier secured her light wraps and together they sauntered down Clark street. Agnes chatted gaily and her companion appeared to listen attentively. In a Chinese restaurant they found a secluded table and the Man seemed to lose some of his cynicism under the influence of a cigarette and a cocktail.

"Will you have a drink?" he asked when they were seated. Aggie hesitated. Her companion smiled. His face seemed to say "Oh, what could I expect?" The shopgirl saw and responded; she had renounced all claim to the title of "wall-flower." She shivered almost like a puppy in her haste to show this man that she was a "good fellow."

"Certainly," she answered, "but something not very strong." The smile this time was of amusement. The Man leaned across the table and took Aggie's hand in his.

"You know I wouldn't hurt you," he said. "That," pointing to her glass, "is just what you

need. No wonder you never had any fun. You weren't a good fellow."

"Little kid," he said after a pause, with a tremolo voice intended to express tenderness, "little kid, I guess you never went around much with any fellow, did you? No? Well, you and I are going to see a few things before the night is over and then maybe we'll try it again other nights if you say so. Do you always go to Columbia Hall alone?"

Aggie hesitated at telling her new found "fellow" the reason why she went unescorted to the dances. Finally truth conquered.

"What," she replied as the drinks were brought. "I never went around with any fellows here in Chicago, but I love to dance and I go to the hall every Saturday night. Most of the time, though, I stick pretty close to the wall," she finished in a stubborn effort to stick to the facts. The other smiled sympathetically and raised his glass. Agnes imitated him and the first drink in the big city was disposed of.

"Well, what do you say if we take a run down to the Dearborn club after we finish here?" he asked with a smile that puzzled Aggie. He was expanding in the role of Prince Charming. The atmosphere of romance was possessing the small shopgirl. The Dearborn club meant nothing to her outside of the fact that she knew it to be a

dance hall where many of the girls from the store found amusement and the interminable list of "fellows" whom they talked eternally while at work.

Now Aggie, herself, was possessed of a "fellow." She felt a sudden desire to show the other girls that she too, was capable of attracting the opposite sex.

"I'd like to go there for awhile," she replied, "a good many of my friends dance there on Saturday nights and they say there's quite a 'live bunch' there."

The slang phrase was a surprise to the Man. He raised his eyebrows inquiringly and stared at the end of his cigaret. Several more drinks were disposed of and when they rose to go Aggie experienced a queer sensation.

There was a touch of color in her usually, pale cheeks. Her eyes burned brighter than their placidity had known before. She had taken several glasses of wine and a cocktail. She experienced a buoyant sensation that moved her to take the other's hand and sing:

"Oh, gee, be sweet to me kid, I'm awfully fond of you." And the Man smiled with the wearied cynicism that showed his indulgence even if the song was "flat."

A short ride on the street cars and the Dearborn club at 443 North Clark street was reached.

Music and laughter flowed through the Dearborn club at all hours of the night and the early morning. Dances held forth there every night of the week and the bar prospered. They entered. With an air of familiarity, the Man led the way to the third floor where the dance hall is situated.

A large crowd thronged the ball. Aggie recognized many of the girls she worked with. They had told her that the Dearborn club was a "good place to earn a little money on the side" but she had not questioned them closely as to the manner of doing so. Probably two hundred girls were present at the dance which was conducted by the management and the proprietor of the saloon in the building. Very few of the girls seemed to be escorted but to Aggie this fact had no significance. She herself had just escaped the ignominy of the wall-flower. Many of her acquaintances and fellow workers in the store glanced curiously at her as she entered with her quiet companion.

Aggie was surprised at the number of girls and men who recognized him, particularly the girls. It was after 12 o'clock and the dance was in full swing. A general spirit of carelessness permeated the unhealthy atmosphere of the hall. The dances in progress lasted only four or five minutes—at Columbia Hall the dances had been

from ten to even fifteen minutes—and Agnes was puzzled to account for the difference. She mentioned the circumstance to her companion and he smiled again.

“Come with me and I’ll show you why it is,” he said. A fight had started over in one corner of the hall and several “bouncers” rushed over to separate or eject the combatants. Fights interfere with business and the Dearborn club is a business proposition even to the girls who dance there every night. The brawl seemed to have the psychological effect of letting down the barriers, for Aggie was surprised at the scenes that followed.

A number of the men took their girls on their knees. At one end of the hall a man was choking the girl he was with—she screamed. The others laughed, even Aggie’s “fellow.”

The couple settled their grievance and Agnes saw them later drinking together in the room downstairs. Near the doorway one girl was drinking out of a flask which her male companion held. Everywhere was familiarity, indecency and open vice, but Aggie saw it only through the eyes of her companion, “a little rough stuff, but nothing serious.”

They passed downstairs and to a table where the scenes were a little “rougher” if not more “serious.” One, two drinks Agnes had with her

companion and they returned to the hall. Her head was in a whirl, but she was eager for further evidence of her triumph and three numbers followed when the air in the hall became unbearable. Aggie saw two men force a drink of whisky down a young girl's throat and laughed with the crowd as they lifted her clothing to an improper height. Girls stopped in the middle of the floor and extracted their powder puffs from the tops of their stockings. The act went unnoticed save by some red-faced young man who might be seen leaving the hall with the same girl within a half hour.

The crowd was thinning out for it was after 1 a. m. and the "dates" had in a majority of cases "matured." Aggie's partner proposed "something cool" and she laughed giddily and assented. A few of the remaining girls from the store had commented on Agnes' presence. But of that Agnes cared little. She was "showing them." She had found herself.

Down in the "wineroom" they sat and those around and about them smiled as Aggie called for "something that bubbles." The Man smiled, too. But now his smile was not cynical. The Man produced a large bill and placed it on the table.

"Do you want that, kiddo?" he asked in a low tone. Aggie reached for it.



“She was lonesome and saw only innocent pleasure in the public dance, and had no one to keep her from the snares.”
(Chapter III, The Tragedy of The Wallflower.)



What mother would fail in wise counsel to preserve such purity
from the wiles of the wicked?

"Surest thing you know, Charley," she answered.

"Then take it," he said, placing it in her hand. It was a ten-dollar note.

One, two, three more drinks they had and the music stopped upstairs. Aggie's head dropped drowsily and the chestnut brown hair nodded over the drink.

"Tomorrow's Sunday—no work," she murmured. The Man looked up. His bored expression was gone; his face as alert as a weazel's. Carefully he fingered his stickpin, then glanced rapidly through a small red notebook. He put away the book and waited.

The other couples adjusted their plans and left, but still the Man waited with his eyes on the chestnut brown head, bowed over the drink.

A waiter returned for the glasses and Aggie roused herself and finished the mixture before her. The music started again and she said:

"Let's dance some more." The Man nodded and they returned to the hall.

The crowd had dwindled appreciably, but Agnes seemed possessed of a feverish desire to dance. The bar had closed and all were preparing to leave. A few boisterous spirits took possession of the dance and a mixture of the "bearcat," "dip," "walk" and "plain round" followed.

Agnes' partner elected to dance a style that was new to the girl. Gathering her close to him, he swayed her backforward with an "up-and-down" motion, alternately bending her to either side in the "grizzly" hug. The dance demanded the closest proximity and the result would not have been allowed in Columbia hall. But Aggie's thoughts were far from Columbia hall, where she held place only as a "wallflower"; where she danced occasionally through the good offices of the floor manager or the introducers.

"I've got the finest man; I've got the grandest man what's in the land," she sang joyously as they swung around the hall to the "bear tune."

"Why do you smile so?" she asked once, petulantly and a trifle thickly.

"Because I've 'picked up' such a dandy little kid at that Sunday school dance tonight," he answered soothingly. The dance ended. As they left the floor she turned to her companion with a rather worried look.

"My head feels awful queer. Let's sit down and rest awhile. Then we'll go home," she finished. The Man laughed aloud, and the sharp, bitter sound roused the girl.

"What are you laughing about?" she asked slowly. The Man leaned close as they passed out into the hall. He caught her in a close embrace and whispered rapidly in her ear. A look

of wonder passed over the shopgirl's countenance. For a full minute they stood in the hallway, the girl against the wall, the Man holding her tight and with his face pressed close to hers.

She struggled a moment, then yielded to his embrace and the hallway echoed to his laugh, sharp, hard and satirical.

"You wouldn't leave me now, little kiddo, would you?" he said again.

"No, my honey man," said Aggie, and their lips met.

"Where do you live?" he asked brusquely.

"Up near the park on La Salle avenue, but I live in a boarding house."

"Well, I live at Twenty-first and Indiana avenue," was the answer. "You're coming with me. Come on, let's get out of here. Don't be a wallflower all your life, kiddo."

"Well, I like that," said Aggie, as they passed out into the street. "I'm not a 'wallflower' any more."

"No," agreed the Man, as he signaled a south-bound car, "you're not any more."

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRAGEDY OF VALESKA OF POLAND.

TO LOOK at Valeska Latorski's smiling countenance one would have been reminded of nothing but seraphic innocence of a pure Polish type.

Valeska had not been in big Chicago long enough to lose the blooming rose color, the sparkling brown eyes her seventeen years of life in the grain fields of the Vistula valley had known. For nearly three months she had lived an enchanted life in the great, wide world outside the flats of Cracow, and the homesick memory of "unhappy Poland" was rapidly giving place to a new spirit of "steady go ahead" in this western land of promise.

For, had not Valeska's brother—that wonderful big brother Stanislaus—earned enough in his single year of life in the "Big Chicago" to enable him to send for the little orphaned sister; to bring her across the ocean to their new home where a fine job in the box factory awaited?

Stanislaus was now Stanley in recognition of the twelvemonth he had spent in the cosmopolitan melting pot, worked in Packingtown. Stanley was a trucker in the packing room and

earned \$2 per day, amply sufficient for the simple needs of himself and his sister. From the first, he had stuck to his resolution, that the weekly wages should be jealously guarded until Valeska might come and share his fortunes in this great land of the west.

So Stanley had saved until the little sister actually came to live with him in the rooms on West Twenty-second street. Stanley was tall, strong and serious, with a resolute face that accounted for the little sister's arrival in such a short time. Stanley was no ordinary "hunkie." He had little in common with the boys who spent their weekly earnings in the poolrooms or saloons of the neighborhood. Hard months of study in the public night schools had brought him an intelligent, if not fluent, command of English. Stanley was ambitious. Some day he would be foreman of the trucking gang. He aspired even to "boss" the strippers or the packers.

Valeska was neither serious nor quiet and her laughing face held little thought of tomorrow. For Valeska life was today, with the future an indistinct haze that might well take care of itself. She was small, bright and active with full, rosy cheeks, dark brown hair and eyes, and an always smiling mouth that curved whimsically beneath a small, irregular nose.

The half dozen years spent in the grain fields

on the banks of the Vistula had lent the little Polish girl a maturity of form beyond her years.

She was the "little Polska lad-ee" of the West Twenty-second street settlement and, among the other workers in the Harrison street box factory held place as the "hunkie peach." To Valeska the language of her new country was one great puzzle. The harsh consonants and sharp monosyllables were poor substitutes for the smooth, purring Slavic intonations and the rich harmony of the Polish tongue. Though the language contains many "z's" and "k's," their enunciation is musical.

From Stanley and the other girls with whom she worked a few words of that strange "Anglish" were learned, whereupon Valeska tossed her head laughingly and pursued her smiling course, untroubled by thoughts of a further necessity for learning the new "talk." At the box factory she was earning \$7 a week after she had been there nearly a month. She was a good worker and the "straw boss" or foreman smiled approvingly as she rushed gaily through the day's work with a song and a constant smile.

Valeska was never sad and she rarely got mad on anyone. Affairs of the moment never troubled when the moment had passed and so she talked, laughed, sang, flirted, worked and danced her way through the monotonous round of daily life. She was a born coquette. Many were the

Polish boys who came awooing earnestly but vainly.

Of a certainty Valeska learned to dance the strange, new hopping dances of this strange, new country.

Stanley liked to dance at times, too. It was but two days after her arrival that Valeska came, saw and conquered at a dance in Gavrilovicz hall "by" West Twenty-second place. Valeska's smiling face and laughing brown eyes secured her many tutors under whose instruction the "valitz" and "two-steps" were learned, together with the strange, new "hoppers" she had heard of.

It was only natural that Valeska should give herself up to the lure of the dance whenever possible. Life with her was one continual dance. In the factory, at home and even at church her thoughts and consequently her talk were of the dance. Valeska had her "fellows" and she numbered them almost in scores. Over the "fellows" Stanley exercised a quiet right of censorship and Father Cszlowski, of the little Polish church, grew grave in benediction when the "little lad-ee" knelt in the church at prayer, for Father Cszlowski was wise in the ways of the big city.

At the dances Valeska learned much. With her "fellows" she drank the dark, cool Polish beer and laughed delightedly when the escort called the glasses "schoo-oners." Occasionally Stanley would drop in at the dances in Gaurilo-

vicz hall and then would the little sister desert all partners or "fellows" to dance with the wonderful, big brother. Everybody at the dance knew everybody else and the formalities received little attention among the aliens of the American crucible. The bar was close at hand, but what of that? Boys and even girls drank too much and "got drunk," but was that not their own fault and could others help it if a little too much beer or whisky was taken?

Valeska troubled herself little with questions of the sort, although at first many things shocked her peasant propriety. If her partner or her "fellow" got drunk at the dance, another soon appeared to take his place and Valeska marked the other off her list of eligibles for future dances. She had bought some of the finery of the big city. She had brought many laces from the old country, and the "fellows" had supplied her with beautiful jewelry of startling figures and designs.

Valeska flirted, danced, laughed and chatted with all, but Valeska would allow few of the familiarities common among some other girls of Gavrilovicz.

She might cuddle close to her partner in dancing, but she would not sit on his knee during the intermissions or allow him to embrace her openly or otherwise. Valeska kissed none but the wonderful brother, Stanley, although with

natural affection she might and often did put her arm about one of the nicest of the boys and naively invite him to escort her to other dances.

With Frank Dimitrivich the little immigrant girl attended most of the dances in Gavrilovicz hall. Frank became known in the society of West Twenty-second street as "Valeska's steady." Often she would go farther afield to other halls where dances were given, but rarely the week passed that Frank did not escort Valeska to the neighborhood dance.

Frank was a trucker in the gang that Stanley worked in. The two Polish boys were fast friends.

"Stanley," said Frank one day in the packing room, "would you like to see me marry Valeska when I get the job in the cooling room?"

"More than all others, my friend," said Stanley in Polish. Stanley went home with a light heart that night. To Father Cszlowski he confided his hopes. Both rejoiced, for many had been the counsels delivered to Stanley for the care and protection of his sister.

The next Saturday night Frank spoke of his desire to Valeska and the fulfillment that should come when the "job" in the cooling room at \$16 per week had been secured. Valeska withheld her answer until the counsel of the wonderful brother had been sought, but Frank went away with her first kiss on his lips and a joyful song

in his heart. Father Cszlowski fairly beamed when the little immigrant girl came, after the Polish custom, for the blessing of the church upon her romance and the marriage that should follow. Stanley only smiled his slow, serious smile, but in church he prayed long and earnestly before the statue of the Virgin that the life of his little sister should be kept free from the sin and sorrow of the "Big Chicago." And the Lady of Good Counsel looked down maternally.

Frank, too, sought out the good Father Cszlowski with "the higher light" in his stolid face. Among the boys and younger men of the good father's flock were few such as Stanley Latorski and Frank Dimitrivich, nor was the still unsullied virtue of Valeska a matter of common occurrence. The streets, the poolroom and the saloon are relentless foes for such as Father Cszlowski, and the struggle becomes almost hopeless at times when the attack of the powers of darkness becomes too strong.

On the dance halls and the inevitable saloon Father Cszlowski kept an anxious eye. The safety of the girls was his main concern and it was for such as Valeska Latorski that he felt the greatest anxiety. Of his fears he had spoken to Stanley and the latter had warned the little sister in turn, that nothing but evil could come of drinking with all the "fellows" of her acquaintance, of dancing the "grizzly" or the "dip"

or of allowing the fellows to "monkey around you." For once Valeska listened seriously and quietly obeyed the instructions of her brother to the letter.

When Valeska had tasted the joys and the few sorrows of her first three months of metropolitan experience it happened that the Star Athletic Club announced a dance to be held at Vavrilovicz hall. The Star Athletic Club had its habitat in a store next to "Jake's" poolroom on West Twenty-second street and both Frank and Stanley were members of the organization; Frank because a majority of the members were fellow workers and Stanley by reason of his athletic prowess.

Frank was vice-president of the club and by vote was selected to lead "the grand march" at the "First Annual Reception and Ball." Wherefore, a still greater triumph was in store for Valeska, for of necessity she should bloom above all the other flowers of "Little Poland" at the side of her Frank.

Although the immigrant girl had given her "promise" to the stolid Frank, upon the advice of Father Cszlowski, the betrothal was to be kept secret until the job in the cooling room materialized.

Stanley decided that none should eclipse Valeska on that night of all nights and the little sister listened entranced as he outlined the dress

she must be provided with before the night of the dance, three weeks distant.

A trip to the little bank on Halsted street where their small earnings were kept and the two started on a delightful round of the department store of the great west side. The result was a pink dress of a degree of loveliness that even Annie Pietrowski, whose father owned the saloon on the corner, had never attained. Pink slippers, a string of coral beads and a small breast pin with a pink turban hat completed the outfit. No bride could have been more overjoyed with her trousseau than Valeska.

The dance was advertised extensively in regulation style and several thousand red, yellow and green "plugger" cards bearing popular songs on the reverse side were distributed within a radius of several miles. Everywhere talk was of the "Star Dance," speculation as to the size of the crowd, and predictions as to the nature and character of the affair.

Officers and members of the club backed Frank Dimitrivich in his announcement as chairman of arrangements, that there should be no "roughhouse" and the management of the hall to all intents and purposes applauded the move. There had been occasions when Gavrilovicz hall was the scene of disorder, drunken brawls, riots and even worse, but all this was to be changed at the Star Athletic Club dance. Some smiled

when they heard this and others, among them the proprietors of the neighboring saloons, looked a trifle worried.

A "roughhouse" dance, while a thing to be deplored from a moral standpoint, is an element conducive to the sale of much liquor. In addition, a dance without the "live" features of a dubious nature, is in some quarters a veritable "Hamlet" without Hamlet. This was to be the first of a series of dances by the Star Athletic Club and the members proposed that it should be an affair of "class." Wherefore, the ban on all "roughhouse."

Into the social life of West Twenty-second street a new personage had entered about the time Valeska arrived in Chicago. "Tony" Vercek, a singer in the cheaper vaudeville theaters of the west side, arrived from somewhere—nobody knew just where—with an apparently unlimited supply of clothes of extremely "noisy" patterns and colors and with a degree of sophistication that invariably impressed.

"Tony's" main occupation in life seemed to cover playing "Kelly pool" incessantly in "Jake's," yet he always seemed well supplied with money. He was a short, stockily built young man of twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, of certain habits that might have classed him as "rather fast" elsewhere than in "Little Poland." There he was merely "a rounder" and a

"live guy." "Tony" invariably attended the dances in the neighborhood halls and was popular among the girls by reason of his willingness to buy unlimited quantities of beer or other drinks. Oddly enough, he seemed to enjoy purchasing a large amount of liquor when any girl manifested a desire to consume it.

Father Cszlowski sensed a new enemy in the presence of Vercek and his eyes darkened perceptibly when the latter's name was mentioned by any of the girls of the neighborhood. Since his advent the name of the newcomer had been brought up in connection with the disappearance of a young orphan girl who lived with her aunt in the neighborhood.

The girl had vanished mysteriously after a dance at which she had been seen drinking with Vercek. A letter was received from her later, stating that she had gone to St. Louis, but it contained no explanation of her disappearance.

Vercek joined the Star Athletic Club and entered heartily into the plans for the forthcoming dance. Certain restrictions as to the manner in which the dances should be conducted, advocated by Frank Dimitrivich, were ridiculed by the newcomer as properly belonging to a "Sunday school."

"Let 'em 'round,' let 'em do the 'bear' and let 'em skate if they want to, but don't pull that Salvation army stuff," said "Tony," sneeringly.

"What do we care, what they do so long as they kick in with the dough for their tickets and don't bust each other's nuts with beer bottles? Hire a cop and let him keep order, but don't try to put a gang of 'rounders' on their good behavior."

"But there's likely to be some there who aren't rounders," said Frank. "Tony" laughed insultingly.

"Oh, can that stuff; it's musty. What're yuh trying to slip me? I know this gang. We're all 'rounders' and some girls are no better. Why that little doll of yours dips like a gasoline launch every time she dances, Dimitrivich. Mean to tell me that's accident? Why, I can take her or any other skirt around these corners, out any night and do what I please with 'em when I get 'em drinking. They're all out after the——"

Dimitrivich cut him off with a right hand jolt that sent him to the floor with blood streaming from his mouth. Vercek was up like a cat and at the other, but a right hook stopped him. The club members interfered and "Tony" was led away cursing at the top of his voice and swearing to "get that guy if I swing for it." A suspicious bulge in his right hip pocket made his words seem sinister, but Dimitrivich, struggling with the peacemakers, neither cared nor heeded.

The following Saturday night the dance was to be held and an armistice was arranged between both parties. Sentiment in the club was divided.

All agreed, however, that the latter should not have attacked Vercek on such apparently small provocation, for it was an admitted fact among the members that the newcomer had spoken the truth as regarded the general run of girls who attended the dances in Gavrilovicz hall. Stanley Latorski was not present at the meeting when the trouble occurred and Frank said nothing of the affair to either Valeska or her brother.

On the night of the dance Frank appeared at the door of Valeska's tenement home, magnificent in a new suit that could not have come from any place but State street. It was a rather quiet gray and fitted in perfectly with Valeska's radiant pink. But Frank had another surprise. When he produced a small opal ring the little immigrant girl's small stock of English failed to cover the necessity that had arisen for a fitting expression. In rich, deeply intoned Polish words that fairly tumbled over each other in their haste to escape, she voiced her appreciation, ending by throwing herself into the Polish boy's arms with impulsive affection.

On their way out they found a note from the big brother explaining that he would not arrive at the dance until later in the evening. A visit to a sick friend was given as the reason for his non-appearance and Frank remembered that "Shorty" Johnson, who worked in the trucking



The easy stages by which the beautiful telephone girl was led to her downfall. (Chapter VIII.)



Regrets will not wipe out the past nor restore the confidence
and love of friends.

gang, had been injured in a street car accident the day previous.

On the dance floor they were met first by "Tony" Vercek. Frank stiffened slightly, but the newcomer nodded pleasantly and greeted Valeska effusively. With engaging impudence he demanded three dances and Dimitrivich scowled as Valeska assented. But he made no protest. "Maybe," he thought "Tony wants to make up and this is his way of apology."

In the grand march Valeska appeared little short of beautiful. The crowd was a mixed one. A strange element was noticeable, but the size of the gathering established the first dance of the Star Athletic Club a success. There were over a hundred couples in the "Grand March." Tony Vercek was not among them. In the rear room of the saloon, which connected with the dance hall, he might have been found in close conversation with a flashily dressed woman who puffed slowly on a cigarette and watched her companion with wearily, amused eyes.

An excess of paint and powder and a certain indefinable air stamped her for what she was, a "regular from the district." Vercek, resplendent in a light yellow suit of many scallops and buttons, leaned forward tensely and spoke in a hurried undertone. At the conclusion the blasé woman opposite finished the highball before her,

snapped the cigarette stub into a corner and winked evilly at her companion.

"What's the game, Tony, old kid? Why are you so strong with this kid?"

"Oh, t'ell with her," said the man in yellow. "I'm not after her so much, but I'm after the guy she trails with. She can hardly talk United States, but she's a good looker. Now all you've got to do is to get her drunk or fix her so's she'll forget home and mother. Then get her out of the hall and I'll meet you."

"How about the hunkie she's here with?" queried the "regular."

"Never mind him. I'll fix his clock right. Now are you on to the game and will you go to it?"

"Sure, Tony; you know me," answered the woman slowly. "I can use her fine; I get her?"

"She's yours as far as I'm concerned. Now you've had a good look at her; do you think she'll fall?"

The woman across the table paused in the act of lighting a fresh cigarette.

"Will she fall? You ask that question and you've seen 'em come and go on the 'line' for quite a while. Say, wake up. What chance has that little Polack kid got? Will she fall? Ask me! Did I fall? Did all the others fall?" The cigarette was lighted and the woman turned again to the man.

"Tony," she continued, "they got me at a dance right here in this hall, only I fell easier than you seem to think she will. You can't beat a system and *you* know the system. Let's have another drink."

The dance had begun as Vercek entered the hall. In the midst of the dancers he picked out Valeska and her partner. The little immigrant girl was flushed with the triumph of the grand march and the huge bunch of red and white roses she carried. She smiled up into Frank's face and held the small opal ring up to the light. "Tony" saw and understood and his smile widened.

Two succeeding dances with Valeska were danced and Frank left her after noting that the following dance had been given to Vercek. Dimitrivich did not dance the number but, instead, took up a position at the side of the hall and watched the couple carefully, throughout the dance, his eyes always on Vercek's face. At the conclusion "Tony" led the way to a table and Frank started to follow, but changed his mind and returned to the hall.

The following dance also was given over to "Tony," who seemed to have made a distinct impression on Valeska. During the dance Frank noticed that the man seemed to be instructing the girl in a figure that bore strong resemblance to the "grizzly" of doubtful fame. As they

passed, Dimitrivich shook his head at Valeska, but she laughed back at him teasingly. Tony bowed in great good nature.

During the intermission—long enough to allow many drinks at the bar and the pavilion tables—Valeska again accepted “refreshment” at the instance of her partner. Frank followed and satisfied himself that the little immigrant girl was drinking nothing but the dark beer she was accustomed to.

Valeska returned to the hall within a few moments and went directly to the ladies’ dressing room. She did not appear as the music for the next dance began and Frank danced the number with another partner. He noticed also that Vercek was dancing with a different girl. As Dimitrivich was rounding a corner at the far end of the hall the little Polish girl emerged from the dressing room in company with an older woman. The woman’s face carried an excess of rouge. She did not look about the hall as she led the way to the rear room of the adjoining saloon.

The dance ended and Frank looked about for Valeska, but she was nowhere in sight. Slightly jealous, he looked for the yellow clad Vercek. He seemed to be engrossed in conversation with a boy and girl.

Thus far there had been little disorder. Gavrilovicz hall was operated as an important ad-

junct of the saloon in connection, and a dance there without a few necessary evils, such as drunken girls and boys, was not uncommon. Drinking was liberal tonight and the floor committee was having some trouble keeping order on the dance floor. The "rounders" had appeared in full force as "Tony" had predicted and they could not be handled with gloves.

In the rear room of the saloon Valeska was seated at a table opposite the flashily dressed woman. The little immigrant girl was absorbing the words of wisdom that fell from the other's sophisticated lips.

"Take it from me, my dear," the woman was saying, "and don't let that fellow of yours own you. It don't pay. Keep stringing him along and make him come across every once in a while. With your looks and your build you could earn lots of money if you wanted to?"

"How?" asked Valeska, intently. She understood only part of the slangy jargon the woman opposite her was using, but it was evident to her that her new found friend was able to help her to get rich.

"How much do you earn now?" asked the "regular."

"Five, six, seven dollars by the box factory," said Valeska. The other woman looked her over carefully, noting the mature curves. Then she resumed the conversation.

"I'll fix you up so you can drag down twenty, thirty dollars a week," she continued, repeating the amounts over and over in a low, hard voice that forced its way through the haze of Valeska's uncertain English.

The Polish girl's eyes grew wide. She repeated over and over: "Twenty, thirty dollars a week," then again, eagerly, "How?" The older woman smiled and ordered two highballs. The waiter winked at the indiscretion of allowing two unescorted women to drink in the rear room and brought the drinks.

Valeska gazed into hers without suspicion and in imitation of her companion, swallowed half the dark liquid before she brought the glass down with a choking gasp. The "regular" leaned across the table and took the younger girl's hand.

"Valeska, if you come up to my room for an hour you can earn \$10 this evening. Just think—ten dollars, more than you can earn all week by the box factory. Will you come?"

"But Frank, he wait for me out there," demurred the young immigrant, pointing to the hall. The woman shook a finger.

"You can go out with Frank and dance and then we'll go and come back in an hour. We'll go and earn that money—ten dollars, Valeska, a new dress maybe. Frank won't know about it, and you won't tell him. It'll be a surprise. Fin-

ish your drink and we'll go earn the ten dollars." Valeska looked up with a puzzled air.

"How?" she repeated guilelessly but with caution. The "regular" frowned wearily, then went at it patiently again.

"Ten dollars—one, two, five, ten—we'll make it cleaning fish, my dear. Did you ever clean fish? It's a hard job sometimes but not tonight for the fish are suckers."

The Polish girl tried to look as if she understood. The "regular" looked her hopelessly in the eye.

"Oh, yes," said Valeska, and the bargain was closed as she finished the drink under the watchful eye of the other woman.

"Now, don't tell Frank," said the woman as they entered the hall. The caution was unnecessary for Frank was nowhere in the hall. He had been told that "Tony" Vercek was talking about Valeska, in a saloon across the way. Thither, went Dimitrivich with an ulgy look on his stolid, Polish face. Vercek was found in a rear room but a policeman was present and Frank waited, his anger swelling and smoldering under the influence of jealousy complicated by numerous drinks.

Back in Gavrilovicz hall, several club members noted that Valeska was leaving the hall dressed for the street with no apparent ascort. She made no explanation and was joined on the side-

walk below by the older woman who glanced curiously at a small, opal ring on the Polish girl's finger.

"What's that, Kid?" she inquired, not unkindly. The girl's face glowed with pride and she answered in an enthusiastic flow of mingled Polish and English.

"Frank, he give him to me; we get married pretty quick"—she stopped, for had not Father Cszlowski told her to keep the joyful fact a secret yet? Her fresh, full face fell perceptibly, but the bright smile soon reappeared and she told her companion of the promise she had made to the godfather and asked that she keep it a secret.

Down Twenty-second place the two walked, the "little hunkie immigrant" chattering gaily of the ring and the things that were to come when Frank had secured the job in the cooling room.

At a doorway where a large glass sign swung out over the sidewalk, they turned in. A light appeared in the second floor window several moments later. Within ten minutes the two men hurried up and entered. A shade was drawn. Laughter might have been heard by a passerby, but West Twenty-second place knows few pedestrians during the later hours.

It was 2:30 a. m. when Valeska returned to the hall. The dance was on the wane and several

drunken brawls had occurred. A good many of the boys and young men present were intoxicated and almost as many girls.

The number in progress, ostensibly a waltz, was marked by extreme "dips" and even the "grizzly bear." The officials made half-hearted attempts to clear the floor of the offenders. Here and there a girl screamed shrilly.

In the midst of an argument that threatened to result seriously, Valeska returned to the hall. At one side of the dance floor, Frank Dimitrivich stared into the crowd of dancers. Opposite him Stanley Latorski leaned against a pillar and watched the door eternally. There was a stolidity on both faces. And Valeska entered with a dazed air of familiarity.

Her face was pale and no hint of the rose-bloom complexion remained. The new pink dress was mussed and disordered and there was a slight bruise on her right cheek. She seemed to move in a sort of dream and her bosom heaved convulsively.

Brother and sweetheart sprang forward as if actuated by a single impulse, caught her between them as she swayed uncertainly, and bore her off to the street.

In the saloon on the corner they placed her in a chair in the rear room and waited. The little immigrant girl looked from one to the other in a puzzled manner and Stanley put a protect-

ing arm about her without change of expression. Dimitrivich stared straight ahead at the wall—and—waited.

In the left hand, the hand that still wore the small opal ring, Valeska held a dirty piece of crumpled paper. She glanced at the silent men before her, then laid the bit of paper on the table.

"Stanislaus—Frank—the ten dollars Valeska earned," she said thickly and uncertainly. A strong odor of whiskey came with every gasp of breath.

The desk sergeant took down the telephone receiver and yawned lazily. Probably some police reporter "ringing the stations."

"Hello," he shouted into the instrument.

"Fitzgerald, ringing, Sarge," said a voice. "That hunkie dance at Gavrilovicz hall just ended in a riot; girl killed; fellow dyin'—with a ten dollar bill stuffed down his throat. Send the wagon and the ambulance. All right, Sarge."

CHAPTER VII.

A TRAGEDY EN MASQUE.

THE question of what costumes they should wear to the annual Masque and Fancy Dress Ball of the Actors' Athletic club (not for profit), caused the first quarrel between Gertrude and Tommy. "Gert" insisted on going as Laura Jean Libbey, while Tommy as positively declared they would appear in the "School Kids" costume he had selected or not at all. Whereupon Miss Gertrude Mahoney gathered unto herself a new dignity, slightly out of keeping with the Irish blue of her eyes and "the canary blond" of her hair, and informed Mr. Thomas O'Neill that she intended going as Miss Libbey whether he prepared as "an ad for toasted corn flakes or not."

Further than that, Miss Mahoney told her hitherto devoted "steady" that she had practically accepted an invitation to the masquerade comical from Jimmy (Dirk) White and, finally, all decision in the matter of her acceptance was "up to him." And Miss Mahoney tossed her blond bangs defiantly.

But Mr. Thomas O'Neill also had his Irish

up and he replied in such conclusive terms that "Gert" stared at him a moment in stony silence, then drew a small diamond ring from her finger and laid it dramatically on his desk. The scene occurred in the railroad office where both worked, during the noon hour of the day before the dance in question. Tommy was rate clerk in the office, and "Gert" was stenographer to the chief clerk. They had been keeping "steady company" for the past six months and the small diamond ring on Mr. O'Neill's desk had represented an ultimate ambition of both.

Miss Mahoney was small, graceful and pretty with a complexion that reminded of blossoms of some sort or other. Her hair was "canary blond" as has been said and Irish blue eyes of a violet tendency completed the picture, for she was a picture in the appreciation of others as well as the refractory Tommy. The latter was short, stocky, with a jaw that warned of uncommon obstinacy.

The jaw dropped a trifle as the small diamond ring was laid carefully on the desk but he made no effort to halt the haughtily, transformed "Gert" as she swept out of the office.

And so "Gert" went to the masquerade with out Tommy and without the small diamond ring—but not as Laura Jean Libbey. At the last moment she became a milkmaid, hiring a cos-

tume to fit the character. At her side appeared the fiery, red hair of Jimmy White, who, with peculiar taste had chosen a suit of convict stripes.

Jimmy, in addition to being auburn haired, was good natured and obliging but—and Jimmy himself, might have agreed to this—“that let him out.” The ball was to be held in the Coliseum annex and it was quite a trip from Woodlawn to 15th street and Wabash avenue on a wet, cold, rainy night.

Under the auspices of the Actors' Athletic club the Masque and Fancy Dress Ball had been heralded as the novelty event of the season. Tickets had been sold, given away, distributed with a prodigal hand, for the main idea was to “get the crowd.” It happened, therefore, that “Gert” had come into possession of several tickets from “Pete” Mack, who, by virtue of his proprietorship of a “nickel show” was a member of the Actors' Athletic club.

The hall was filling rapidly when the Arcadian milkmaid and the “gentleman from Joliet” entered. An orchestra of impressive appearance was providing musical inspiration for a mixed crowd that Gert called “real bohemians.”

Several hundred milkmaids, “chorus girls,” Maud Mullers, Gold Dust Twins, Mutts and Jeffs, “hoboes,” “coppers,” ballet dancers, Japa-

nese "fans," China dolls were waltzing about the dance floor.

Of the several hundred present, probably two-thirds had responded to the call of the energetic promoters, who were endeavoring to "get a crowd." Certain it is that the city never held such a concourse of "actors," en masque or otherwise. Masks were worn by all, for the conventional was of paramount importance. Even Bohemia had its conventions and the counterfeit Bohemians would be the last to break them.

The crowd increased steadily and "Gert" danced, after the Bohemian fashion, with every "actor" who felt himself attracted by the milkmaid costume and the canary blond hair. By ten o'clock, when the grand march was to occur, the hall was crowded and the managers of the Actors' Athletic club were regretting that they had not engaged the Coliseum proper, "and gone the limit." Reminiscent of the days when the annual First Ward Democracy Ball, the erstwhile "Derby," held forth in the big convention auditorium on Wabash avenue, was the crowd that thronged the Annex. Excepting, of course, that no such concourse of gentlewomen and gentlemen of the underworld as have graced the former affair could have been persuaded to lay aside business cares for a social

event in which their financial welfare was not importantly involved.

The dance was undoubtedly a "representative" gathering. The term "actor" is a homogeneous one and has been made to fit all classes of café singers, entertainers of the red-light district and the scarlet women by and for whom they find an existence "on Easy street." The Coliseum Annex at all events was crowded "to the guards," with an outpouring of all those elements which go to make up the Bohemianism of the street, the café, the winerom and the levee at large.

And, rubbing elbows with the men and women of the "restricted" districts, a goodly number of Gertrude Mahoneys danced in blissful ignorance of the things they were touching, tasting, hearing. Everywhere the spirit of "true Bohemianism" found expression in orders that kept "the waiters hopping" and made for the unprecedented success of the Actors' Masque and Fancy Dress ball. The smoke from several hundred cigarettes and cigars of doubtful odor, rose to the high arched ceiling and floated in a dense fog above the heads of the dancers. The crowd was everywhere—filling the floor to the exclusion of everything, even the dance, crowding the pavilions about the floor in a pushing,

surging, jolting mass of humanity, fantastically garbed, masked, bejeweled and beribboned.

An all-enveloping thirst was on the assemblage and relief was not to be found in the hall, save in the presence of the hurrying waiters. Beer foamed eternally, wine effervesced occasionally, and mixed drinks kept a force of bartenders at work without pause. Feminine Jockeys, in vari-colored silk tights, vied with scantily clad "ballet dancers" in "stowing them away." Everywhere was a paucity of garb, an abundance of liquid refreshment, a carelessness of speech and familiarity of action that constituted the Bohemianism, for which the Annual Masque and Fancy Dress Ball of the Actors' Athletic association was designed.

The grand march proved a veritable "witchery" of color and costume. Wood nymphs, dianas and mythological characters that permitted of a breezy brevity of dress, were popular among the women, with here and there a "School Kid" or Milkmaid, proclaiming the presence of the Gertrude Mahoneys, who had come to the dance in response to the lure of Terpsichore—not for the wine of "Bohemianism."

The men in the grand march were costumed with a tendency toward the comic. Tramps, policemen, convicts, Italian street singers, boot-

blacks, Happy Hooligans, clowns; here and there a female impersonator of doubtful character. In the "grand stroll," "Gert" walked with Jimmy White. At the conclusion she was surrounded by a crowd of "actors," who demanded dances with a familiarity that surprised her.

"Me for you, Blondie, when the lights go out," said one street singer, as he affixed his initials to her dance card. "Charles S.," they read and "Gert" looked at the masked face in a puzzled manner. Many of the dancers had discarded their masks because of the heat, but "Gert" and the street singer still retained theirs.

"Charles S.—what?" she queried, for there was something in his manner that puzzled.

"Charles S. Deneen—it might be, but it aint," he answered smilingly. "I'll put you wise later, kid." The street singer was young, not over twenty-two or three—"Gert" was not yet eighteen—and his dark complexion and eyes matched the character he had assumed perfectly. He smiled continually, apparently with the intention of showing a glistening row of white teeth. His smile was what puzzled. It was not the broad Irish grin of Jimmy White nor yet, the slow, good-natured smile of Tommy O'Neill; it was accompanied by a peculiar twist of the lips that drew them back tightly over the

glistening row of teeth. The effect was that of a ruffled dog, exposing his gleaming fangs by a curl of the jowl.

"Gert" danced with Jimmy for several numbers, after which the evening was given over to the crowd of "actors" who had taken possession of her program. The opening part of the program included twelve dances with extras. Four times on her program "Gert" found the signature of the street singer who signed himself "Charles S." When the red-haired Jimmy White had taken himself off to other divinities of the mask, the street singer in corduroy was at "Gert's" side, strumming on the tambourine of a "Mexican senorita," with whom he had danced previously.

He was to all intents and purposes the happiest of the throng of Bohemians that shifted with more or less "poetry of motion" about the dance floor. Miss Mahoney found herself attracted in spite of his easy familiarity and sinister smile, for the counterfeit Italian was a finished dancer and carried himself with an assurance that was lacking in many of the "true Bohemians" en masque.

About the hall they glided in the rhythmic swing of a "Parisian Two-Step." On the turns the street singer carried his smaller partner

around in a dervish-like whirl that brought them into close proximity.

Save for the fact that his embrace was a trifle too amorous and his manner of an intimacy that even Tommy O'Neill would not have attempted, "Gert" was pleased. In the course of the dance he affected an airy manner and whispered softly in her ear, inviting her to "cuddle up a bit closer, kid."

His air was careless, easy, debonair, blase; his manner the quintessence of sophistication; his talk rapid, clever, slangy and his smile, omnipresent, humorous, with a worldly touch of cynicism. The dance was short—six or seven minutes—and after an encore of a moment or two, the street singer led the blond milkmaid to a table.

"What'll it be, Kiddo?" he inquired.

"Water," answered Gert, smilingly. Jimmy White was at an opposite table negotiating a "tall one" with a girl whose clothes were conspicuous chiefly for the absence of continuity. Low cut neck, V-shape back, high cut skirt, barely approaching the knee with its lowest ruffle, narrow strap across the shoulders, bare arms and blue gauze stockings. "Gert" was appreciably shocked, but Jimmy only grinned.

"Come out of it," said the street singer. "Don't kid me. What'll it be—beer or mixed,

make it wine if you want but don't order water to go with that costume. I'm thirsty—what d'ye say to a split of the conversation water?"

"I don't drink, Charles S.," said "Gert" with a smile. "Make it something soft and I'll drink with you."

"Claret lemonade and a rickey," said the masked Italian with a wink at the waiter that escaped his companion.

"Sure," said the perspiring personage of the tray. "I gotcha, Steve." He grinned at "Gert" and hurried off.

The drinks were bought and paid for with a generous tip for the waiter. The girl glanced curiously at the "claret lemonade" and tasted it warily while the street singer flashed his twisted smile at Jimmy White, who stared back.

"Gert" was thirsty and the drink soon was disposed of.

Two others were ordered and drunk and "Gert" wondered vaguely why the tang of the lemon was noticeable only faintly. The drink was pleasant and cooling at any rate, and from behind his glass "Charles S." cast his twisted smile at the arched roof.

The music started for the next number and the young couple glided out onto the floor with an exhilarated step. The waiter followed them with interest.

"Gert" felt uncommonly warm and she wondered at the fever that led her to transform the two-step into a rushing three-step. The street singer whispered amorously as before and on the turns carried her close in a whirl, that ended in a graceful reverse. "Gert" listened with half-closed eyes and thought in a detached sort of a way of Tommy O'Neill's limitations.

Tommy would have scorned the whispered endearments that flowed softly from the sophisticated lips of the street singer. The pressure of his arm about the dainty Miss Mahoney's waist was enchanting to that romantic young woman. It was her romantic ideas that had led to the quarrel with Mr. O'Neill. Mr. O'Neill had been prosaically practical; all the romance in his nature came to the surface with the small diamond ring she had placed on his desk so scornfully the day before.

Of course, Mr. O'Neill was not present at the dance. The defection of "Gert" had precluded that possibility. Socially, Tommy went only whither the "canary blond" and Irish blue eyes beckoned him and for the first time in six months the imperious nod of his golden haired divinity had been directed at another.

The dance floor had been cleared somewhat and none but those in costume appeared on the polished surface. The others remained at the

tables smoking, chatting, laughing and drinking. The waiters had been "kept hopping" all evening at a corresponding profit to the bar and to the promoters of the dance. Evidences of the effect had appeared but spasmodically.

The number ended and the encore accompaniment proved a dreamy waltz, in the course of which, the make-believe Italian's arm moved up about "Gert's" neck and her golden head rested lightly on his shoulder.

They sat the long intermission out at a table over an "actor's drink" which her companion explained was a "harmless" cordial known as a "pousse cafe." "Gert" gazed into the thimble glass before her, wondering in a disinterested manner what caused the interchange of colors and the soft shading of the oily liquor. At the adjoining table the fiery head of Jimmy White was visible. He was sitting close to the ballet-dancer of abbreviated costume, one arm about her waist and he patted her shoulder affectionately. Jimmy's eyes were heavy and his face matched the auburn color of his hair.

"Gert" glanced at him indifferently, wondering vaguely who the girl was. White's companion had removed her mask, as had Jimmy, and her face appeared thin, rather pretty. On the table before her a glass rested, and a slight drooping of the eyelids told of numerous other

libations. The majority of the dancers had removed their masks because of the extreme heat, but "Gert" and her companion retained theirs. The street singer was smiling as he watched the changing expression on his pretty companion's face.

"Gert" sipped the warm cordial slowly. The small silken mask that hid her eyes contrasted strikingly with the warm flush that had superseded her natural, blossomy complexion. She leaned forward when the young man in the corduroy suit spoke and listened with an eager light in her eyes. The cavalier in corduroy saw, and smiled with an expression that was as sinister as it was cynical.

About the hall, effects were beginning to appear. The crowd as a whole was ordererly, but here and there a couple in open embrace, or a girl with her masculine companion's head on her lap warned of the inroads of liquor. In the balcony several couples were executing the "grizzly bear" dance to an admiring audience and, to the initiated, the byplay was recognizable as "the real thing."

The floor committee had its hands full eliminating the "rounder" and the unwise "dipper" from the dance and several personal encounters had resulted already. In the smoking room discussion of the "stuff that's floating around" was

general. Several young men had already "dated" their respective girls, while others were arranging "parties." In the pavilion two young girls—patently not over 16—were permitting their boy companions to "fix" their garters.

Both girls had vied with their older sisters in "putting away the tall ones" and their conversation testified to the effect. In the crowd could be seen many of the respectables who were enjoying the dance and that only. Thus far the announced attraction, the mask ball, had been kept free from abuses and officers of the Actors' Athletic club were congratulating themselves on a grand success and "a good, straight masquerade."

"Gert" danced constantly, and with many partners, but ever recurrently, appeared the young Italian street singer of the twisted smile. In the smoking room he was found in low-toned conversation with an older man who chewed nervously on a cigar. They shook hands finally and the man in corduroy returned to his blond companion as the music for a "moonlight" waltz began.

They glided out on the floor and the accompaniment softened until only the soft wail of the violins was wafted out on the warm air of the dance hall. It was a "moonlight" dance and the theatrical organization had prepared for it in ef-

fective style. The lights went out suddenly and silence reigned for an instant. Then the soft glow of a radium electric cluster shone down from the center of the ceiling surrounded by a darkened field of blue gauze. The "moon" appeared, accompanied by an illusion of winking stars, in the form of miniature incandescent bulbs. As the "moonlight" grew stronger, the orchestra swung into a low Lehar waltz and the dance began dreamily. The crowd was silent, save for a tinkling glass or suppressed laugh.

About the hall the shadowy figures of the dancers, in their fantastic garb, appeared in the "moonlight" with a romantic effect that impressed even the thirsty ones at the tables. The illusion held for a few moments. Even the fetid air seemed to grow balmy under its influence.

"Gert" and her murmuring partner swung languidly about the hall in perfect rhythm and step. Her head rested naturally on his shoulder and one hand was placed on his arm. The serenading cavalier guided her about with an air of possession. In the make-believe moonlight his smile seemed more twisted than ever.

The little Irish girl was deaf to the rattle of bottles and glasses, the doubtful language of the thirsty spectators and the occasional ribaldry of a girl or man. In the middle of the number a

feminine voice from the balcony began a tremulous contralto of the waltz-song.

"Here's to the last girl; here's to the best girl; here's to the girl that I love," sang the voice. "Gert" glided instinctively in the embrace of her cavalier in corduroy. She glanced into her partner's eyes, but missed the cynical twist of his smile.

The song trailed into silence and the dance halted. "Gert" found herself in the center of the floor, directly beneath the "moonlight" cluster that seemed to radiate enchantment. Her arm rested over the street singer's shoulder and her face was upturned, with a small, curved mouth, beneath the silken neck, smiling invitingly.

The cavalier's arm drew the "canary blond's" head close. He raised the mask a trifle and kissed her.

"Here's to the last girl; here's to the best girl; here's to the girl that I love," he sang softly and kissed her again. Several couples near by caught the tableau and smiled—neither softly nor tenderly.

"Gert" started as the lights flashed on again and blushed as she felt her companion's twisted smile upon her.

"Shall we unmask?" the girl asked. He nod-

ded and the black silk masks were laid upon the table.

"Drink with me, my dear," he smiled and the blond head nodded trustingly. The waiter grinned more broadly than ever.

"Charley—what?" queried the girl as earlier in the evening. The erstwhile street singer, revealed as a dark, pale young man of elegant appearance, hesitated momentarily. Then he passed a little bit of pasteboard across the table, on which appeared

CHARLES S. HERROLD,

Entertainer.

Pollack Ben's.

"Charley—dear," said the unmasked cavalier. "Gert" smiled as the drinks were brought. The waiter winked ostentatiously at Herrold as he set down the drink, an absinthe frappe, before the girl. The masked portion of the program had been concluded and a group of judges was deciding the award of prizes for the most novel dressed groups of men, of girls and for single characters.

Half a dozen cases of beer were to be given to the winning group of men, while a group of six girls was given a bottle of champagne for each.

The music for the general dance began and the man in corduroy turned to his companion. Her head had dropped to her hand and she gazed across the table with a hazy smile for her companion. Over, on the opposite side of the hall, a red-haired youth leaned drunkenly against the wall, a foolish smile on his face.

"Let's go home, Charley, dear," said the little milkmaid with the golden hair and trusting eyes. "My head is tired and I'm sick of dancing." The man in corduroy gathered the masks up and adjusted his to cover the upper part of his face. Then—street singer and milkmaid, masked as before, left the Annual Masque and Fancy Dress Ball of the Actors' Union; left the bogus Bohemia of wine, women and song, the enchantment of a make-believe "moonlight," the illusion of the masquerade and the smirking waiter, who smiled the sinister smile of sophistication.

On Wabash avenue, before the Coliseum Annex, stood a row of taxicabs. The chauffeur of one smiled a recognition for the man in corduroy. Milkmaid and street singer entered—still masked—and a bystander heard a voice from the cab: "Cadillac hotel."

At the entrance to the Coliseum Annex a red-haired youth waited. He glanced impatiently at a clock that pointed to 2:30 a. m. The last of the crowd in attendance at the Annual Masque and Fancy Dress Ball of the Actors' Athletic Club was leaving the hall. The last couple passed through the door and out into the wet street. A porter appeared to lock the door and in response to a question from the red-haired youth, answered: "All gone now. There's no one in the hall at all."

The sound of an approaching car rang down the deserted street. The young man buttoned his coat.

"Ditched me and I might as well go home. Some one musta picked her up," he muttered, as the car stopped. He swung aboard and a single arc-light winked evilly at the Coliseum Annex.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

BESSIE was a telephone operator in a south side exchange. The past tense is used for the reason that Bessie is no longer a telephone operator.

Bessie was eighteen years of age and prettier than the general run of telephone operators are imagined to be. Bessie was a good operator and she had been "at the business" of inserting plugs and crossing wirs for two years.

Bessie lived at home with her parents and with two sisters, one an operator and the other a stenographer. Her father was a plumber and contrived to make both ends meet without calling on the girls for any great amount of assistance. All three girls were good looking, but Bessie was the "star of the stable," as her father often remarked. She was likewise the least stable of the three.

The other two girls, Frances and Josie, had "steadies," but Bessie laughed at the idea of tying herself down to any one "fellow" when the sea was so full of fish. She was the youngest and the least ambitious of the three daughters.

Marriage was an indefinite probability, work a temporary hardship, and the men things to be fooled with at a dance or the theater, then passed along to some one else.

Bessie flirted at every opportunity and many were the dates she made with fellows over the wire while at work in the south side exchange. Her father allowed her to purchase a fair amount of feminine finery at her own discretion and Bessie attended all the dances of the neighborhood.

Sunday evenings found her regularly at Sans Souci dance hall, with a girl companion, sometimes a man. There she danced the evening away, made "dates" with the "fellows" for future dances and met new "fellows." Questions of the conventions never bothered Bessie; a sense of propriety was hers as a natural thing and in spite of her joyful laxity in the smaller issues, Bessie was as "straight as a string."

Bessie would not drink anything "harder than your crust," as she told a young man who extended an invitation one evening. She would not smoke and while she could "walk the corners" or do the "dip" with the next one, she absolutely refused to allow familiarities outside the dance.

Bessie was "no Sunday school worker." She would inform you to that effect. The difference

between her and some other "regulars" of Sans Souci lay only in the fact that Bessie went so far when a sense of physical danger warned her that it was time to "back up and sand her tracks." The others, in the parlance, "went the limit."

On Sunday evenings Bessie arrived at Sans Souci dance hall shortly after eight o'clock. On one Sunday evening in particular she arrived a little bit later. The orchestra was playing a ragtime air that encouraged the "dippers" to renewed activity. With Bessie was another telephone operator, Nellie Cooney, and the two girls had come with the avowed intention of picking up some "lives ones." The charge for admittance was twenty-five cents, with an additional five cents for wardrobe accommodations. There was no bar in connection and return checks were not given at the door. The hall had become known as "dead" for this reason.

In the balcony the girls found their "live ones," two young men of the college variety, much perfume and scented cigarettes. With the informality of the public dance, the "live ones" bowed before the newcomers and requested the "next crawl." Bessie smiled, rather in amusement, for her "live one," answering to the name of George, appeared as nothing more formidable than an overdressed young man sadly lacking in balance. He was well dressed and care-

fully groomed and spoke with an affected air that contrasted poorly with Bessie's pert manner of address.

"What breeze did you blow in on?" she asked as they glided out on the floor. The other winked at her wisely and said:

"You watch my smoke, kid. Follow me and you'll wear diamonds." All of which, while rather stale repartee, amused Bessie.

Nellie's "fellow" was tall, thin and insinuating with a tendency towards the "rounder's" dance. A large diamond ring was ostentatiously displayed on the ring finger of his left hand. His scarfpin and cufflinks were also jeweled. Both "live ones" seemed bent on making an impression on the girls they had "picked up," but Bessie's partner made a serious mistake.

In the course of the conversation he gave vent to an expression that caused the smiling girl at his side to stiffen and stop.

"Now, that'll do for you, my friend," she warned him. "I can stand for some things, but none of that rough stuff. If you think you've picked up one of the rounders you're used to you've got another think coming. I'm out for a good time, but I'm not an owl and I want you to know it in advance."

George bowed apologies. The girl soon regained her good humor. An outsider might

have seen good reason in the incident for breaking off the acquaintance thus easily gained, but not so Bessie. She knew how to handle these "Willies" and she intended to show this fellow a thing or two before she left him.

Throughout the evening both girls danced intermittently with the "live ones." Nellie seemed to have made rapid progress with the man she had "hooked" and in the slower dances, found herself in close proximity to the tall one. In the course of the dance he murmured incessantly in her ear and the girl laughed aloud at times.

George was finding his "blonde piece" a puzzling proposition. In the washroom he consulted with his friend who had been introduced as Fred Jordan.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked.

"Why, I've got mine lashed to the mast, but you're slow, my boy, slow," he answered. "It's a shame we can't get a drink here once in a while. Nothing gets 'em like a little of the 'smoothest' stuff. What'll we do after?"

"Let's take in the chop suey restaurant on the next corner," replied George. "The little blonde is certainly some kid, but she won't stand for any rough stuff just now. I'll get her number or my name's not Gold. Downtown after?"

"Just as you say, Goldie," agreed the other.

"I've got mine nailed to the mast and she'll go." They returned to the dance floor and met their partners in the pavilion. The taller one reminded Bessie vaguely of some one and she finally remembered that she had seen him several times in the saloon on the corner, wearing a white suit that proclaimed his position. He was a bartender. George had told her that he was an entertainer in downtown cafes and that he made "lots of soft graft." She puzzled a bit over the last statement, but nothing ever worried Bessie for long and she soon dismissed it.

Towards the close of the dance, both men disappeared and the girls decided that the "live ones" had "ditched" them. They reappeared, however, just before the final number and danced it with their "pickups."

As they left the hall the men walked them southward. Bessie glanced ahead in surprise. They were crossing Sixty-first street and she lived north.

"Where to?" she asked briefly of her escort.

"Oh, we'll go up and have a little chop suey and a few drinks. Then it's up to you where we go." Bessie looked him full in the face and laughed.

"Is that so? Well, I'll tell you right here that if we go up there I do no drinking and that goes." Nellie glanced curiously at her friend.

She was only a casual acquaintance and did not know the Carter girl as well as might have appeared.

"Oh, come on, Bess," she said. "We'll go up and have a little chop, and you don't have to drink if you don't want to. I'm as thirsty as a fish, but you can have a glass of buttermilk if you want to."

Bessie's companion attempted to "kid" her and she resolved again to "show these Willies."

They ascended to a Chinese restaurant. The floor manager nodded to the young men and ushered them into a booth in a far corner. A curtain was drawn and a candelabra lighted the booth.

Bessie took a seat with a slightly puzzled air. It was "a new game on her" and she glanced from one of the men to the other for an explanation.

"Just to keep the outsiders from rubbering," said the tall man, smiling softly across the table. The waiter appeared and all ordered "real" drinks with the exception of Bessie, who called for water. The drinks appeared and an order for chop suey was given. Bessie came out of her "shell" at the invitation of Nellie and soon forgot the distrust that had been engendered by the peculiar tactics of the escorts.

Nellie had attained a degree of familiarity

with her companion that was surprising to Bessie. At one side of the table she sat with the tall young man who applied himself to the consumption of a drink he called "suisse."

The other man, George, put his arm familiarly behind Bessie. She started to object, but for some reason halted herself and allowed him to keep it at the back of her chair.

Bessie drank her water and the men, followed by Nellie, began a round of drinks that soon had its effect on the latter. Bessie persisted in her refusal to drink anything "hard," but was finally persuaded to try suisse. The drink seemed perfectly harmless and was pleasant to the taste and smell. Three others followed without result.

The meal had been finished and cigarettes produced by the men. Nellie accepted one and puffed clouds of smoke in a blasè manner over the villainous looking highballs she was drinking. The little operator's face was flushed and her eyes were heavy and gleamed brightly. She began to talk a bit noisily, but the man at her side pulled her to his knee and soon silenced her. A peculiar expression was on his face and he glanced continually in Bessie's direction. The man called "George" had moved closer and Bessie permitted him to support her in half embrace that was not entirely complete.

One, two more drinks had Bessie and then she lost count. A haze settled over her brain and she saw the escort's face close to hers. She tried to raise herself from the partially recumbent position she felt herself in, but the other held her gently back.

To Bessie it seemed that the intermittent clicking of a telephone instrument was in her ear.

"Number please?" she called.

There was a burst of laughter as the fresh young man replied:

"We've got your number, kid; ring off."

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE FACTORY GIRL.

ROSIE worked "by the factory." Many of the other Polish girls of the neighborhood were employed "by" the big carriage factory of the Kimball company at West 26th street and South California boulevard, but Rosie Kopec ranked them all in seniority of service despite her sixteen short years of mundane existence.

Rosie had been working for four years—ever since the sixth reader at St. Stanislaus' parochial school had been abandoned for the textbook of labor—and Rosie was wise in the ways of the industrial world. One year "by the factory" is an education in itself, and she had spent four hard years in the "cloth room" where nearly a hundred "dzweczynas" (girls) prepared the stiff over fabric for the upholsterers.

Among the others, Rosie was a personage, for had she not been raised in salary three times during the four years in the cloth room? Her weekly wage had reached the sum of \$7, and in consequence thereof, Rosie's wardrobe boasted of more feminine finery than fell to the portion of the other girls.

Of course, Rosie had her "fellows." Who of the Polish "bubas" (boys) of 26th street was not susceptible to the charms of a divinity whose hair reminded of raven's wing or Bock beer, and whose bracelets jangled as the adornments of an oriental dancer? What mattered it, that Rosie's hands were hard and roughened from the stiff cloth of the factory, or that her selection among the perfumes of Ashland avenue inclined toward the odoriferous rather than the delicate? Her dress was the best, compatible with the latest Halsted street modes, and Rosie's eyes were always bright.

Rosie's life of labor in the carriage factory had taught her many things, some of them better unlearned, but the little Polish girl's mother would assure you vehemently that her "dziewczyna" was a good girl and, if you happened to understand the Polska powattanie, that "the faith of the fathers would keep her in the light of heaven." So Rosie had her work, her "fellows" and her pleasures, for on Saturday night, with the long Sunday intervening for rest, the lights and music of Kurland's dance hall beckoned all to the lure of the dance.

Every Saturday evening found Rosie at the dances, sometimes with John Pintrowski, occasionally with Adam Marcinkiewitz, but more often it was Casimir Kijersky that became the

escort. Casimir also worked "by" the carriage factory, but he was an upholsterer and three years of apprenticeship had brought him a salary exceeding even that of Rosie's father.

Casimir was twenty-one years of age and under the stimulus of his \$18 per week, had begun to think of taking unto himself a wife. Rosie Kopec appealed as an ideal possibility, for Rosie was the exact antithesis of the stolid Polish boy. She was pretty, she was light hearted and fine clothes and the dances at Kurland's hall were her greatest passions. Casimir cared nothing for the dance; he was sober minded; and finery, whether of the masculine or feminine variety, was to him a useless superfluity.

Casimir attended the dance because Rosie went and because, among the Americanized Poles of West 26th street the dance was an accepted channel for all courtships. Sometimes the dance was given by one of the Polish societies of the neighborhood, sometimes a club "ran" the affair, but always on Saturday night the lights and music of Kurland's hall and the saloon below beckoned all to the lure of the dance.

Among the elite, Kurland's hall might not have been considered a fitting place of amusement for even a Polish "dziewczyna" endeavoring to "keep in the light of heaven," but the standards of 26th street passed it and, should a com-

munity not be unto itself a law? It was true that the dances in Kurland's "place" occasionally broke up before the stipulated hour in fights and that rumor often placed the blame for more than one girl's fall from grace on its influence, but what of that, argued its adherents. Were not the newspapers full of the same thing as happening in more favored communities than West 26th street? Who of the gilded ballrooms and exclusive dancing academies was to answer?

Rosie had been going to the dances for nearly a year and she had become proficient in the Terpsichorean art as interpreted at 2954 West 25th street, which was Kurland's. Rosie's parents did not object, save occasionally when the "dzewezyne" attended a dance unescorted. Then her mother scolded shrilly in Polish while the father warned bluntly: "Dose goops from Ashland avenue gets you some night, maybe." But usually Casimir attended, and she was permitted to dance the evening and part of the following morning away, as no unimportant member of the beauty and chivalry of 26th street.

Rosie enjoyed the hurried, rushing, strenuous dances of Kurland's and she fairly thrived on the long, cool glasses of beer during the intermissions. Rosie was fond of her "hops," but the "faith of the fathers" had always proven strong enough to deter her from following the example

of other girls and drinking the strong wines and whiskeys, prominent among Kurland's stock.

She was no "goop" and any intimation to that effect would have brought about a vehement denial, but Rosie retained a virtue that was respected among the "bubas" of Kurland's. Rosie knew full well what her father meant when he warned her of the danger that lay in going to the dance unescorted, for she had seen other girls fall victims to the wiles of the Ashland avenue "goops" and knew of the shame and disgrace that followed them subsequent to their fall.

In the carriage factory and the cloth room were many girls of the streets, the cheap theatres and the dance halls whose fall had been widely heralded and she knew that these unfortunates received the indissoluble brand "unclean."

As a matter of self-preservation Rosie would have kept clear of all entanglements that might lead in that dreaded direction and in addition, Rosie was a "good" girl, measured by the standards of her people. She had her ambitions; they included marriage to Casimir, a home, and—the Polish nature precludes the possibilities of race suicide in a normal household.

Casimir had invited Rosie to accompany him to the dance of the Free Polish Patriots and she had accepted the "bid" of her "steady" with the knowledge that Kijersky would probably make

the occasion the climax to his courtship. Rosie was of marriageable age now—she was nearly seventeen—and Casimir had long felt a desire for household cares and family ties.

The dance was to be held at Kurland's, and Rosie's mother beamed when the "dziewczyna" told of the hope that she was soon to have a "dom" (household) of her own. Although the actual word had not been spoken, Rosie knew the heart of her "buba" and, on the night of the dance, she wore the charmed medallion of the Virgin that would bring the blessing of heaven down upon her romance.

Casimir was a member of the Free Polish Patriots and on the all important Saturday evening of the dance he appeared at the door of Rosie's "dodom" (home) resplendent in a new black suit and stiffly starched shirt bosom. Encouraged artfully by Mrs. Kopec, he complied with an ancient Polish custom and made known his intention of bespeaking the radiant Rosie. Father and mother rose to the occasion and accepted the announcement over a glass of beer, for which one of the younger Kopecs had just brought in a supply.

Rather shyly, the young man produced a small box, which, opened, revealed the ruby ring that was to seal the pledge of his faithfulness. The family circle gasped in awe, for South Halsted

street had produced nothing finer for any of the girls of the neighborhood and their Rosie was to outshine all in the quality of her betrothal gift. Then Rosie entered with a happy: "Jindabri," and the ring was hastily put away. But she had seen and heard; the doors even may be made to hear when one's affairs of the heart are the topic of conversation.

Rosie blushed unwonted red and the mother bestowed an infrequent kiss as they left for the dance, Casimir smiling gravely down into the laughing eyes of his "dziewczyna." Rosie was dressed all in red, and her dark hair contrasted becomingly with the vivid frock and pink slippers—she was alone in her glory among the other girls as regarded the slippers.

Casimir appeared ill at ease, but Rosie knew that the word would not be spoken until the dance was over. Conventions may differ, but all society, regardless of caste or class, has its uniformity of usages and even West 26th street must be given its place in the social scheme of things.

Casimir intended to speak his mind before the evening had ended and custom had it, that the most favorable opportunity presented when the time for leave-taking arrived.

Casimir danced but little. The square Polish figure of a staid, old country character were his best; with the others, the bewildering "double

step" and "slowish valitz," he had little concern or liking. On the other hand Rosie was a dancer of note in the society of Kurland's. The two and three-steps offered great opportunity for rapid motion and, what might have seemed romantic flirtations with the "gentlemen" of 26th street, or Ashland avenue.

In the waltz she found but small outlet for her surplus energy. Small, well developed Rosie was not fashioned on the "dreamy waltz" pattern. She was short—slightly over five feet three—but compactly built with a maturity of figure rare even among the best of her race. In the dance she delighted in swinging close to her partner, inviting him to bring the step into rather close proximity. Rosie's style of dancing was dangerous, though the accepted thing at Kurland's hall. The "day-light" dances, permitting of at least some separation of the partners while encoupled, were not popular among the clientele of Kurland's.

Primarily and essentially, the hall was operated as an adjunct, and an important one, to the sale of liquor in Kurland's saloon. To the young men of the neighborhood, its advantages as regarded the dance technical, were of secondary importance. The real purpose of Kurland's, as well as of practically all dance halls, was to provide a meeting place for the aforementioned

beauty and chivalry of West 26th street and that territory contiguous to the neighborhood it served.

If, in the meeting, these modern day representatives of the knight errantry courted their ladies fair in a manner productive of more than romance, that was no concern of Kurland's. If, in the course of the dance, these self-same knights of the "dip" and "bear-cat" accomplished their purpose of intimate association with the opposite sex, in an intensely physical manner, that, too, lay entirely outside the province of those controlling spirits who guided the policy of Kurland's hall. "Rounders," they would tell you, appeared at every dance, and if the patrons wanted to "round," "dip," "rock" or "hug" after a manner suggestive of something beside the movement of a grizzly bear, why, let 'em; Kurland's claimed no recognition as a "Sunday school" or "Rescue mission."

And so "bear-cat," "grizzly," rockin' horse," "dip," "crab" and plain "round" pursued the untroubled course provided for them, and the Rosies, Sadies, Annies and Marys, who constituted the objective case, as regarded the presence of the men, scorned the "day-light" dance and "got together" at pleasure.

For Rosie, these aberrations of the dance came naturally and without a thought as to the reasons

for their being and the purpose they served. She might have known that the "bear" has as its *casus incipiendi* something more subtle than a natural desire for association with the opposite sex or the attractive law of opposites, but she had received her instruction in the Terpsichorean art at Kurland's hall and the dances of Kurland's were hers.

Casimir, standing at one side of the hall, might gaze with some degree of disapproval as his "dzewczyna" "dipped" past, in the closest embrace of her partner that physical intimacy might attain, but then, Casimir did not understand the dance, anyhow, and his viewpoint probably would be prejudiced.

The dance had begun and Rosie had started on this, of all, evening's round of enjoyment with the knowledge that Casimir and his unspoken word waited. Her face was flushed and she sang joyously, airs the "orchestra" played in accompaniment. Around about the hall she "dipped," "rocked" and "rolled," flashing by Casimir with a bright smile and a thrilling look.

Her partners wondered at the remarkable buoyancy that carried this little "dzewczyna" through the strenuous dances of Kurland's. The other girls whispered among themselves and to their partners, that "Rosie looks jist as if she

might would be drunk," but the partners scouted the theory. They knew Rosie.

"*Nah*," they said decisively. "Hops, is it for Rosie, not'ting else yet the old man gets sore and wallops her for it." Some of the comments carried with them the authority of experience, for many "bubas" of doubtful morals had "gone after" Rosie, and without result. In the intermissions, however, several attempted to induce the factory girl to join them in a "real drink." Rosie refused and stuck to her "hops" with a degree of resolution that augured well for the future of herself and Casimir. At Kurland's the dances were short and the intermissions long. The reason was apparent to any who cared to seek it. Dances of just enough length to insure warmth at the close, a warm, even stuffy, hall, and a good supply of cooling liquid, make for a considerable consumption of the latter, and, automatically, the intermissions extend themselves so as to provide ample opportunity for this last.

Five minutes of dancing to fifteen of "refreshment" was the rule, and the bar prospered accordingly. The latter was in direct connection with the dance floor and no time was lost ascending or descending stairs. It was a peculiar fact that Kurland's hall was always hot and stuffy. Anything cool was bottled and sold and results made it a profit-making institution.

Unused windows, it was noticeable at times, were boarded up tightly, on the apparent theory that the circulation of cool air was not conducive to the circulation of Kurland's drinks, and, in consequence, the dancers' money.

The crowd at the Free Polish Patriots' dance was a mixed gathering and departed slightly from the usual community character of the weekly "shindigs" at West 25th place and South Sacramento avenue. In the crowd, many unfamiliar faces were noticeable; Bohemians from Lawndale, a few Italians and Greeks from Blue Island avenue and a scattering representation of Germans from the north side. Some were there "plugging" dances in their own particular neighborhoods, others in reciprocation of past favors at the hands of the Free Patriots and some few of that floating delegation known only as the "rounders."

Under the latter classification one George Kowalski might have been placed had anyone deemed it necessary. Kowalski was a Polish "buba" of that variety known as "sporty." He was not of the 26th street social sphere, nor yet was he unknown to the "regulars" of Kurland's hall.

An Americanized Polander, Kowalski was, by reason of his sporting proclivities, surnamed "the bear." Where he lived was unknown to

the others; the "rounder" has no definite sphere of activity—he follows his inclinations and the elements most satisfying to them. "The bear," appeared from time to time at Kurland's, garbed as befitted his sobriquet, and always with some novelty of manner or speech that impressed.

He was a stout, medium built young man of sophisticated appearance with an affectation of the racy "chatter" of the sports and the sporting life. His clothes were always conspicuous and ostensibly new, and his taste in the matter of sartorial equipment was catholic to an astonishing degree. But Kowalski's eyes were what puzzled. Small, beady, deep-set eyes they were, gleaming out from under a brow that sloped irregularly down from his bushy pampadour of brush-like black. The forehead bulged, peculiarly, above the eyes and, with a heavy back-shot jaw, gave a pugnacious appearance to the rest of his face.

Kowalski also possessed a pugilistic "tin ear" of astonishing proportions. He had been a preliminary fighter of mediocre ability and the disfigured ear, which bore close resemblance to the cauliflower, had come as the result of a slashing training bout with a well known "scrapper."

Among the other fellows, "Knockout George," as he was called, was something of a personage by virtue of his ability to handle his "dooks."

At the dances, Kowalski swaggered about with an air of supreme faith in himself, in his power of attracting the opposite sex, and in the strength of his good right arm. His visits to Kurland's usually transpired at intervals of several months and "the Bear" always found friendly welcome among the "dzewczynas" of 26th street and the carriage factory, for who, among the others, could equal him in splendor of attire or in that proficiency of movement that overshadowed the other mere "rounders"?

At the Polish Patriots' dance Kowalski occupied the position of a doubtful celebrity. It had been rumored in connection with the latest fall from grace among the girls of the carriage factory that "the Bear" had supplied the inevitable motive. The unfortunate had threatened to shoot herself in the event that he "threw her down." The girl, a meager little figure of the lower Polish type, was present at the dance, a forlorn Magdalen, bitterly aware of her sin and forced into a recognition of its consequences. Sophie Kalricek had lost caste even among the loosely-conventioned habitues of Kurland's. She had drunk a little too much of the strong, raw whiskey that was to be had in the hall, the inevitable aftermath occurred, and—perforce Sophie was a "broad," a "Tommy" and a probable "street-walker" of the future.

The men regarded her with significant grins and the girls, among themselves, decided that she was "terrible tough." Already she had made several "dates" with the "bubas" who followed "the Bear" and many things were whispered around in connection with their result. Rosie, in the happiness of her own romance, that was to be, smiled sympathetically at the lonesome figure on one side of the hall. The girl seemed to wait for somebody or something and the men pointed to her with loud laughs, and guessed that "Knockout George must had got her number fer fair, huh?"

Their conjecture was answered by the appearance of that gentleman shortly after the dance opened. As he entered the hall he was surrounded by a group of girls who called him "Mr." Kowalski and proffered their dance cards. Over and above the heads of the crowd, "the Bear" smiled affably and with a patronizing air that included even the forlorn figure on the edge.

"How's all the bearcats?" was the debonair greeting he extended to those within earshot. The girls laughed at the witticism, understood, if not phrased exactly, and the "fellows" invited the new lion to have a drink. At the moment Rosie walked past with her Casimir and the vivid red seemed to fill Kowalski's eye for the moment.

"Who's the new piece?" he inquired of John

Pintrowski as the preliminary drink of the evening was being served. "The Bear" exhibited a roll of bills calculated to impress all within range of the eye. Even the bartender added a respectful "sir" to his inquiries. Pintrowski glanced from Rosie to the man in the olive green suit at his side and smiled.

"Don't you know Rosie Kopec? She works by the carriage factory on 26th street, but she's notting good for you, Kowalski. She don't has stood for the monkeying around." And John quaffed his beer stolidly. "The Bear" set down his glass and pushed forward his jaw in a smile that was accompanied by a crafty wink. Again he produced the roll of bills and laid it on the bar.

"Whatcha giving us, bojack?" he queried derisively. "Lamp that wad and den show me the cat in the hall that won't fall for it and my line of chatter. I could get that piece as easy as I ever got anything and I'll lay you any part of the heel-clamp dat I can pick her right off that 'moutang' she's trailing with. Who's he?"

"Him? Oh dat been Casimir Kijersky, her fellow," answered Pintrowski, rather maliciously, for in the colloquy of Kurland's, Casimir had "beat his time." John had an abiding faith in "the Bear" and he rather longed to see that squire of dames encompass the humiliation of slow-going Casimir.

"Well, d'ye want to see me cop it off and scalp it clean?" demanded Kowalski, banging his fist down on the bar. John, smiling craftily, nodded an assent and "Knockout George" ordered another drink.

"Then it's me for the headlight and watch me nail it to the cross," he concluded.

"Kijersky, he might get sore," ventured John. The other shot his jaw under menacingly and raised a large, red hand.

"Well, if he starts anything I'll finish it and I'll finish him," he declared, with an ominous expansion of the biceps.

The next dance was secured by Kowalski with Rosie through the simple process of (first) demanding and then claiming it. Another "buba's" name was down on the program for the number, but "the Bear" overcame that difficulty by writing his own over it. Before the dance began it was found necessary to "bull" the other man into relinquishing his claim. This was done after that man was assured by friends that "Knockout George" would "get" him after the dance if he refused.

The dance number was a two-step and Kowalski soon transformed it into a rushing improvement on the "grizzly bear." To his surprise, Rosie swung into the step with a familiarity that caused him to think that he had been "bulled"

into "picking up" an old one and a "rounder" of the post graduate school. He was soon undeceived. Following up his discovery, "the Bear" attempted a few of the leading liberties the dance stands sponsor for. Rosie was not surprised, neither did she object. All the "rounders" did the same and it was a part of the coquettish system to not only pass over such actions on the part of the male partner, but to "show the guy a few" in return—which Rosie set about doing.

Passing close to Sophie Karlicek, she was crushed close against the stocky figure of "the Bear." His arm was about her waist and in the press of the dance he often lifted his partner clear of the floor, the other hand resting on Rosie's hip—often it did not rest. The little Polish girl returned the pressure with interest, and on the reverse step, rested her weight in a reclining position on the other's burly front.

The forlorn little Magdalen who had threatened to shoot herself if "the Bear" "threw her down," watched the pair as they glided about the hall, and there was a hopeless expression on her face as Kowalski passed without a sign of recognition. The dance was being run in regulation style with the exception that no unnecessary floor committee hampered or censored the dancers in their varied movements.

Several hundred girls were present, the major-

ity being "staggers," unescorted girls whose purpose was to dance, drink and mingle with the masculine contingent at the expense of the latter. The first dance ended and the crowd streamed toward the bar. The stream was undivided and flowed for, and towards the liquor that made for the establishment of Kurland's as a "social center."

At a table Rosie might have been found with Kowalski. Her vivid red dress and pink slippers contrasted typically with the olive green suit and lavender necktie of "the Bear." His smile was wide and genial, his talk rapid and slangy and a large diamond in his scarf pin startling in its iridescence. Rosie gazed at him smilingly and with a considerable degree of favor, for, as has been said, Kowalski invariably impressed.

"What'll it be?" asked the waiter. "The Bear" raised three fingers and said, impressively:

"The best in the shop for two." Rosie started forward, for she saw Casimir at the opposite entrance.

"Make mine a beer, Mr. Kowalski," she said. "I can't go the varnish."

The other smiled indulgently, looked her over a moment with an air of suggestion that almost influenced Rosie to change the order, and then said dryly: "Make it a beer for the kid."

Rosie flushed in what might have been embar-

rassment. Up to this, the partner had referred to her flatteringly as "Miss" Kopec and the loss of her dignity because of a drink, influenced her more than persuasion could have done. Herein lay the secret of "Knockout George's" success as a "rounder" of ability in "picking them up." As he explained himself: "I always make 'em feel they've got to be good sports to stay in my class," he said and the "system" seemed infallible.

Rosie drank her beer before the amused and slightly bored glance of her partner. She was conscious of the tolerant attitude he had adopted, but she drank the beer in silence and thought of some means whereby his "respect" for her could be regained.

As an immediate consequence the next dance proved a veritable riot in which the "bear" and the "dip" elements vied with each other in producing an effect that caused Casimir to gaze with increased disapprobation in her direction. The number closed with a "dip" that found Rosie's back almost touching the floor and "the Bear" bent over her in a manner that warned of impending danger. Casimir had left the hall for a moment and he did not witness the finale to that number.

In the "refreshment" room the intermission previous was repeated as to incident, except that Kowalski added a mild statement that "this stuff

won't kill you, kid, and we're all out for a good time, huh?" Rosie deliberated uncertainly, but in the end stuck to her dark Bavarian beer, although seconding the other's statement that she was "out for a good time and didn't care." "The Bear" smiled with the cynical egotism of his class. He could see clearly enough to suit his ends, that the girl was weakening in her strength of purpose. Suggestion and innuendo is more powerful than any amount of argument or insistence. The dance had got well under way and in consequence, the sale of liquid refreshment had reached a normal level. Beer was the favorite beverage among the girls present for the probable reason of quantity.

Practically the entire dance floor cleared during the intermissions, and all drank, if they danced, at some time during the evening. At a table immediately adjoining the one at which sat Rosie and "the Bear," appeared the gravely disapproving face of Casimir Kijersky, and beside him, a forlorn figure that watched every action on the part of the man in the olive green suit. Casimir's face was clouded and he watched Rosie anxiously, as he drank with the girl who had fallen by the wayside.

He had not danced with her—Sophie did not dance that evening. At the conclusion of the previous dance she had approached him in a

peculiar manner, entirely foreign from the usual style of advance among the known "broad."

"Is Rosie your girl?" she asked in an utterly detached manner. Casimir started slightly and replied in a hesitating affirmative.

"Well, do you see what she's doing?" said the other, her eyes following the "dipping" couple on the dance floor. "Don't you see what Kowalski is doing with her? That's the way he got me started and he got me dead to rights," the meager figure continued. "Watch his hands and watch his knee when they go around the corner. That fellow is after your girl and he'll get her—why, it's easy; he'll get her," she finished. Casimir lost some of his gravity and he started forward anxiously.

"Wait until this dance is over and then watch them in the barroom," said the girl, noticing his expression. She spoke in a laconic manner that seemed helpless to a degree far beyond the character of the situation.

Silently, Casimir assented, and in the intermission that followed, they found a table directly behind that occupied by Rosie and Kowalski.

Once, in the course of the conversation, the girl in vivid red turned and encountered the slow gaze of her "buba." His eyes were fixed on her face in apparent question and she experienced a feeling of what might have corresponded to jealousy had Casimir's companion been any one but

Sophie Karlicek, the "chippie," the "Tommy" and the embryonic "street-walker."

Kowalski noticed the expression on his companion's face and turned also to encounter the unnaturally intense gaze of the forlorn little Magdalen he had "started." His glance quickly shifted to meet Kijersky's and there was open hostility in the looks exchanged by the men. Rosie noticed that Casimir was drinking, but not the usual draught of beer. A small whiskey glass was before him and a slight flush on his rather dark face told of several others disposed of. The girl also was drinking a "real" drink.

"Who's that cheap moutang?" asked "Knock-out George" of his companion, in a loud tone of voice. Rosie looked back at him indignantly and thought of the small ruby ring that was to come when the time for leavetaking had arrived. She was about to answer as befitted her inclination when Casimir deliberately turned his back in her direction and called loudly for more "booze." Her jealousy flamed up and she laughed with "the Bear."

"Him?" she said in a tone that matched Kowalsky's, "oh, that's a guy by the name of Kijersky who lives by 26th street. Why?"

"Oh, he looks like a pretty wise piker," said the other, sneeringly, in a tone that could be heard by all within several tables. A suppressed laugh went up among the other drinkers and one girl,

slightly intoxicated, waved a giddy hand at "the Bear" and shouted: "Oh, you little bear-dog, Georgie."

Rosie noticed that Casimir's hands grasped the side of the table tightly and he seemed about to "start something." But nothing happened and "Knockout George" smiled derisively as they passed the table on the way to the dance floor. Kowalsky had monopolized Rosie and she was the envy of all the other girls, who accused her of "hogging it." The succeeding number was danced with "the Bear" and the inevitable intermission found them back in the barroom, where Casimir still sat, at the table opposite Sophie Karlicek.

Kijersky's back was turned and he did not move as Rosie and her partner passed. The little "dzewczynna" who was to receive the ruby ring that would plight her troth to Casimir, knew Kowalsky would order as before: "two fingers and the best in the house." She glanced again in the direction of Kijersky as the order was given, but his shoulders were stiffly hunched and he spoke in an excited undertone with the lifeless figure across the table. A sudden fierce anger against Sophie Karlicek rose up in her red clad bosom. Instead of the usual objection and the substitution of beer for the original order, she smiled at Kowalsky and said:

"I'm with yuh." And "the Bear" laughed triumphantly.

The drinks were brought and as Rosie raised the glass Casimir turned. The glass was halted midway to her lips and she looked uncertainly in his eyes. Kijersky's face went pale suddenly and his heavy lips tightened.

Rosie started to put the glass back on the table, but he turned his back to her, fully, as before. She glanced across at Kowalsky and caught the sneering smile on his face. The girl at the other table stared at her as if she was about to do something. Rosie glanced at the back of her "buba" and a moment later the "two fingers" disappeared. The smile on "Knockout George's" face was illuminating, but Rosie was watching the couple at the other table. The girl leaned forward and whispered something to Kijersky. Rosie caught the last word—"gone"—and she smiled. Then Casimir said something audible and she listened to catch the words above the clatter of the room.

"Oh, let her," said the man who carried the ruby ring that was to be hers. Rosie started, but smiled at her companion. Then another drink was ordered.

The crowd had increased greatly and the bar-room was crowded. It was after 12 o'clock and the effects of the long intermissions were beginning to show in places. At one table a girl began

a skirt dance on the surface of the table itself, and the men who drank with her were provided an opportunity for liberties of a nature that made Rosie's "grizzly bear" dance seem tame and edifying in comparison. Many of the girls had drunk far beyond their capacity and the usual scenes that were typical of Kurland's held the center of the stage.

Several more dances had been run off when it became apparent that the mixed element was in control. Rosie danced with none but "the Bear" and always, during the intermissions, they found Casimir and the forlorn little Magdalen at the same table. Kijersky's face was flushed and his eyes gleamed unnaturally over the many drinks.

Rosie's face was beginning to flush also and she walked a bit unsteadily as they entered, during the last intermission before the bar closed. They sat down at the table and Kowalsky ordered highballs.

Rosie's cheeks had become fiery red, contrasting strangely with the dress she wore. Her partner smiled as he watched her closely, with the calculating eye of one who had his game quarried. He did not seem at all affected by the numerous drinks he absorbed. The announcement that the bar would close within fifteen minutes precipitated a riot among the dancers in the refreshment room.

A majority of the men present began to give evidence of the drinks taken and the Free Polish Patriots' dance threatened to break out into an orgy of a more serious character than even Kur-land's hall was accustomed to. One girl was quarreling with a man she had "dated" in the center of the room. Both were "piped to the guards" and the controversy was finally settled when the man forced his companion back on the table and threatened to "get" her "then and there."

Several other "rounders" were forcing drinks on their already overloaded companions and all seemed bent on attaining a beatific state of intoxication. "The Bear" leaned across the table and grasped Rosie familiarly. She smiled at him in return.

"Where to, after the dance?" he asked with a wink and a grimace. Rosie looked at him hazily.

Then the girl in red stared across at the half recumbent figure of Casimir Kijersky, sprawled across the other table. He gave no sign that he recognized her presence and she turned to Kowalsky. His hand was still on her shoulder, but she did not resent the liberty.

"What dy'e say, kid?" he asked again. "Shall we go down town for a while after the hop is over?" She wavered uncertainly a moment, for habit is strong even when opposed to the deadly haze of whiskey highballs.

"The Bear" smiled soothingly and put his arm about the red clad figure. She smiled into his eyes as he "loved her up" after the manner of his kind.

"Sure, if you say so," was the final answer and the bar closed in a riot of indecency amidst which could be seen "Knockout" George smiling triumphantly, with a red clad figure on his knee, squirming for some reason or other.

One o'clock and the bar closed at Kurland's—a sign that the minutes of the dance are numbered. "Dated" couples donned their wraps and left amidst a babble of profanity and vulgarism. But Casimir and Sophie Karlicek still sat at the table. Kowalsky held a whispered conversation with the transformed Rosie that sat on his knee, and they rose to go.

As the doorway was reached, a hand descended on "Knockout George's" shoulder and he turned to face the flushed countenance and up-raised arm of Kijersky.

"Well, what do you want, red-eye?" asked "the Bear," instinctively shifting his position and letting go of Rosie's arm.

"Where yuh going with my girl?" said the other, doggedly and with a gleam of black Polish hatred in his eye.

"None of your business," said the man in green, bluntly and profanely. Casimir lunged at him, but Kowalsky was steady on his feet,

and he met the larger man with a hard-driven punch that carried him to the floor with a bleeding mouth.

He rose unsteadily only to fall again and again until Sophie Karlicek stepped in between and said:

"That's enough, George." The other struck at her brutally and cursed. The girl looked him full in the face and said:

"Why didn't you do that the night you brought *me* downtown?" Then "the Bear" struck her, but with his open hand, following it up by jolting her into a chair and standing over with low-toned curses.

"If you ever butt in again I'll break your back," he said and his backshot jaw quivered with rage. Rosie stood and listened and as Casimir fell, a haze came over her eyes. Her companion returned and a moment later they left the hall.

At a corner table Casimir Kijersky sat sprawled across from the pale faced Magdalen. His lips were cut and bleeding and a great swelling had appeared under his left eye.

There was blood on his face and forehead and a small stream trickled from his nose. The last of the dancers present at the affair given by the Free Polish Patriots were leaving Kurland's and the bartender warned him that it was "no lodging house." Casimir arose and started for the

door without a word for the meager figure that watched him so closely.

Half a dozen steps away, he turned in the direction of the bar. The bartender was cleaning up preparatory to leaving. Kijersky's hand fumbled at the pocket of his new black suit and he pushed his hat back farther on his head.

"How much for this," he said, and the bartender glanced at a small box that rattled on the bar. He opened it and a small ruby ring was revealed. He glanced at it closely, replaced it in the box and said:

"Three dollars."

Kijersky closed the box without a word and turned away. Again he started for the door, uncertainly but, as if struck with an afterthought, retraced his steps to the table where Sophie Karlicek still sat. Again the box rattled on wood and she opened it as the barkeeper had done.

Mechanically she fitted it to her finger and held it up to the light. Kijersky stared drunkenly and smiled in maudlin fashion.

"I was going to give it to one kid tonight, but I didn't get a chance," he mumbled. "Keep it, 'dzewczyna,' one's as good as another."

Then they, too, left the hall.

CHAPTER X.

AT THE SIGN OF THE WHITE FRONT.

“**A** BANDON all hope, ye who enter here.” At 18 East Twenty-second street stands the White Front cafe and dance hall. Midway between the Indiana avenue and State street car lines, nestling beneath the black skeleton work of the South Side elevated, within a few steps of the Twenty-second street car lines, it is the arch triumphant of that district flip-pantly known as “the Tenderloin.”

Ever since the oldest rounder can remember it has lived up to its reputation as the inner sanctum—the post-graduate course in the school of vice. To its portals are brought the choice pickings by that class of trained procurers and white slavers known as “cadets.” Many of them are waiters there. Hundreds of them make it their clearing headquarters. True, they do not sit at the tables—the tables are reserved for the public. But they may be found swarmed like bees at the two drug stores, Twenty-second and State and Wabash, at the cigar store two doors east, at Pollack Ben’s across the alley.

It is here they loaf while their “women” work

in Freiberg's or the several other places of lesser reputation in the vicinage. To them and their clearing house we must give space in this book, for it is here that the young girl is brought to begin her career, after she has been "hooked" and started on the downward way. The procurers and cadets catch their game in the community dance halls. Once a girl has been captured she is swiftly initiated into "the district." Most often she is reconciled to life in the resorts after a preliminary taste of the glamor of Freiberg's, if she is not actually installed in "the hall."

For nearly a decade Henry Freiberg has lain in his grave, remembered only by the older denizens of the erstwhile "redlight" district, but over the White Front his name still invites all to the work he began.

In his place reigns an all-powerful triumvirate, "Ike" Bloom, his brother, Sam, and "the Alderman." Its power is such as the original proprietor never dreamed of. In active management are the two Blooms and a discreet representative of the Alderman, while a fourth person, known simply as the Manager, directs the floor operations of the resort.

The saloon and cafe at the front serves as a reception room and "blind" for the dance hall in the rear.

Over the place hangs the clearly defined atmosphere of a "protected" resort. Crusades are organized, investigations begun and inquiries pushed all around and about it. Occasionally they hover above it, but Freiberg's pursues the even tenor of its way, secure in the championship of a fat, overdressed man, who sits in the city council.

To the initiated it is a well-known fact that "the Alderman" exercises the controlling voice in the conduct of "the business." Every Monday evening this pompadoured, overdressed person who sits in the City Council, appears at Freiberg's. He is greeted respectfully and carries himself with an air of authority into a small room in the rear of the hall, where he is received by "Ike" Bloom and a low-toned conference is held, papers are produced and audited and receipts are signed.

Occasionally a short visit is paid to the dance hall before it is thrown open at night and after a moment or two at the door the Alderman departs as unobtrusively as he appears. At extremely rare intervals he has been known to enter the hall and sit at a table in a far corner with one of the Bloom brothers at his elbow. The visits, apparently, are timed so as to transpire shortly before or after 9 p. m., when the evening's entertainment begins. "The Alderman"

never drinks, he rarely smokes, he talks but little and then in carefully modulated accents. To all intents and purposes he is a casual visitor, an interested spectator—but not too interested—a presence but not an appreciable factor.

So much for the Alderman. For the Bloom brothers little attention is necessary. They are types—sleek, silent, well-fed types, genial with the negative good fellowship of caution and suspicion, past masters in the arts of extortion, seduction, exploitation.

That their resort is known all over the country is due partly to a system of effective advertising, through the underground channels of vice and partly for the reason that it has weathered all storms of reform and expose.

Entrance to the dance hall is effected through a long hallway running between the cafe and saloon. Admission is placed at twenty-five cents with a fee of ten cents for checking the gentleman's hat. A lookout at the door, ostensibly a ticket taker, exercises his discretion as to admittance after 1 a. m.

The opening of the dance hall signaled by the appearance of a score or more of professional Magdalens whose presence furnishes the excuse for the program of extortion and actual thievery that renders the White Front a profit-paying power on the levee.

Without exception the girls are young and pretty and in some cases real beauties. Youth; charm, a fair degree of intelligence and an elegant appearance are indispensable attributes. Freiberg's must be known as the eternal fountain of youth and the reputation must be sustained, once acquired. Fine feathers are there in abundance and finer birds are not within the ken of "Ike" Bloom that they are not added to the ensemble; men may come and women may go, but the reputation of Freiberg's must go on forever—or for that portion of eternity allotted to the Bloom brothers and to the Alderman.

So they appear, the fifty or more, dressed with an exactitude of fashion and effect that would compare favorably with the professional appearance of any actress.

Laughing softly or heartily, but never boisterously, like soldiers on parade they pass in review before "Ike" Bloom and the floor manager. Many are escorted by personages who appear later as the waiters of suggestive voice and insinuating manner; some are without escorts, but glance about the hall for the masters of their professional destinies—all appear under some system of surveillance, as they pass directly to their respective stations.

By 9 p. m. usually all are present. Tardiness brings down the wrath of "Ike" Bloom. His

vocabulary at such a moment is terrible. By 9:15 the stage is set and the reapers wait for the evening's harvest. The singers, usually two men and a woman, appear shortly afterward, while an "orchestra" in the balcony tunes up.

With the early comers the girls begin their campaign to sell drinks for Freiberg's. When things are well under way and business is brisk, the head waiters take care of newcomers with a suave "right this way." He seats his guests at a table adjoining another vacant one. Straightway a number of women take the adjacent table and begin the course of blandishment preliminary to numerous rounds of drinks.

Freiberg's method is, of course, to profit through the sale of drinks. The head waiter's business is to see that they keep coming without cessation. In this he has the co-operation of the girls. A girl who can cause the visitors to the place to buy the biggest bill of liquor is most popular with "Ike." A girl who falls behind her companions in this qualification is soon "barred from the hall."

The system of "keeping them coming" is so thoroughly worked out that many veteran visitors to the place do not recognize the fact that they are being played upon. In the first place visitors are not solicited by the management. The waiters do not ask the guests to buy. The

ushers do not force women upon the visitors. Guests are not led to tables where women are seated nor are they even asked if they desire feminine companionship. The flocking of women to adjoining tables is so discreet as to appear circumstantial.

The flirtations are so naively effected by the trained Maisies, Edyths or Olives as to be flattering and seductive without suggestion of repulsiveness. Once the guests are hooked and the girls entrenched at the tables the drinks are ordered before the visitors can realize.

Usually, too, the libations are alcoholic—for the guests. A man befuddled with liquor can be more easily and quickly worked to spend his money than a man who is sober. It is the natural inclination of man to defer to woman's wishes. Consequently the girls order first. They do not call for lemonades, seltzers, ginger ales or other temperance drinks.

"Bring me a ginger ale B. highball," or "a white creme de menthe B.," "a B. absinthe frappe," the fair companion will say. An idea of courtesy often compels the man to order "the same." At least it has a tendency to make him ashamed of ordering a temperance drink. He wants to "be game."

Which is where one of the small deceits of the "Ike" Bloom management comes in. The waiter

obsequiously hurries away. In an instant he is back. He sets down the glasses. The man's drink and the woman's drink may be "the same." Say a ginger ale highball is ordered. The visitor gets a highball with a good stiff drink of whisky. Mazie gets a drink identically similar in looks, taste and smell.

That is as far as the comparison goes. In effect the difference is vital. When Mazie ordered she said a "B" highball. The visitor paid no attention to the "B." The waiter did. And Mazie's drink was consequentially an excellent imitation of a whisky highball without a drop of whisky or other alcoholic spirits in it. So with every libation served. Freiberg's bartenders can mix any real drink known and a perfect imitation of it that is harmless in effect.

Which explains why Freiberg's girls can drink enough mixed and potent liquors to stupefy or kill a score or more of men in a single evening, and still retain their wits. The advantage is both Mazie's and the management's. It makes it possible for her to prolong her career for several years, perhaps. And it makes it possible for the White Front to maintain its reputation as the fountain of youth.

After the drinks have been ordered and the first "here's how" has been said, the fine work of the Freiberg trained waiters is brought into

play. A waiter serves a drink, he carefully wipes off the table. He sets down his check. He makes change and returns the change on a small tray. The change is put on the tray and so offered to the guest because it aids in extracting the tip. Had the waiter handed the change to the guest he might be expected to turn his back and walk away. The transaction would be ended. Had he laid the change on the table he would get less time to stand in front of the guest and prolong the invitation for the tip. But by laying the change on a small wet tray and offering the tray to the guest he is able to intrude himself more securely. The guest has a hard time to pick the small change off the tray—there is always small change, which is another thing the waiter sees to. The small change sticks to the wet surface. His clumsiness is observed by the eyes of the waiter and the girls at the table. What is more natural for him in his embarrassment than to take part of the money and leave the rest for the waiter? He thus both puts an end to an embarrassment and flatters himself that he has made a good impression on both waiter and companions as a good fellow.

The waiter bows and expresses his thanks in just the proper tenor—not too profuse, not too perfunctory. He then reaches into a vest pocket, extracts a few matches and places them before

the visitor. The subtlety of this small flattery is effective. But does the waiter go away? He does not. He hovers near enough to be within call and to seize the advantage of the opportunity to display another feature of his training.

An appreciable instant and he dashes over and wipes off the table. This has the psychological effect of impressing the guest somehow that it is up to him to order another drink. What matter that the glasses are but half emptied? The guest doesn't stop to reason it out. He either gulps down his libation and calls for another round, or he permits the waiter to take away the half-filled glasses with an order for another round. Perhaps he fails to see the waiter at all. Then it is the part of the enamored Mazie to suggest that she doesn't like her ginger ale highball but she would like a creme de menthe, whereupon the waiter carries away both Mazie's glass and the guest's.

In event all of these fail there is another expedient. The orchestra strikes up a waltz or a two-step. The visitor would like to dance. Out on the floor they whirl. They circle it two or three times. The music stops. Part of Ike's system is to make the dances short. They return to the table. The drinks have disappeared. But the waiter is at hand to ask "the lady and gentleman's pleasure" and to secure another tip.

This extraction of the tip is compelled by the management of the White Front. The guest may suspect that the waiter gets the tip. As a matter of fact, the waiter gets 20 per cent of the tip. The rest goes to the management. So it can be seen that the waiters are on probation as well as the girls. The waiter who fails to produce tip money as well as his fellows is in danger of being "barred from the hall."

So it is to the interest of both Mazie and the waiter to work together. Oftentimes their relations are far more close than the visitor dreams of. The waiter is always the servant. Mazie may call him "waiter," "here, you waiter." "Isn't it simply frightful the way these waiters neglect you?"

The waiter may be servile and obsequious. The guest may squeeze Mazie's hand, tickle her under the chin, flirt outrageously. Mazie may do the same under the eyes of the oblivious waiter. The visitor may be so foolish as to believe that Mazie has really fallen desperately in love with him. The guest doesn't give a thought to the waiter. But if the guest only knew, Mazie and the waiter are probable lovers. She is "his woman" and he is her cadet. It's only one paradox in this altogether paradoxical life.

CHAPTER XI.

A TRAGEDY OF FREIBERG'S.

OUTSIDE in the garish brightness of Twenty-second street it was raining, slowly, steadily, dismally. The lights of the saloons and cafes burned as brightly and steadily as usual, but a general depression was noticeable in the "district."

Entering the White Front, things assumed a brighter aspect. The bartender assured you that things were "dead," and softly cursed a refractory chief of police, who "thought he was running the town." Oh yes, the hall was going well, but the demand for once had fallen below the supply. New girls? Yes, one or two; we were expected to know how "Ike" "sticks" for the "new stuff—nothing but chicken and class."

A glance about the dance hall revealed nothing unusual. The girls evidently had just arrived—it was shortly after 9 o'clock—and the singers were striking a steam calliope chord in the invitation to "Come on an' hear; Come on an' hear." There were two of us and we received the accustomed nod of recognition accorded visitors who have appeared more than once.

Business was indeed slow, as the bartender had said, for there was but a bare handful of "live ones" in the hall. Florence and Fay came forward with a smile of apparent recognition, in their wake the inevitable waiter.

Florence seemed tired, too tired even for the mechanical fascination she necessarily must assume. She was one of the oldest of Freiberg's girls, 26 in fact, and rapidly losing "the punch," as she said herself. Deep, dark circles were under her eyes, plain even under their coat of flesh tint, and her lips drooped perceptibly, the plainest evidence that she was losing her "class." That she was on the decline as regards her professional ability was evident in the look exchanged by her with the waiter, her "cadet" plainly.

Annoyance was visible in his face, while the girl watched his expression anxiously, almost imploringly. He averted his gaze and a look of despair settled on her face. The "cadet" had settled her destiny in his own mind and his "woman" knew that her days in this lucrative if exacting temple of youth were numbered.

In sharp contrast, was the appearance of the other girl. She was a "fresh one on the beat," as her companion explained, and typical of the Freiberg method. Expensively dressed, with a studied lack of vulgar display, she was one of the best looking girls in the hall. In her smart

blue serge suit, tailored by an expert, with a white lace waist, surmounted by a small, modest hat, she might have been mistaken for a well nurtured, carefully guarded daughter of a respectable family.

Obviously, Fay had been "teamed" with Florence to become educated in the Freiberg system. Traces of her inexperience were visible in an excess of rouge and powder, but she fitted into the general color scheme well.

Florence, with an effort at vivacity, signaled the waiter for her counterfeit "B" highball, while Fay gayly "offered to match for the drink." A disapproving glance from the older girl and the waiter's open scowl warned her that she was treading on dangerous ground, and she quickly withdrew her offer "to toss for it." The "round" came to 70 cents with a 30 cent tip, and the waiter's expression relaxed a trifle. The relief in Florence's face repaid the donor.

The singers finished a second song and, at the conclusion, made the round of the tables with a small tray for contributions. Fay laughingly took a quarter from the change on the table and tossed it into the plate.

The singer smiled and moved on. Florence shot an inquiring glance in our direction. The orchestra in the balcony furnished an interruption and Fay with her companion arose to dance.

"Do you dance?" inquired Florence without enthusiasm. She was evidently hoping for a negative answer.

"No, but you don't seem to be very enthusiastic about it, anyway," we answered. Florence's expression warned of tragedy and that was what we sought. She responded with a glance, quick, startled, suspicious.

"I'm not, if you want to know it," she answered slowly, cautiously glancing about her to note if the waiter was within earshot. The Manager's eyes were on her and she glanced at him in alarm. "To tell you the truth, I'm sick of the whole thing."

"What's the matter? All in?"

"No, but I'm on the slide, and I'll soon be on the street again. You know what that means for a couple of years after this," she waved her hand about her and the look of despair deepened on her face.

Freiberg's is the acme of ambition for the street walker, the cafe "hustler" and the less favored "divinities of the gaslight and the pavements."

It promises a life of comparative ease, of some degree of protection, of a certain form of peculiar respect among their sisters "in the deep purple" and certain advantages, exclusive to those work-

ing for the protected triumvirate of the White Front.

Small wonder is it that the girl "on the slide" should hang on and on until her inability to further the interests of the Bloom brothers automatically disqualifies her?

That Florence was struggling between a desire to confide in her questioner and fear that it might hurt her was evident. Several times she glanced across the table doubtfully, started to speak, then ended by suggesting a drink.

In the middle of the hall the dance was going on to the accompaniment of a catchy ragtime air. Fay and her partner glided past, the girl attempting to force the man into a boisterous dance, through mere excess of spirits. Florence glanced at her and at the other "fresh ones" with an expression of resentment. This changed to a sort of paradoxical pity, and the girl "on the slide" philosophized, after the manner of those who have gone the pace that really kills. Florence rarely was suggestive in her conversation, never obscene for the sake of being obscene. She was "on the turf for the coin" and she professed to take her life as a business proposition.

"I've got a little ambition left," she said, "but not much. Just look at that little fool dancing around here and trying to make that fellow do the 'bear.' Eighteen years old and she thinks she's living because she's been at Freiberg's for

three days. Wait till she's been here as long as I have"—she broke off and glanced across the table anxiously.

"How long?" was asked casually. Florence started, then smiled the cynical smile analogous to her life.

"What's the diff? I guess you can't knock my game a whole lot more. I've been here nearly five years, except for three months I spent in the hospital last year. I hold the record for endurance," she smiled bitterly, "but I'm like the pitcher that went to the bucket, or the well, or whatever it was, once too often. No, I wasn't any chicken when I hit Freiberg's first. I was on the street for quite a while.

There was a fellow who had me on the string and he put me on to the Front after I'd been at it for several months. I had the looks and I didn't come from any "Little Hell" neighborhood, either. Never mind how I 'broke in.' I came from the country and 'Ike' thought my color worked well on the jays from the country with the kale. I took to the glad rags idea from the start and when I togged up with all the show window scenery I was some kid. You know the stunt here, good clothes, a good line of talk, dance, sing, make 'em buy drinks and keep the waiters on the jump; then line your man up for 'Ike's' hotel over at the corner. I suppose you've been stung, too.

"I played the game to the limit and I copped the diamond ring that 'Ike' put up for the girl who sold the most drinks just before Christmas, more than once. The last time I got the prize was about a year ago, when the Alderman put up the ring. This is it," and she exhibited a solitaire, worth in the neighborhood of \$200.

"Can the management afford to put up a ring like that for the profit on the drinks?" asked the listener in surprise. Florence laughed cynically and held the ring up.

"A ring like that? Why, 'Ike' or the Alderman could put one of these up any good night and get back more than what he paid for it. Besides, the ring probably came from some girl who was crazy enough to soak it and cost the Boss \$50 or \$60. Well, anyhow, I won it after selling between \$25 and \$50 worth of drinks each night on an average. One night I made a sporty little gent buy \$100 worth of champagne which cost the house about eight bucks.

"I was a good one for 'Ike' and he knew it, and I was the 'star girl' up to a year ago." Florence stopped, apparently surprised at the degree of confidence she had entered into with a comparative stranger. The waiter hurried up and cast a questioning glance at the girl. She smiled feebly at her vis-a-vis and an order was forthcoming, for the rest of the story hung in the balance. Again the look of relief from the girl

and the returning smile to the waiter's countenance. Perhaps he had begun to think his "woman" had taken a "brace" and that meant so much more "easy" money for him.

The dance had halted and Fay and her companion had left the hall. The girls at Freiberg's are not permitted to leave their positions between the hours of 9:00 p. m. and 3:00 a. m. until with a male companion. The personage at the door smiled agreeably at "the fresh one" as she passed out. Such is the power of youth that even the Manager exchanged a compliment with the "live" Fay.

The orchestra struck up an air suggestive of many things, and in a moment the dance was in full swing. The hall had now drawn quite a gathering and the girls were warming up to the evening's work. Over in one corner a boy much the worse for the numerous "rounds" ordered, was embracing a woman five or six years his senior, while she extracted his watch from his pocket.

Waiters hurried to and fro with the drinks, expensive wines, cordials or cocktails for the men and the "B" counterfeits for the women.

"After I had been at the game for a while I saw why 'Ike' and the rest insisted on fresh girls all the time," continued Florence. "Youth, good looks and a whole lot of class you've got to have if you expect to make the rubes keep buying the

drinks at campaign prices. Then there's the hotel end of it. Five dollars they charge and we get half. The hotel's a great graft and we've got to support it. If we don't take the fellow there we get in bad with the Boss. They've always got a spotter on the job and they know when we double cross them.

Well, you know all that end of it. I've been doing it for five years and I supposed I've had mine. I've made money but I've had to spend it to keep up with the rest of the girls. We all spend our coin for the rags and what's left goes, some of it to the 'cadet,' some for the hop and the cocaine, while some of us hit the drink a little too hard. Since I felt myself slipping I've cut all that out. I never did dope and I've quit drinking anything but the cough syrup they hand us here," smiling into the "B" drink before her.

"How much drinking do the girls actually do here?" The girl "on the slide" smiled cynically.

"In the five years I've been here I've only seen a few girls drunk in the hall, and they were bounced for it. Hurt business, the boss said, and I guess he's right. The only time they get a girl drunk is when they're landing her. A man can stand for a crooked girl and even like her, but they've got no use for a sloppy or a drunken one. Nothing takes the good looks away like the booze. Of course, lots of girls get too much

and act a little bit foolish, but so long as they don't get dead drunk they're all right.

"You know the reputation this place has. No decent girl ever comes here unless they're landing her, and if she does—'good night,' " she concluded sententiously. "Once I made up my mind to quit the business. I had a chance to get married to a fellow down in Paxton, Ill.

"I met him on a train and struck up quite an acquaintance. He didn't know I was on the turf and I wasn't going to tell him. He even took out a marriage license, and I kept it quiet around here, but the thing never came off."

"Why?"

"My farmer from Paxton came in here one week before I was to go there; so drunk that he couldn't see the doorway. He was with two friends as bad as himself, and sat down at that table over there. It was Saturday night and there was quite a crowd, so I didn't see him at first. Harry, the waiter, came and got me and two other girls and we went to the table.

"The men looked at us and my farmer straightened like a ramrod. He recognized me in a minute and I saw there wasn't any use in stalling, so I sat down and let him talk, cry and swear. I only asked one question. I said:

" 'How do you happen to be here?'

" 'I was out for a little fling before we settled down,' he said, and then went on to curse

me over and over. Of course, that spilled the beans. He took one of the other girls out and broke her nose after a fight. I never saw him since, and I wouldn't care to. He's respectable, although he has his little fling, and I'm not, because my fling's a business. Well, here's to him. He's probably married some innocent little country girl, worthy of him and his opinion." The sarcasm was as impersonal as her story.

The dance had started again and Florence stirred restively, as if she had remembered something unpleasant.

"How about your family? Do they know where you are?"

"I should say not," was the answer, for the first time anything but detached. "In the little old house the folks have a picture of me living at the Y. W. C. A., singing in the church choirs and working as a telephone girl at the honorable salary of six dollars per week."

The girl "on the slide" did not smile as she spoke. She glanced about the hall wearily and the lines about her mouth deepened. The listener noticed the cold set to those lines. Her clothes were scrupulous. But the ravages of her life were chiseled too deeply for powder or paint to conceal.

"Well," she said, "I've finished my story and I'm done, done with Freiberg's. I quit tonight.

I've seen that look in Ike's face before and I know what it means. He's going to bar me from the hall if I don't beat him to it. I've slid farther than I thought, and it's no use."

"Where are you going? Home?"

"Not on your life. I couldn't stand my folks and they couldn't stand me. I ain't any fool. I couldn't live in a jay town with nothing doing but prayer meeting and a moving picture show. My folks haven't heard from me since I came here and they don't want to hear from me now. There was a girl here, I roomed with—Hazel. She'd been in the hall before me. About a year ago Ike barred her. She tried to hustle on the streets, but it was no use. You see Ike and the Alderman won't let girls hustle on the street. It ain't the police or the law. It's because street girls take the business away from these people. And these people run the police. So the police won't let girls work on the street, and the public thinks the police are simply doing their duty. If they were doing their duty don't you think they'd close a place like this?"

"Hazel got so discouraged she was drunk every night. One night she fell down stairs and broke her neck. That's the way the most go. Drink and dope finishes 'em quick when they're discouraged. I knew one girl that saved \$1,800 and she bought a rooming house when she was

too old to work here. But most of 'em commit suicide or just get drunk and die—yes, they just get drunk and die. That's me, I guess."

"But how about your, er—lover, that waiter; won't he take care of you?"

"Him? When Henry first got stuck on me he made me think he'd die for me. But he's like the rest of 'em. Once he got me he didn't think nothing more of me but to take my money. Last night he beat me up because I couldn't give him ten dollars to go to the fight."

"You haven't any marks."

"They don't show. These fellows take care not to mark your face. That'd spoil business. But I've got 'em on my body all right. If he knew I was quitting tonight he'd kill me. But he ain't going to know. I lost him when I lost my class."

The girl got up. She went into a cloak room. When she emerged she was dressed for the street. She started away. The floor manager stopped her.

"Here you," he said. "Where are you going?"

"I'm sick," said the girl. "I gotta go home."

"Sick! By God, wait till I tell Ike and he'll make you sick. The nerve—trying to leave the hall and it's only 12 o'clock. Now you git off them duds and git out on the floor an hustle or I'll bust yer block off. You otta be barred from the hall, you had. Haven't earned a jitney for

six months. Hey, you Henry," he beckoned to the waiter. "Take care o' yer woman. She says she's sick."

Henry, the obsequious waiter, ran up. He doubled his fist. He hooked it viciously into the girl's breast, once—three times.

"Now you git busy."

The floor manager turned his back and walked away. The girl looked at the waiter. His jaw was thrust forward, his fist doubled for another blow. Slowly the fight died from her eyes. She slunk into the cloak room. In a few minutes she was out again—her face freshly powdered, her lips crimsoned. She made her way to a table. As we turned away she was tossing her head pertly, laughing with forced gayety, casting the slant, coy look of invitation at the few men in the hall who were not engaged. She was back again in the life she had threatened to quit. Its grip would probably hold until the interval of a few short months when the hand of death intervened.

In the hallway the eavesdropper passed Fay leading another young man through the door of the White Front to "the corner." Her eyes were bright, her smile natural.

"Some class, eh?" murmured the doorman to himself. The listener sought the rain of the street.





**Youth attracts, and innocence unenlightened makes easy the
work of the wily procurer.**



Who would think the charming widow wanting a young and beautiful traveling companion could be a notorious procuress? Surely not an innocent, inexperienced girl.
(The Tragedy of the Want Ad.)

PART TWO

Tragedies of the White Slaves

BY

H. M. LYTLE

Special Investigator for the Metropolitan Press

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Foreword.

The lives of 5,000 young girls are laid upon the altar of lust every year in the city of Chicago alone.

The insatiable rapacity of man, the lust of the hunt, the demands of brutish passion ordain it that these 5,000 young innocents be led forth to the slaughter, annually.

This statement is not a matter of guess. It is the estimate of officers of the Chicago Law and Order League, the Illinois Vigilance Society, the police authorities and Assistant State's Attorney Clifford G. Roe.

There are 68,000 women leading a nameless existence in the city of Chicago alone. This is the police estimate, based upon a census made by the captains of the different police districts. It includes the women who live—and die—in the temples of shame on Twenty-second street, on the Strand in South Chicago, on the West Side, and on Wells street and vicinity on the North Side. It includes the "street walkers," the girls who infest such dance halls in Twenty-second street, the women in private flats, and the mistresses of wealthy men.

The average duration of a woman leading a

life of shame is from two to twelve years, according to Dr. L. Blake Baldwin, city physician. Dr. Baldwin places his average at four years, basing this upon the life of the woman in the brothel where the majority of fallen women are to be found.

Drink, which goes hand in hand with vice, cigarette smoking, various kinds of "dope," the all night method of living and the daily vicissitudes of existence are the contributing causes, according to Mr. Baldwin. But the chief cause of early demise is the ravages of diseases inseparable from immoral life.

The result is that the market houses are yawning, constantly holding forth an insatiable maw into which new blood must be poured, new lives must be thrown, more young innocents must be devoured.

And this is the reason for the existence of this book. If one mother or father may be warned in time, if one single life may be saved from the traps men make and the lures they bait for the enslavement of the flower and innocence of the nation the author will have been well repaid indeed.

A great many persons are yet skeptical of the existence of an organized traffic in young girls.

If they could have been in the courts of Chicago their minds would have been disabused of the idea that organized slavery does not exist in Chicago.—Assistant State's Attorney Clifford G. Roe.

Within one week I had seven letters from fathers, from Madison, Wisconsin, on the north, to Peoria, Illinois, on the south, asking me in God's name to do something to help find their daughters because they had come to Chicago and disappeared. The mothers, the fathers, even the daughters must be educated regarding the lures that men set or white slavery can not be abolished.—Judge John R. Newcomer, of the Municipal Courts.

This book should go into the homes of every family in this wide nation, rich and poor, sophisticated and unsophisticated, city homes or country homes. It is only when parents *realize* the pitfalls that they will be able to avoid them.—The Rev. R. Keene Ryan, Pastor of the Garfield Boulevard Presbyterian Church.

Weakness and lack of understanding appeal to me as the opportunity for the work of these human vultures. That young women passing the ages of from 15 to 20 years need more counsel and guidance than many good mothers suspect.—Judge Richard S. Tuthill, of the Juvenile Court.

The victims of the traffic are first ensnared,

then enslaved, then diseased. Not until honest men take the stand that will result in the abolition of the segregated districts can this practice of white slavery be stopped.—The Rev. Ernest A. Bell, Superintendent of the Midnight Mission and Secretary of the Illinois Vigilance Association.

The recent examination of more than 200 “white slaves” by the office of the United States district attorney has brought to light the fact that literally thousands of innocent girls from the country districts are every year entrapped into a life of hopeless slavery and degradation because their parents do not understand conditions as they exist and how to protect their daughters from the white slave traders who have reduced the art of ruining young girls to a national and international system.—Hon. Edwin W. Simms, United States District Attorney at Chicago.

If parents will shut their eyes to this canker that is feeding on the flower of our nation they may continue to expect their daughters to be “kidnapped,” lost or mysteriously missing.—Arthur Burrage Farwell, of the Law and Order League.

THE TRAGEDIES OF THE WHITE SLAVES.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MATERNITY HOME.

A young reporter for a great Chicago newspaper was sent by his city editor into the heart of the "red light" district to investigate a murder at one of the city's brothels.

The trail of the story led the reporter into one of the most notorious dens of the city, the "E——club." This home of vice is located in a three-story stone mansion. Around it radiates the elite of the district. It is owned by two sisters, immensely wealthy, who have made their fortune through the barter of girls' souls.

A negro butler attired in livery admitted him into the reception room of this gilded den. Velvet carpets that sank beneath the feet covered the floors. Massive paintings by old masters were on the walls. The gilded ceilings radiated the glare of vari-colored lights which studded it.

From the silver dance-room came the sound of soft music, interspersed with the discordant laughter of drunken men and girls.

In a few seconds a woman entered the reception room. She was prettily clad in a flowing

silk gown. Her mass of black hair was wreathed about her head.

As she met the gaze of the reporter she started, and fled, as though terrified, from the room. The recognition had been mutual.

In the face of the fallen woman the reporter had seen the features of an innocent girl who had been a playmate of but a few years before.

Her family was wealthy. Her father was one of the most prominent surgeons in Illinois. In the city in which they lived he had served several terms as mayor. She had been the belle of the town. Her many accomplishments and innocence had won her many suitors. But she spurned them all for the love of her father and mother. She was the only child in the family. Her every wish and want had been fulfilled.

But a year before the reporter had heard that she had died. The papers in the town contained articles at the time lamenting her death. According to the stories, she had been drowned in Lake Michigan while sailing in a yacht. A body of a girl supposedly that of her's had been shipped home. There had been a funeral.

Since that time the father and mother had been disconsolate. The memory of the daughter was never from their minds. They spent the greater part of the days at the side of the grave in the cemetery. After dusk had fallen they sat

in the pretty boudoir that had been the room of their child. Not a thing had been touched in the room. The beautiful dresses and garments that had once been worn by their daughter still were neatly hung in their places. The little mementoes still lay about the room. And in the dim light that radiated from a fireplace the father and mother could picture the face of their daughter, whom they believed to have been so ruthlessly torn from them by death.

Quickly recovering from the shock, the seeming apparition had given him, the reporter dashed after the girl.

She ran into a room and attempted to lock the reporter out. He forced his way in. As he did so, she fell at his feet screaming and pleading. Her mind seemed to have suddenly become unbalanced.

"Don't tell papa and mamma I'm alive," she shrieked; "they believe me to be dead and it is better so. I'll kill myself if you tell them."

The reporter could scarcely believe that girl could be the same innocent, high-minded child he had known but a few months before.

After much persuasion, she was finally calmed. She would not lift her head or look into her childhood friend's eyes.

"Come and get out of this fearful hole at

once," the reporter demanded, grasping her by the arm.

The crying of the girl ceased. Her muscles grew tense and rigid.

"I will stay here," she said quietly; "stay here until I die. No pleadings will change me. My mind has been made up for some time. I'm an animal now. The innocent girl that you once knew is now no part of me. I'm all that is bad now. When I leave this life, it will be in death."

"But your father and mother would receive you back—they needn't know anything of this," pleaded the reporter.

"I'm dead to them and in death I am still pure and innocent in their eyes. They are happy in their belief," slowly said the girl, her eyes filling with tears. She paused for some time, a far-away look in her eyes.

It was as though she were gazing into the past of but a short time before. Her features assumed those of the innocent girl she had been, then as she thought they gradually seemed to grow more hardened and steel-like. Finally, after some moments she broke the silence.

"I will tell you why I am here," she said. "I will tell you why I will not go back.

"You can remember, not a long time ago, when I was all that was good. I hardly knew the

meaning of a profane word. I was worshiped and petted.

"I have done some good in my life. It was this good and the hope to do even more that finally led to my ruin. In the convent where I went to school, we had been taught to be charitable. I was happy in helping the poor and sick.

"The fact that my father was a physician gave me an inspiration. When I had reached my twentieth birthday, I decided to learn to be a nurse, so that I might do more for the poor. In the home town I could not do this. So I went to a neighboring city and entered a state hospital. There I worked as a common apprentice nurse for ten months. I did not receive any pay for my services. I had plenty of money anyway.

"I grew to love one of the physicians. He apparently loved me as much. My life seemed to be tied up in his. He asked me to marry him. I was overjoyed at the thought. We were constantly together and I was radiantly happy.

"One night, he made suggestions to me. He said we would soon be married and that in view of that, it would not be wrong. I trusted explicitly in him and believed what he said. Then I fell.

"It is useless for me to try to tell you of the lies, the protestations of love, the excuses and suggestions he made that caused me to fall. No

one could understand that but me. No one could excuse it but me.

"A short time later I found that I was to become a mother. I was happy then. I should bear him a child. I told him of this. He suddenly grew cold in his actions. Then he avoided me. Disheartened I pleaded for him to marry me. He laughed in my face and told me he had never intended to do such a thing. I fainted under this torrent of abuse.

"The thought that I had been cast aside nearly cost me my reason. I knew I could not go home in such a condition. I had heard that in Chicago maternity hospitals were easy to enter, so one night I packed some of my clothing and slipping away from the hospital, boarded a train.

"I was frightened nearly out of my senses at the enormity of my act. Across the aisle from me in the railroad coach, sat an elderly woman. Her face seemed kindly. After a few minutes' ride, she smiled at me. Then when I vainly attempted to smile back, she came over and sat down beside me.

"She talked very motherly to me. Soon I had told her my whole story. She was very sympathetic. She said she pitied me in my trouble and would help me. I clung to her as though she were a mother. After we had talked some time, she told me that she had a maiden aunt in Chi-

cago at whose home I could live and that she would see that I received proper medical attention. I accepted her offer gratefully.

"When we reached Chicago she assisted me with my baggage and into a waiting cab. For some time we drove about the city.

"At last we arrived at a big stone mansion. It was lighted almost from top to bottom.

"'Auntie must be entertaining tonight,' laughed the woman. 'We'll go right in and to our rooms. No one will see us.'

"A negro, attired in livery, came out and carried our baggage in. We went at once to rooms on the upper floor. I did not know where I was. I believed what the elderly woman had told me, that I was at the home of the aunt. It was not until two weeks later that I found out I was in this den of vice, where I now am.

"For those two weeks I was treated as well as could be wished. Two elderly women came often to see me and talked pleasantly. A doctor came and attended me through my illness.

"I can't make you understand the shock that came to me when they told me that I would have no baby. The man and the two women had attended to that. My baby was dead. There seemed nothing else to live for.

"One morning when I had nearly recovered, I got out of bed and went to the door. To my

dismay I found that it was locked from the outside. The windows were also locked. When the women came a short time later I asked them about it. They merely laughed and gave me no answer.

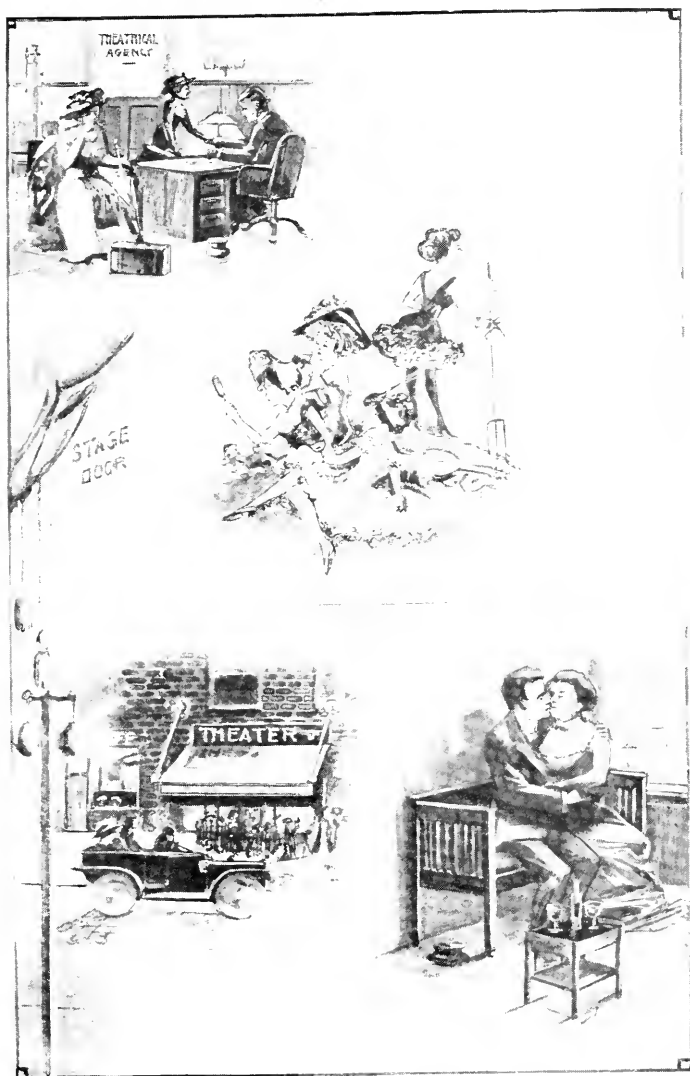
"It was only a few nights later when I was awakened by the sound of a man's voice. In the darkness I could see him standing beside my bed. I screamed and screamed but no one came. I jumped out of bed and ran to the door. It was securely locked. The man laughed at my efforts to evade him.

"Finally he pressed a button on the wall. Two women, dressed in short costumes that barely reached to the knees, came into the room. The man threw me on a bed and the two women held me.

"After that I was given something to eat. Instantly I seemed bereft of my senses. It was not until a week later that I became normal again. It was during that week that my ruin was forever accomplished. Of what occurred I have but a vague recollection.

"I realized then that I could never return home again. I grew morose and sullen as I thought. Often I tried to force myself to take my own life, but the thoughts of my evil deeds kept me from doing so.

"The days that passed were like the fancies of



One thousand innocent girls are lured to a life of shame each year in the City of Chicago alone through the stage.
(Chapter V., The Tragedy of The Stage.)



Mistaken Gaiety—Death lurks near scenes of revelry, and will not be long denied.

a disordered mind. Gradually the atmosphere, the viciousness of it seeped through me and took the place of the innocence, the wifely feeling, the mother love of which I had been robbed. The process of degradation, of evolution into accepting life in this prison came about swiftly. I found myself accepting this home, this place where I might exist.

“You know the verse:

“ ‘Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.’

“That describes my case. The owners of the place gradually extended my liberties. I remember the first day that came when they said I might go out alone. They would trust me to come back.

“I had formulated a plan that morning. In the Chicago papers I had seen a story telling of the finding of a girl of about my age in the waters of Lake Michigan, near Lincoln Park. She did not have a coat or hat on and a portion of her other clothing was missing.

“I went to a spot along the shore, near where the body had been found. I took off my coat and hat and soaked it in the water. I left a small pocketbook with my name and a small amount of money inside the coat pocket. Then I hurried back to this place.

"The clothing was found and turned over to the police. The name and address were also noted. My parents were notified. They came at once to Chicago. The body of the girl had been in the water for some time. They could not identify it but easily identified the clothing.

"The body was taken home. I read of the terrible grief of my parents with tearful eyes. I read of my own burial. Often I knelt and prayed for my sorrowing parents.

"Then I knew it was all over. To the world I was dead. To myself my pure and innocent life was a thing of the past. I had forever cut off family ties. But to them I would forever be known as the pure child that they knew and loved.

"I have not associated with the women here any more than I had to. I have never drank nor smoked cigarettes, despite their attempts to force me to do so.

"I have tried to imagine myself leading a different life. I have gone to church and fancied myself clothed with the purity and innocence of the other days. Perhaps I turned my head to look about me. Perhaps I heard a smothered exclamation not meant for my ears. Mocking me, driving me back to a realization of my degradation, would be a face—the face of a man who had come to the 'E—— Club' in search of a vent for

his beastly desires. He could do what I could not and yet be respected. When I sought out a place of worship, even he was ready to point a mocking finger, to leer at me with an insulting smile.

"In the theatres, in the parks, in the shopping districts and on the streets of the city I have tried, for just a little while, to imagine myself the girl of the olden days. Always, everywhere, omnipresent has been the reminder that drove me back to the 'E——' with a sigh of relief and a sense of refuge. Can you understand?

"I have steeled myself to live this life because there is no other left to me.

"I have hoped and prayed that I would not live long, that I would grow ugly in features and a person whom men would shun, but in vain. But I know that sooner or later my hope will be realized."

"But I can help to save you. I can put you in a position where you can earn a respectable living and where you will be happy," pleaded the reporter.

For a time the girl was in deep thought. When she raised her head again her eyes were wet with tears.

"I couldn't do it. I can never be anything else now," she said. "Were I to take a position, it would be but a question of time until some man

who had seen me in this place would recognize me. I would be discharged and driven into even a deeper life of shame.

"It is impossible to even contemplate such a thing.

"When a woman falls, she falls never to rise again. The thoughts of her evil life are forever a menace to her. They pursue her constantly. She never can resume her former sphere in life."

"Isn't there anything that I can do to cause you to come with me and do right?" asked the reporter.

"There is nothing that anyone can do. What I am now I will always be," she replied.

"Won't you at least meet me away from this awful place and try to spend at least part of your evenings in the respectable way to which you were accustomed?" was asked.

"I will meet you where no one would recognize either you or I," was the reply. "I would not disgrace you by having anyone know me.

"You will not meet the little girl you knew, though. Henceforth you must meet a fallen woman, a woman who sells her flesh, pound by pound, to human vultures. You had best change your mind. For myself, I would be delighted to be with you, but the old memories are painful. I will see you but you must never come here for me."

When the reporter left the sin-cursed place, there were tears in his eyes. To him it was as though he were deserting his own sister to the ravages of a pack of wolves.

Half a block away from the place he paused in deep thought. Should he go at once to her parents and tell them of the finding of their daughter, that she was alive?

He knew they would gladly receive her back, that any and all of her wrongs would be overlooked. He thought of their great love for her, of their deep grief in her death.

But as he thought, he could see a fireside in a city but a few hundred miles distant. Side by side sat a couple. The man was a personage slightly bent, as though bowed down with some grief in the middle of life. The woman's hair was tinged with gray. Her motherly face was lit by a radiant smile, as though she were dreaming of something heavenly.

He could see them clasp hands and sit for hours dreaming of the happiness of but a few months before. Then the father would rise, and, walking across the room, caress some tiny trinket, such as gladdens the heart of a girl. He would pick up a picture, that of a beautiful, laughing girl, radiant in the innocence of the unknown girl. Long he would gaze at it. Then imprinting a kiss on the face of the picture, he

would lay it carefully back in its place. They were happy in the thought that their child was in a better world—of that fact they had no doubt.

The reporter's mind was quickly made up.

"It is better so," he half muttered. "It is better so."

Slowly he retraced his steps past the den where he had found her. An automobile had just come to a stop at the curb. Several well dressed men, in the last stages of intoxication, staggered from the car. Swearing and cursing, they mounted the steps of the house. The door was opened to admit them. From the house came the wild scream of a drunken woman mingled with the coarser yells of drunken men.

Then the door closed.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE "WANT AD."

In April, 1909, a peculiarly worded advertisement appeared in the personal columns of the Chicago Daily News and the Chicago Tribune. It was worded as follows:

TRAVELING COMPANION: Widow preparing for extended tour of Europe wants to engage young lady as traveling companion and secretary. Must be young, beautiful, fascinating and accomplished. All expenses and suitable salary. Z 14, Tribune.

The advertisement was what is known in newspaper parlance as a "blind" or keyed ad. It did not give any street address, letters of application being sent to the newspaper and there held for the advertiser.

A young Chicago girl read the advertisement and answered it. In her letter of application she said that she had been called beautiful by her friends, that she spoke several languages, that she was convent bred and that she had previously traveled extensively. She also stated her age, which was 22.

The girl inclosed her address in the letter and said that, if considered favorably, she would be pleased to call upon the "widow."

The young Chicago girl was all that she declared herself to be. Her beauty was a matter beyond dispute. Her charm of manner and her accomplishments were on a plane with her innocence and purity.

The day following the mailing of the letter a caller was announced at the young lady's home. The caller was an elderly woman. She was dressed in black. Her adornment was rich. It bespoke an apparent command of wealth. The woman's language and general demeanor was that of marked social standing. She gave her name as "Schwartz."

To the young girl she made known the fact that she was the authoress of the advertisement which the young lady had answered in the papers. She said that her home was in southern California. She said that her husband had been a very wealthy resident of California and that most of her life had been spent in her own home. She said her husband had died a few months before, leaving her alone with no relatives and practically no friends in the world.

"I have always been a home body," she said. "My life was wrapped up in my home and my husband. When he died there seemed nothing else on earth to live for. God did not see fit to bless us with children. The death of my hus-

band left me prostrated. The first illness of my life came then. Doctors told me that unless I sought a change in travel that I might drag out many long years alone as an invalid.

"I have all the money I know what to do with. When the physicians told me to leave the scene of my sorrows, and to leave at once, I packed hurriedly and departed from Los Angeles. I have had no time to think until I reached Chicago.

"Now that I am here I have realized that I must have a companion for reasons that you can very easily understand. I do not want an old person about me. It was the thought of the mental diversion that caused me to advertise for a young and vivacious girl. At the same time I must have some one who knows how to travel, how to attend to the endless details that travel involves. That is why your letter came to me as a godsend."

The widow wiped her eyes softly with a bordered handkerchief. To the innocent young girl she seemed the picture of grief. A little while was passed in conversation of a general nature. As the widow rose to go she said, "I like you. You seem to me the ideal of such a companion as I would have. The only question to be settled is whether or not you will like me.

"If you will come with me as my little daughter I can assure you that you will want for noth-

ing. I will dress you as I would my own daughter. We shall visit the world. I have already prepared to engage passage for Europe and desire to sail Saturday, four days from today.

"In order that you may satisfy yourself as to whether or not you will like me I want you to call at my hotel tonight and take dinner with me. I am living at the Arena hotel, 1340 Michigan avenue. A quiet, retired little place."

"I will be delighted," said the girl. "I don't think that there is any question as to whether or not I will like you. You have charmed me already. I am alone in Chicago. The only relative I have here is my brother. He will be pleased I know to hear that there is such a pleasant occupation in store for me."

The widow paused in her going, as women do. The conversation prattled on. The girl spoke of her brother and, before she knew it, she was saying:

"I never take any steps without consulting him. He knows so much. I would love to bring him with me to meet you tonight, if you wouldn't—"

Her sentence was arrested by the cloud that passed over the widow's face. It was a look, sharp, keen, bitter, hard as a look can be. Even the girl, unwise as she was in the study of human nature and the ways of the world, felt an intuitive thrill that bordered on suspicion. She didn't

finish her sentence exactly as she had meant to. Instead, she said: "In fact my brother would hardly let me go, you know, without first meeting you himself and talking with you. You can understand."

Quickly as it took to say it, the woman in black recovered her self-composure. Before the girl had finished she was all asmile.

"You dear child," she said, holding out her hand, "I'm so glad to hear you say that. Indeed, I couldn't think of taking you away from him without having him feel certain in his heart that it would be for your good. I'd love to have him call with you tonight. You'll both dine with me, of course. Do you remember my address?"

"Why, no, I—"

Again a peculiar look came over the widow's face. This time it was not hard, not sharp, not of dismay nor apprehension, but a sly, fox-like, satisfied smile that the girl afterwards remembered and understood.

"I'll just write it down for you," said the widow. "I'll give you the street number, too, so that you won't forget. Pardon me, I haven't a card."

The girl produced a slip of paper and a lead pencil. On the card the widow wrote:

"HOTEL IROQUOIS, 3035 Michigan avenue."

And then Mrs. Schwartz departed.

When the girl's brother arrived at home an hour or so later he found a sister bounding with joy, bubbling with excess of spirits.

The brother was a man of the world. He knew, as a cosmopolitan must know, of the guile and trickery and fraud and deceit that a great city contains. Yet, when the girl told him the story of the California widow and her desire to hire a traveling companion at an enormous salary, he doubted it not. His spirits were equally as high as his little sister's when he dressed for the trip to the Iroquois hotel. It was a smiling young couple that tripped into the lobby of the hotel an hour or so later and asked the clerk to notify Mrs. Schwartz that her guests were awaiting her pleasure.

"Schwartz?" said the clerk, as he glanced over the room book a second time. "No such person of that name here. Sure you got the name right?"

The girl produced the slip of paper in the widow's own handwriting:

"Margaret Schwartz,
Iroquois hotel, 3035 Michigan avenue."

"Maybe we've transcribed the name wrong from the register," said the clerk. "Where is she from?"

"Los Angeles, California," said the girl.

"Nobody been here from Los Angeles since December, when we put in this new register," said the clerk after running over the pages.

The tears that came to the young girl's eyes were tears of mortification, of bitter dismay. Her only thought was that she had been made the victim of some peculiar person's idea of a practical joke. It was not until the two were back in their own apartments that the girl remembered vaguely the conversation of the widow and the woman's peculiar starts.

"Charlie," she said to her brother, "that woman told me a different hotel at first. It was the Aree—, Areen—, the Arena hotel, that she told me first. She asked me to go there first. She **CHANGED THE NAME WHEN I TOLD HER I WOULD BRING YOU WITH ME!**"

"Hell!" said the brother. And there was a look on his face such as Cain must have worn when he committed the first murder.

"Why?" you ask, in astonishment. The answer is to be found on the police blotters of the Harrison street station.

The Arena hotel, at Thirteenth and Michigan, is the most notorious, the most terrible assignation house in the city of Chicago. When honest men are in bed the red lights of the Arena glare onto the boulevard like the bloodshot eyes of a

devouring dragon. The gilded sons of fortune tear up before its yawning doors in their high powered motor cars. The keys to the doors were thrown away long ago. Without it is dismal and somber. Within it is pallid with the erotic gleam of many incandescents. Its music is the popping of champagne corks, the laughter of wine debauched women, the raucous roars of the huntsmen—huntsmen whose sole sport is the slaughter of the innocent, whose only game is the chastity of the maiden. A ten dollar bill is necessary for the purchase of the meanest private dining room in the Arena for a night of revelry. There is not a private dining room in the place without a bedroom in comfortable proximity.

The hoi polloi, the common herd, is not admitted at the Arena. To enter there you must be known, and you must be known as a spender.

The price of food is treble that of any other place. The cost of liquors is double that of many. The Arena is the sporting ground of the rich. And sport in the Arena comes high.

The brother of the young girl in question determined to probe the widow and her mystery to the bottom. He determined, in the first place, to give her the benefit of doubt despite his own convictions. He went to a telephone and called the Arena hotel. He asked for "Mrs. Schwartz." A woman answered the call.

"This is Mr. ———," he said. "I believe you called upon my sister today."

"What is that?" the woman's voice answered. "Who are you? You must be mistaken. Who do you think you are talking to?"

"Mrs. Schwartz, isn't it?"

There was a moment of hesitation. The man imagined it a moment of confusion. And then the voice answered: "Oh, no, this is Miss Gartz. You are talking to the wrong person." A mocking laugh and a click of the receiver announced to the man that he had been rung off.

He called up the Arena again. He asked for Mrs. Schwartz. He was told that there was no such person there. He asked the clerk for Miss Gartz again. The man was sorry, but Miss Gartz had just left. Repeated telephone calls for both Mrs. Schwartz and Miss Gartz were answered in succeeding days with the information that there were no such persons there. Miss Gartz was not on the hotel register. Neither was Mrs. Schwartz.

The brother of the young Chicago girl went to the offices of the Chicago Tribune and the Daily News and asked for the name of the woman who inserted the "Traveling Companion" advertisement. He was told that the papers were sorry, but that would be impossible. The clerks who had charge of the want ads were under bonds to

divulge no information regarding blind advertisements. They could not tell who inserted them, anyway, as no names were taken. The letters when received by the newspapers were held until the advertisers called for them. The newspapers could not maintain the integrity of their advertising columns if they asked impertinent questions of every advertiser.

The newspaper men were sorry. No one regretted the creeping into their columns of such matter so much as they. Both papers employed detectives to scrutinize the want columns and to hunt down and expurgate such advertising if the least possible suspicion was attached to it, but many want ads were so cleverly and innocently worded that they would creep in despite every possible precaution that might be taken.

The young man employed detectives himself. He went to a large agency and told the manager the circumstances. Hardened as he was through constant association with crime and its varied phases, the manager of the agency winced when the story was finished.

"You've saved your sister from a living hell," said the crime expert. "You've saved her from the most terrible spider that ever wove a net for the accomplishment of ruin. 'Mrs. Schwartz' the widow, is a procuress—the most clever and fiendish procuress known to us. She works un-

der a hundred aliases. So keen is she, so clever in her plots to bring about the ruin of young girls, that we can not cope with her. She is a rich woman. Every dollar that she has made represents a soul blackened, an innocent metamorphosed into a drug sotted, degraded creature of the red lights.

“Your sister is not the only girl that advertisement was meant for. It probably has already written the ruin of a score of beautiful young innocents. It was a lure. A lure only. There was no trip to Europe. There was no trip planned to any place except a house in Twenty-second street or the private chambers of some wealthy libertine.

“Mrs. Schwartz must have received many hundred answers to that advertisement from young girls all over the city—even out of the city. The glamour of a trip to Europe, a salary to tour the world, would turn any young girl’s head. The wording of the advertisement would arouse no fears or suspicions in the mind of even a worldly wise person.

“When Mrs. Schwartz called upon your sister and proposed that she take dinner with her at her hotel she wanted the girl to go alone. When the girl accepted, Mrs. Schwartz named the Arena because she could accomplish her purpose there. It was the after-thought of the girl’s that saved

her and covered Mrs. Schwartz with confusion. She wrote down the name of the Hotel Iroquois for the express purpose of destroying the recollection of the Arena in the girl's mind. The Hotel Iroquois is a quiet family hotel of good reputation.

"Mrs. Schwartz, as she calls herself, knew that the game was up when your sister mentioned you. Daring and bold as she is, she knows better than to try her wits with a man.

"Had the girl accepted the invitation without mentioning your name the stage would have been set for her reception at the Arena. I doubt if the proprietors of the place would have known anything about this. The Arena is an assignation house, not a brothel. Had the girl gone to the Arena alone she would have been sent to the apartments which Mrs. Schwartz would have taken for her reception. She would have been plied with flattery, smothered with blandishments. Her little head would have been turned with compliments. At the psychological instant dinner would have been served. Dinner would include wine. Did the girl refuse to touch wine despite the subtle invitations and arts of the widow, her food and her water would have been 'doctored.'

"Mrs. Schwartz is an adept in the gentle art of administering drugs. In less than an hour the innocent child would have been in the throes of

delirium, wild, drunk, robbed of her morality through the insidiousness of the widow's dope.

Then the man would have been introduced. The scene would have changed from the little private dining room to the adjoining bedroom."

The young man shuddered, and shut his eyes as if to close out the picture. The big detective went on, mercilessly:

"The widow Schwartz and her male accomplice would have rejoiced in their triumph as the drugged innocent was robbed of her chastity.

"Give the widow Schwartz two hours and the end would have been written. Then to call a cab, carry the unconscious child out of the Arena, bundle her off to the market place and sell her for one hundred—two hundred—five hundred—"

"Stop!" said the young man.

After an interval he said, "I put my possessions, such as they are, at your disposal. I want you to trap this woman. I want you to catch her. Surely you can—"

"Catch her? Maybe. We'll try." The detective pressed a button.

"Send in Miss B——," he said.

A young woman returned with the messenger. She did not look like a detective. A young girl she was, of good figure, of pleasant countenance. Her eyes were large and striking. The detective

held out a copy of the "Traveling Companion" want ad for her perusal.

"Miss B——," he said, "the woman who inserted that advertisement is a procuress. The ad is a lure. Will you be willing to take this case? If so, I want you to write an answer on delicate stationery. Give your address as your home. Say that you are 'convent bred,' beautiful, alone in the world through a tragedy that wiped out both your relatives and your fortune, that you are young, talented, a mistress of repartee, anything that will tantalize that woman and convince her. Then, if the trout takes the fly, you will have to go to this woman's apartments alone, let her drug you and trust to us to be on hand for the climax. I do not ask you to take this case unless it is of your own volition."

The girl hesitated. When she answered it was to say that she would not only take it, but, were it necessary, she would take it without pay.

"I will inclose my photograph with the letter," she said. "My photographs make me appear far more beautiful than I really am."

Both letter and photograph were mailed. To make sure as to whether or not it was too late the detectives called up the newspapers and were told that the advertisement was "paid in advance to run until Saturday."

The letter, a cunningly and alluringly worded

missive, was mailed to the newspaper office. The photograph, which betokened a ravishing little beauty, was inclosed. Shadow men were posted at the newspaper offices to follow the woman when she called for her mail.

Wednesday passed. Thursday, Friday and Sunday came with no response. At the newspaper offices the publishers said there were more than 200 letters awaiting the pleasure of the woman who wanted a "traveling companion." Yet the advertiser neglected to call for her mail.

When convinced that there would be no answer the woman operator went to the Arena to call for Mrs. Schwartz. She was told that there was no such person there.

The wary old spider, bold enough when maneuvering the enslavement of innocent girls, had fled to cover at the first alarm.

"We'll have to give it up," said the detective to the young man. "She's skipped to different quarters. She's scheming out some new bait. Schwartz her real name? She probably has a thousand names. A different alias for every girl she marks as a victim."

Do you want to investigate this story for yourself? Do you want corroborative evidence? The writer of this book has affidavits from the principals as to its truth. The want columns of any great metropolitan daily will supply material for

your investigations. Look for the "chorus girls wanted" ads. Look for the "roommates" ads. Peruse the personal advertisements. Look through the column headed "Wanted, Female Help, Miscellaneous." Once in a while you'll read an innocent little paragraph that is sending young virgins to the slaughter pens and the slave marts. Mrs. Schwartz is not the only woman in the business.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ASSIGNATION HOUSE.

Her name can be read a quarter of a mile away from the big electric signs in front of a Broadway theater today. A year ago it was emblazoned from the signboards of a Chicago amusement place. A few years before that it was hardly known outside the little Springfield cottage of the maiden lady with whom she made her home. Truth to tell, she doesn't know her real name, and the title she goes by as a theatrical star is the only one she has. For she is an orphan girl and she was taken to rear by the two elderly maiden ladies in Springfield, Illinois, when she was a cooing, gob-gobbing baby in an orphan asylum. But that, as Kipling says, has nothing to do with this narrative.

If you are fortunate enough to enjoy the hospitality of her dressing-room, between the acts, you will notice the loving tones she uses in addressing her maid. An oldish woman is the maid, whose face betokens fading beauty, whose supple limbs echo of some stage experience of bygone days.

And if you are of that rare type that begets

ready confidence the maid will tell you the story as it is set down here:

"Yes, I was a show girl myself," says the maid, "and I wasn't any ham-fatter, either, although I'm broken down now and worth nothing save as a mother to 'Madge.' I lost my ambition long ago. I haven't any now save to see my mistress the greatest leading lady in the land, which she will be if the gracious Master of our destinies spares her long enough.

"It's strange how the fates threw us together. You may have wondered why she treats me like a sister actress and an equal, and why I never say, 'Yes, ma'am,' and, 'No, ma'am,' to her. But God's good to me and He put it in my way to bring her to what she is today instead of being one of those poor beings what's referred to as 'white slaves' in the papers, bless your soul.

"She ain't been on the stage long. But she's made good use of every hour since she's been in the business. She ain't at all like these lobster-loving, champagne-sipping ones you read about. Not a bit of it. See them pictures?"

The maid pointed to a group of photographs hanging 'round the room. Remarkable they were, in that every picture bore the shining face of a Madonna, a mother and a babe.

"That's the kind of a girl Madge is. Loves babies, dreams about 'em, has but one ideal, and

that to have a little home of her own and a group of prattlers. She'll have 'em, too, and she'll quit this business if she ever finds a man in this world good enough for her, which there ain't.

"Lord bless me, how it was I found her. She didn't know anything outside of Springfield and the legislature and 'Uncle Dave,' who was a member of the senate, or something, and who boarded with the maiden ladies when the legislature sat. Uncle Dave was called uncle chiefly because he wasn't. He was a big, fat man with a hollow talk like yelling in a rain barrel and a laugh that shook his balloon style figure like a dish of jelly. Seemed to be a pretty fine specimen of an old gentleman. Used to play with Madge and tease her and chuck her under the chin and give her the kind of advice you read about in the Old Woman's Journal.

"So when the day came that the stock investments the old ladies had made went bust and the two dears cried and Madge made 'em 'fess up that there wasn't enough to feed three mouths now, not to speak of two, Madge just up and told 'em that she was coming to Chicago to earn her own living. She wasn't going to be any burden. And she done it. She started instanter. Uncle Dave said he'd look out for her—he lives in Chicago. And, sure enough, he was there to meet her at the train when it reached the depot.

"Madge, the little dear, didn't know enough to ask a policeman. She wouldn't have known what to do if it wasn't for Uncle Dave. He just bundled her into a cab and gave an order and then he told her that he was taking her to a nice place at his hotel which he had fixed up for her. And he took her to a place on Wabash avenue and he ordered something that was brought up by a nigger. And he told her to drink it—she who didn't know whisky or dope from lemon pop.

"And then the old bugger sits right down and says they must write a letter to Madge's aunts and tell them how nice she is fixed and how they mustn't worry about her being 'lost in the great city,' or words to that effect. And Uncle Dave puts in something about getting her a nice position which will keep her very busy and they mustn't worry if she doesn't write every day.

"He goes out to mail the letter, and Madge lies down, because her head gets dizzy. And when she wakes up it's dark and she feels so funny. Then the little dear remembers that she's got to be brave and mustn't get lonely or homesick, even if the beautiful big room she's got doesn't seem so snug and cozy as her little dormer bedroom under the roof in the cottage at home.

"So she lets down her beautiful golden hair and starts to sing. And me, what's been an old sport and no good to nobody, myself included

most of all, is in that same hotel. I'm not making any excuses for my presence. But when I hears that golden voice floating through the corridors of that den of iniquity I just ups and chokes plumb up, and not thinkin' of the proprieties or anything else, I just beats it to that door and looks for the owner of the voice.

"And when I sees that beautiful baby girl, her red hair hanging to the floor, her big eyes lookin' at me so innocent-like, I ups and puts it to her straight.

"'F'r God's sake,' says I, 'child, what are you doing here?'

"'Minding my own business,' she should have said. But she ain't got that kind of a heart in her. Instead she ups and tells me in the most innocent way about Uncle Dave and Springfield and the two maiden aunts what weren't aunts at all, but just foster mothers to one child. And she tells me how Uncle Dave has brought her to this lovely place to live and is going to get her a job.

"'Job, hell,' I busts out, and she blushes and looks scared. Don't you know this is the —— hotel, the most terrible assignation house in this big, rotten old burg, where other girls like you, Margaret Burkle, for instance, were taken by designing old villains, kidnapped, enslaved and robbed of their virtue and their innocence?"

"At that she looks bewildered, as if she don't understand, and I didn't have the nerve to draw a map for her, knowin' as I did that I might have a mess of lively young hysteria on my hands. But I just puts my hand on her head and tells her to 'Never mind,' and then I slips out and shuts the door.

"I calls a bellboy who has got some money in tips for drinks and other things from my room and I asks him to slip down to the office and see who's registered for room 346. I knew I couldn't find out, as the foxy proprietors of this rotten old dump don't keep a regular book register, but a card index, so that they can tear up a card easy and destroy it in case any angry husband or irate wife tries to drag them into the divorce courts with evidence.

"The boy beats it downstairs and comes back in double quick time, owin' possibly to some extent to the big four bit piece I slipped into his hand. I waits for him to say something, and when he said it I wouldn't have had to ask him, for I knew it in advance.

"'It's John Brown and wife,' he tells me, winkin' solemn and wise-like.

"'That'll do for you,' I tells him. Then I don't waste no time, but jump into my clothes and beat it for that little girl with the auburn hair.

“ ‘You come with me—pack up an’ git,’ I tells her.

“ ‘Why, what, but Uncle Dave—’

“ ‘T’ell with Uncle Dave,’ says I, not feeling sanctimonious; ‘hustle up now.’

“The little dear looks kind of bewildered, but I’m feelin’ so proud and bully in my heart to see that she’s trustin’ me and doin’ as I say. I bundles her out of the dump fast as I can do it and just as we reaches the door up rushes a big, fat, apoplectic old Santy Claus and blusters:

“ ‘Here, you, where you going with that girl?’

“ ‘Say, you cradle robbing old pork barrel, back stage for you in a hurry or I’ll sic the dangle wagon onto you. Skidoo now and no back talk, or I’ll read about you in the morning papers with great eclat,’ I says.

“He does a little Swiss yodle or something back in his throat and then he notices a big boy in a blue suit swingin’ a piece of mahogany comin’ our way and he don’t stop to tip his hat.

“The little dear don’t understand it all, but she’s bright, if unsophisticated, and I could have just hugged her right there on the street for trusting me in comparison to him, as smug and sleek as Father O’Hara, though that’s as far as the comparison goes.

“I takes the little darling over to the North Side with me to the home of a fine little actor and

his wife, who are more for real home than they are for the gay life. And they don't ask no questions, but just take her right in to their hearthside.

"Little Madge was too proud for them, though, even if she had been an orphan and allowed herself to be given a home when she was too small to work and didn't know how to beg, much less spurn any charity.

"She goes out every day to look for work. She don't find anybody that wants to hire a girl in a made-over alpaca and clodhopper shoes, though her form and figure is something you don't see in them automobiles that whizz up and down on the boulevards.

"She tries to get into a show company, being of that temperament and having a real voice, and she has some narrow escapes from bumping up against fake booking agencies that would have sold her into the same kind of a gilded palace of sin Uncle Dave had cooked up for her.

"One day, when she's walking on State street, so shoddy that her little bare feet are touching the pavement through the holes in her soles, she sees a big sign and the wigs in the windows of Burnham's hair store.

"She goes in there. A clerk steps up to her, kind of smart-like, and she almost bowls him over. She just reached up, pulls out a couple of pins,

takes off her hat and down drops a regular Niagara of Titian tinted tresses.

“ ‘How much for this?’ she asks him.

“He just gasps and goes back to tell it all to Mr. Burnham, and that individual comes out and dickers with her right then and there for the purchase of her crown of glory.

“She got sixteen dollars an ounce—a big, fat bank roll. She reinvests some of it for enough false hair to make her look all right and then she goes over to one of the big stores and buys the kind of clothes that nobody knows how to wear like her.

“It’s the most stunning little beauty in the world that comes home that night. With her clothes and her beauty she don’t have no trouble at all to make an engagement. Those two maiden aunts are living in a little bungalow that she’s built for them out in a suburb of Chicago today, and me—I’m on the job right here just as you see me.

“Uncle Dave? He turned up—not so many days ago. And he has the pneumogastric to try to chuckle her under the chin just like he used to in Springfield. And she don’t say a word.

“She just turns white as a bit of powdered chalk. I catches her as she keels over. I holds her with one hand. With the other I sticks a hatpin into Uncle Dave where it will do the most good.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE IMMIGRANT GIRL.

In the musty old records of United States District Attorney Edwin W. Sims, in the federal building, is written the story of the tragedy of a little Italian peasant girl.

The story is similar in many details to the stories told to Mr. Sims and his assistant, Harry Parkin, by more than 200 black-haired, sloe-eyed beauties from sunny Italy. They had all been imported, brought through the underground railroad of the white slaver, over the Canadian border, down the St. Claire river, through the great lakes and into Chicago.

Whether these hunters of the innocent ply their awful calling at home or abroad, their methods are much the same—with the exception that the foreign girl is more hopelessly at their mercy.

The story of the tragedy of this little Italian peasant girl, who helped her father till the soil in the vineyards and fields near Naples, is but one of many of similar character, but it is expressive. She was a beautiful little creature. Her form was that of a Venus—her great mass of black hair hung in a dense cloud from her shapely head. One might picture her, before she was enticed into the terrible life of shame, as a little queen among the women of her race.

Yet when she was brought into the district attorney's office, having been one of a number of aliens captured in a raid by federal authorities on immoral dives in South Chicago, she was a mass of scars. Her eyes had lost their deep expressive quality. Her nerves seemed to be wrecked.

When she was brought into what the sensational newspapers would call the "sweat box" it was clear that she was in a state of abject terror. She stoutly maintained that she had been in this country for more than three years and that she was in a life of shame from choice and not through the criminal act of any person.

She attempted to tell how she had come to this country alone, but was unable to tell the name of the steamship on which she had crossed the ocean or how she had reached Chicago. In broken English she said that she had been in a house of ill repute in New York before coming to Chicago and that she had received the scars on her face through an old injury that had happened years before.

Assistant District Attorney Parkin, however, was not convinced. He asked her several questions in quick succession. To all of them she quickly answered "three years."

This is the length of time immigrants must be in this country before they may be picked up and deported as aliens.

It was this answer that convinced him that the girl had been cowed into submission and "schooled" by her procurers under threats. It was through this answer that the white slavers rested their hope that the girl's story would be believed and that they would be safe from criminal prosecution.

Soon, however, the assistant district attorney convinced her that he and his associates were her friends and protectors and that their purpose was to punish those who had profited by her ruin and to send her back to her Italian home with all her expenses paid; that she was under the protection of the United States and was as safe as if the King of Italy should take her under his royal care and pledge his word that her enemies should not have revenge upon her.

Then she broke down and related her awful narrative. That every word of it is true no one could doubt who saw her as she told it.

A "fine lady," who wore beautiful clothes, came to where she lived with her parents. She made friends with every one. Money seemed of no object to her. She lavished it upon the young girls of the district and flattered them. She told the young immigrant girl that she was uncom-

monly pretty and professed a great interest in her. Such flattering attentions from an American lady, who wore clothes as fine as those of the Italian nobility, could have but one effect on the mind of the simple little peasant girl and her still simpler parents. Their heads were completely turned and they regarded the American lady almost with adoration.

Very shrewdly the woman did not attempt to bring the little girl back with her, but held out the hope that some day a letter might come with money for her passage to America. Once there she would become the companion of her American friend and they would have great times together.

Of course, in due time, the money came—and the \$100 was a most substantial pledge to the parents of the wealth and generosity of the “American lady.” Unhesitatingly she was prepared for the voyage which was to take her to the land of happiness and good fortune. According to the arrangements made by letter the girl was met at New York by two “friends” of her benefactress, who attended to her entrance papers and took her in charge. These “friends” were two of the most brutal of all the white slave drivers who are in the traffic. At this time she was about sixteen years old, innocent and rarely attractive for a girl of her class, having the large,

handsome eyes, the black hair and the rich olive skin of a typical Italian.

Where these two men took her she did not know—but by the most violent and brutal means they quickly accomplished her ruin. For a week she was subjected to unspeakable treatment and made to feel that her degradation was complete and final.

And here let it be said that the breaking of the spirit, the crushing of all hope for any future save that of shame, is always a part of the initiation of a white slave. Then the girl was shipped to Chicago, where she was disposed of to the keeper of an Italian dive of the vilest type. On her entrance here she was furnished with gaudy dresses and wearing apparel for which the keeper of the place charged her \$600. As is the case with all new white slaves, she was not allowed to have any clothing which she could wear upon the street.

Her one object in life was to escape from the den in which she was held a prisoner. To “pay out” seemed the surest way, and at length, from her wages of shame, she was able to cancel the \$600 account. Then she asked for her street clothing and her release—only to be told that she had incurred other expenses to the amount of \$400.

Her Italian blood took fire at this and she made a dash for liberty. But she was not quite quick enough and the hand of the oppressor was upon her. In the wild scene that followed she was slashed with a razor, one gash straight through her right eye, one across her cheek and another slitting her ear. Then she was given medical attention and the wounds gradually healed, but her face is horribly mutilated, her right eye is always open and to look upon her is to shudder.

When the raids began she was secreted and arrangements made to ship her to a dive in the mining regions of the west. Fortunately, however, a few hours before she was to start upon her journey the United States marshals raided the place and captured herself as well as her keepers. To add to the horror of her situation she became a mother. The awful thought in her mind, however, is to escape from assassination at the hands of the murderous gang which oppressed her.

This is only one of a score of similar cases discovered by the authorities.

It is only necessary to say that the legal evidence thus far collected establishes with complete moral certainty these awful facts: That the white slave traffic is a system—a syndicate which has its ramifications from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific ocean, with “clearing houses” or “dis-

tributing centers" in nearly all of the larger cities; that in this ghastly traffic the buying price of a young girl is \$15 and that the selling price is generally about \$200—if the girl is especially attractive the white slave dealer may be able to sell her for \$400 or \$600; that this syndicate did not make less than \$200,000 last year in this almost unthinkable commerce; that it is a definite organization sending its hunters regularly to scour France, Germany, Hungary, Italy and Canada for victims; that the man at the head of this unthinkable enterprise is known among his hunters as "The Big Chief."

Also the evidence shows that the hirelings of this traffic are stationed at certain ports of entry in Canada where large numbers of immigrants are landed to do what is known in their parlance as "cutting out work." In other words, these watchers for human prey scan the immigrants as they come down the gangplank of a vessel which has just arrived and "spot" the girls who are unaccompanied by fathers, mothers, brothers or relatives to protect them. The girl who has been spotted as a desirable and unprotected victim is promptly approached by a man who speaks her language and is immediately offered employment at good wages, with all expenses to the destination to be paid by the man. Most frequently laundry work is the bait held out, sometimes

housework or employment in a candy shop or factory.

The object of the negotiations is to "cut out" the girl from any of her associates and to get her to go with him. Then the only thing is to accomplish their ruin by the shortest route. If they cannot be cajoled or enticed by promises of an easy time, plenty of money, fine clothes and the usual stock of allurements—or a fake marriage—then harsher methods are resorted to. In some instances the hunters really marry the victims. As to the sterner measures, it is, of course, impossible to speak explicitly beyond the statement that intoxication and drugging are often used as a means to reduce the victims to a state of helplessness and sheer physical violence is a common thing.

When the United States authorities some time ago raided the French resorts on the south side in search of foreign born victims of the slave trade, some of the most palpable of slavery tactics were discovered.

"Not one woman in one of these prominent resorts was found who could speak English," said Assistant United States Attorney Parkin. "But in their own tongue everything said by them showed long drilling as to answers that should be made to inquiries. Ask any one of these women a sudden question in English and her reply

to anything asked would be 'five years,' the term of residence in the United States that would prevent deportation.

"The typical story of the women was of having come to New York about four years ago as companions or servants in the family of well to do French immigrants. After several years the family had returned, leaving the girl, who about three or four months before had come to Chicago from a New York resort.

"But the slavery feature was bulwarked by every fact that we could elicit from these drilled women. Not one of them knew by what steamer she had come to the country; she could not even name the line by which she sailed. She didn't know what the steamer fares were. She could not name a single street in New York, which would have been a certainty had she even stopped there for a week at liberty.

"We seized trunks in their possession on which were the stamps of the customs officials, showing that most of the women had come in the second cabin. In some of these trunks we found sealed letters, written by girls to parents in France, begging them to write, and as completing the slavery chain, we found other letters in possession of the keepers, written long before by these girls to parents, which the keepers had received for

mailing but which they had refused to post for the helpless prisoners.

"The girls were 18 to 22 years old and had come through Ellis Island under assumed names. The letters in the trunks revealed the true names of the writers. None of them could tell a date of sailing or date of landing. One of these girls had \$1,500 charged against her for clothing furnished by the house. Another girl said the house owed her \$890, which she had been unable to collect. Once a month they were sent to the 'summer cottage' of this resort, at Blue Island, where under guard of their slavers, they had the freedom of an elaborate house and the privileges of a launch and boats on the river.

"Slavery is the only logical deduction accounting for these women's presence in these houses. None of them could tell anything about the appearance of a steamer ticket. Everything points to their having been imported to this country by slave traffickers and of their having been forwarded to Chicago directly from the port of entry under charge of some one who assumed all charge of them to every smallest detail of transportation. In the Chicago houses raided we found that some man was held responsible for one or more of these women. He lived off them and was looked to to enforce discipline among them in return for the privilege."

Only the French and the Hungarian resorts so far have been raided by the United States district attorney. It is former Assistant State's Attorney Roe's discovery that on the west side where ten years ago scarcely a single Jewess was to be found in a resort, today 80 per cent of the inmate are Russian and Polish Jews. The field here is promising to the United States authorities, who can work only from the statute which allows of deporting these women under certain residence restrictions.

One fact accounting for this increase in Jewish habitues of west side resorts is explained by a Russian exile in Chicago.

In St. Petersburg, Moscow and other capitals of Russia only the Jewess in slavery may enter. It is the only condition under which the Jewish girl may enter these cities.

At the first necessity for importation, how easy is the traffic?

CHAPTER V.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE STAGE.

One thousand innocent girls, the majority of them still in their teens, are lured to a life of shame each year in the city of Chicago alone through the stage.

This is the statement of the police. It is the statement of the keepers of the dives themselves.

A visit to almost any of the dives of the Twenty-second street district will convince even the most skeptical reader of the truth of this statement.

Enter and inquire for a show girl.

True, she will not be the sprightly, supple and pretty creature one sees nightly on the stages of the better theaters of the city. Yet she is a show girl—or, rather, I might say, has been one.

She is a show girl who has fallen. The sparkle of wine, the glare of lights and the happy-go-lucky company of the after-theater parties have proven her downfall. Under their baneful influences she has been led on, until now you see her dull-eyed, disheveled haired, with all ambition gone, her natural appetites ruined—a Magdalen.

When a girl becomes a member of a chorus or ballet of a comic opera company—that is to say,

when she enters the profession—she is usually a good girl, of fair education, with supple figure, and usually beautiful in features. As a rule she has never kept company with men, moneyed men, blase men of the world.

In every chorus one will find a number of “old stagers,” or girls who have been in the profession for several years. They have been through “the mill.” The gay life has attracted them. They know lots of “dandy good fellows” who are more than willing to “show them a good time.”

The family names of the young men are almost copyrighted by the newspapers. Every one has heard of them.

It is easy for the “old stager” to win the young and inexperienced girl unless the younger show girl has a great amount of will power. Once won over, the work is easy.

It starts with a dash through the city in a ten thousand dollar automobile. Drinks are taken en route. Of course, the young girl can't refuse. She is with such nice fellows: The “old stager” urges her on. The “stager” may have lost her attractions, but the old gay life must be kept up. To keep her place in the whirl she must turn procuress for the rich men who must be amused. If she did not bring the young girl her company would not be asked.

The first trip usually proves the first step into

the dark pit. Even though the young show girl may not have fallen the gay company has had its effect. The next time a party is suggested there is no refusal. There is no refusal of the drinks brought to the girl. The suggestive remarks and show of animal passion of the male companion are received with less resentment.

Then the final step towards the brothel is taken. It may be in the richly furnished apartments of the young man after a night's carousal. It may be in some of the loop hotels that live off of fallen women. It may be in the brothel itself.

The senses may have been dulled by some sleeping potion. It is not an unusual occurrence for a girl to be drugged while sipping some innocent looking drink or partaking of the luxurious viands set forth at these seemingly gay parties. The "wealthy young man"—the companion of the young girl—may be a white slaver in disguise, merely spending the money of his employers, the keepers of the brothels, that he may be able to supply them with new human flesh.

The records of the police courts of the city tell of scores of such cases. They do not tell the story, however, of the thousands who have been lured in a like manner and who kept silence because of their shame.

They do not tell of the young girls to whom the promise of marriage was made and who, un-

der this persuasion, fell. In some instances the promise is even fulfilled, but the girl wife awakes to find herself even farther advanced toward the ultimate goal—the brothel.

Once on the downward path, there is but little chance of reformation. The thought of her shame drives her from her purer companions. She seeks company that is on a lower moral plane. The dull, innocent existence and the purer pleasures no longer attract her. Home and parents are forgotten in the mad whirl. Religion and home teachings are a thing of the past. The whole nature has changed.

She gradually assumes the habits and customs of her immoral companions. She drops into the slangy language of the underworld. The oaths and drunkenness that once were repellant to her are heard with an unmoved conscience. Her physical charms are attacked by this fly-by-night existence. All of the innocent attributes that once were applauded and extolled are dead.

The managers no longer want her. She is not sprightly enough. Her voice has lost its charm and her face is dull. They must have girls who excite interest and enliven their audiences. It is only a short time until she is unable to find a place to work.

It is a mad, wild dash while it lasts—good cheer and Bohemian fellowship, but it always has the

ultimate end—the furnished flat or the recognized den of vice.

It may last a year, it may last several, but the goal is the same. The girl who “saw the good time and met such nice fellows” is eventually a victim to the caprice of flesh buyers. In the end she doles out her own body for a price. This is the price she pays for her “good time.”

But few of the girls who start on this downward path ever reform. Many have tried, but the way is too hard. They meet persons who have known them when they were leading this evil existence. They are slighted and scoffed at. Their ambition to again become pure and good is thwarted. As a rule they sink back into the whirl. This time they give up in utter abandon. Nothing is then too bad or repulsive. The end is not far off.

The girl in the road company is subjected to the greater temptations. She must travel at all hours of the night and day. The road shows usually play but one night in a town.

The hotel accommodations are usually poor. In some places she must “double up” with somebody. Sometimes it is a male companion.

In the burlesque shows this is not regarded as out of the way. The chorus girls of these vulgar attractions are usually “castoffs” or “has beens” from the comic operas or more wholesome attrac-

tions. Their charms have diminished, therefore they must accept these more lowly positions.

The dressing rooms of men in many of the smaller theaters are in close connection of those of the women. Recently in the city of Chicago a crusade was started against these places. Some alterations were made, but the condition in many instances is unimproved.

The young girls are taught and drilled that sex is to be forgotten on the stage.

Here feminine traits are to be left at home. If a girl is asked to kiss or throw her arms about a man, no matter what character he may be, it is her duty to do so. If she is asked to bare her body to the public gaze, with nothing but skin tights to cover her nudity, it is her duty to do so. That is what she is being paid for.

The animal nature of the audience must be satisfied.

Every year the vulgarity becomes more and more apparent. New and more suggestive novelties must be introduced to satisfy this "taste." The songs must have a "meaning"—the dances, some of which bring the blush of shame to the brow of even the most hardened theater-goers—must also arouse the passion.

The good girl first rebels at such. Day in and day out, as she rehearses, she sees other girls doing the thing that is required without kick or

objection. She gradually falls into it herself. It does not look so bad after she has bowed to the manager's wishes several times.

It isn't long before the things that once caused her to blush and falter seem to be a natural consequence. The things against which she once fought are repulsive no longer.

She gradually falls into line with the others. Her innocence is a thing of the past.

She is no longer a girl—she is a woman “who knows.”

It was about a year ago that I saw a young girl, a beautiful little creature scarcely nineteen years old, at a Chicago theater. She was a beauty, even in comparison with the other comely girls in the squad of beginners.

While they were resting after an act I talked with her. She frankly told me she was stage struck, but that her desire to become a great actress was inborn and not gained by association. Before she came to the city from her home in a little town out in Iowa she had seen but one show. Her ideas of the stage had been gained from books and from day dreams.

Her conversation was the essence of innocence. Her family had been particular about her rearing. They had been in moderate circumstances and had given her everything in their power. She

had come to Chicago to attain her ideal—to become a great actress.

She was of the frank and innocent type. Everybody she regarded as her friend. She was enthusiastic about her art. That her ambition would be realized she did not doubt for an instant.

It was ten months later when I met her again.

Her face wore a tell-tale look. The daintiness of bearing and innocent features were missing. Her shyness was gone. She was bold, and immeasurably aged.

A heavy coat of powder and rouge besmeared her face, but only served to make the dark circles beneath her eyes stand forth with more prominence. The simple, childish gown I had admired was replaced by a showy, flashy creation.

In one glance I read the answer, the secret of her changed existence.

When her eyes met mine, for a second in their dull depths I could see an expression of the old innocence. Probably it was the thought she entertained for that short space in the connecting of me with her old and pure existence.

When she spoke I could not be mistaken. Try as she did to appear the girl of old, it was useless. The pace had told and left its trace only too strongly written on every line of her face.

After the usual greeting I asked her to take dinner with me. She assented.

In the cafe I asked her what had happened. How she had fallen.

For a minute she sat gazing at me and her eyes filled with tears.

"Do I look that way? Can every one I meet read what I am?" she asked tearfully.

I tried to evade her questioning, but she pressed for an answer. Then I told her that I was afraid her secret was only too plainly written.

"Why don't you give it up and go home?" I asked her.

She thought a minute and then answered that she couldn't.

"I'm not as bad as lots of the others," she said desperately. "I don't hope and long any more to become a great actress.

"I found there were so many more girls who were more accomplished than me. I couldn't get anything but a chorus part. I became discouraged and went out for good times. I had them, I guess."

When I asked her to go home and try to begin over again her anger was aroused. The company she had kept had left its mark on her.

"Say, now, don't hand me any of that religious talk," was her angry answer. "It's nothing to you why I don't go home. I've had good times and I am going to have more of them."

I talked to her for a few minutes, but soon found argument to be useless. We ate our dinner quietly and without further words. When I parted with her it seemed as though it were for the last time. I knew the end that was near at hand—the specter that was waiting for her.

It was three weeks later when I saw her again. There was a different setting for the scene than at our two other meetings.

The scene was laid in a cell room at the Harrison street police station. On an iron cot lay a young girl. She was in a maudlin condition from drugs. Her clothes were dirty and torn. Her face was discolored and bloated.

It was the same girl—the little innocent show girl of a year before.

She had been arrested in a raid by the police on the notorious Clark street opium dive of On Ling Lung. Lying in a dirty cot in the rear of the basement den, she had been found by the raiders. She was unconscious. On a little stand by her side had been a little alcohol lamp. On the bunk beside her lay an opium pipe.

I asked the sergeant the details of her arrest.

“The station stool pigeons who had been watching the place saw her go down into it about a week ago,” said the sergeant. A well dressed Chinaman was with her. She looked as though she was drunk.

"We wanted to get all of those opium smokers down there all at once, so we waited a week. I don't think she has eaten much since she went there. Just laid there and smoked.

"After they get a taste of the dreamy stuff they can't leave it alone. It's poison and it just goes all through them.

"You don't want to monkey with her," the sergeant admonished when I suggested that I would see that care would be given her. "She's gone now. She got the taste, and there's no use trying to break it. You couldn't. She'll get a couple of months down in the Bridewell and it'll straighten her up for a while, but she'll be back in a little while.

"No, sir, there's no use talking, when they once get a whiff of that dope they might as well jump in the lake. They're no good.

She was still lying in a stupor on the iron cot when I left the dingy cell room. In a couple of hours she would awaken, but only to go into a delirium.

As I left I could see a vision of the innocent girl of the year before, standing among the sceneries of the down-town theater, telling of her ambitions.

How far had her whole being retrograded from that day!

But she was only one of many—a victim of the stage.

Probably the greatest agency through which girls are lured is the fake “theatrical agency.”

In Chicago there exists many of these clearing houses for the vice trust. Sumptuous offices are maintained in great office buildings down town. Large office forces are necessary to carry on the enormous business they conduct.

These concerns operate usually under a name similar to those of the legitimate and responsible theatrical agencies. Their advertisements usually appear in papers in small towns and cities. The police keep a close watch on them, but without result.

Few of the girls obtained by the slavers through these agencies are ruined in the city.

The “theatrical agency” slaver works in this manner:

He advertises in papers all over the country for girls “who wish to take up theatrical work.” Even in the city papers he inserts ads disguised, but with the same meaning.

Large salaries are offered to beginners. Chances of advancement within a few months to parts in plays are held out. Offers are made to sign contracts for several years’ duration.

Every girl must answer the advertisement in person. This is imperative.

Scores of girls do answer the ads. They usually range from 16 to 21 years in age. The majority of them come from families in only moderate circumstances.

They are received with every courtesy. If the girl is good looking, of good figure and a fair entertainer she is "accepted" by the fashionably dressed manager. If she is not up to these requirements she is told to come back.

When the girl signs the "contract" her fate is sealed. Great inducements are offered her.

She is told that she must join a road company traveling in the west, and which will perform in a city probably 100 or 150 miles away on a near date.

The girl, happy at her good fortune, is enthusiastic. She bids her family a fond good-bye, the last, probably.

The kiss she places fondly on her mother's brow is that of a person going to her grave. The laughing farewells she has with her young friends are the last. The homecoming within a few months' time is never to be realized.

The signing of her name to the contract is the signing of her death warrant—yes, even worse than that.

In that stroke of the pen she signs away her body to the slavers.

Happily, probably accompanied by a relative,

she goes to the "theatrical agency" office to obtain her railroad ticket. There she is introduced to a stylishly dressed man. He is to accompany her and several other girls down to the city where they are to join the troupe, she is told.

The stylishly dressed man is, in reality, her guard. It is his duty to see that none of the girls escape their fate. He is to hand them over to the divekeepers for a sum ranging from \$50 to \$1,000 each, at the end of their journey.

Until the girls are handed over to the den-keepers they are treated with the utmost respect.

They go to their fate like innocent sheep to the slaughter pen.

Probably they are taken to the city where they were told they were going. Probably there is a "sudden change of plans" after the girls are at the depot. They are then taken to another city from the destination told their relatives and friends.

On the arrival at the end of their journey they are met by a woman. She is stylishly dressed and wears many beautiful diamonds. She is probably introduced as the "leading lady." She has taken a special interest in the new girls. She offers to show them about the city.

It is probably at dinner or while they sleep innocently that night, dreaming of their good fortune, that they are robbed of their senses. A

handkerchief, wet with chloroform or ether, spread over their faces does the work. Or it may be a small powder dropped in their coffee.

Then comes the awful awakening.

The scene changes to a den of vice. The young girls awake in a darkened room. Each one is alone. All of her clothes have been taken from her. She is nude. Her head seems to be bursting. It is the after-effect of the drug.

As she begins to regain her faculties more fully she makes out the figure of a man in her room. As he sees her beginning to revive he comes towards her. She attempts to cover up her nude body. She struggles to free herself as he grabs hold of her. He laughs at her pitiable efforts to repulse him.

What matter it if she does resist him! She has been ruined while she lay unconscious under the influence of the drug!

The young girl, terrified and ill, is easily made a friend of by the woman who comes to her and offers her sympathy. She drinks of the "medicine" that is offered her. In a few minutes she is in a maudlin condition.

It is more "dope."

Under the influence of this drug she is a mark at the hands of the denkeepers. She is given whisky and liquor. As the effects of the drug

die out she craves for more. Liquor is given in its stead.

For several weeks she may be kept in this state. She is maudlin and resents no liberties taken with her.

Then comes the awakening. When the dive-keeper thinks she is sufficiently "broke in" she is refused liquor. She gradually becomes sober.

It is an awful awakening. The darkness of it all—the thought of her ruin drives her mad. She is watched carefully for days so that she can not harm herself. To forget the terrible things she is forced to do, she goes back to drink. Under its influence she is past knowing of her forced sins.

Her every hope is ruined. If she attempted to leave the place she would be beaten and imprisoned. The young girl is ashamed, anyway, to go home and confess the story of her "theatrical" career.

She stays behind and becomes one of them. In the little home, probably only a hundred miles away, a father and mother wait expectantly for her homecoming.

The wait is long, for she never returns. She has been swallowed up by the giant octopus, white slavery.

An example of this method of white slavery was recently exposed in the Chicago newspapers.

Two young girls, one 15 years old, the other 16, applied for positions at one of these "theatrical agencies." They were given positions in a "show" that was playing at Springfield, Illinois.

A big salary was guaranteed both of them. They were happy at their good luck. Both ran away from home to accept the positions. A man accompanied them to Springfield.

In a restaurant in the capital city of Illinois they were drugged. Poison was placed in their food. When they woke up they were in one of the lowest dives of the city, the "Big O" saloon and brothel.

In this place are kept fifty girls. The majority of them were obtained by a similar method. There is only one entrance to the floor on which the girls were confined. That door was to a stairway that connected the upper floor with the saloon. A man stood on guard to see that none of the girls escaped.

Three times the girls attempted to escape. In the last effort one of them was successful. The other two times the girls were beaten and starved when caught.

The girl who escaped made her way to a police station. She was garbed only in a short wrapper that reached barely to her knees. The remainder of her person was bare. Her clothes had been taken from her when she was taken to the place.

The police at once raided the place and rescued the other girl. The Chicago police were notified and returned both of them to their parents.

Both girls had been horribly treated. Every liberty that can be imagined had been taken with them. They had been forced to do acts beyond comprehension.

This is but one actual instance of the methods employed to lure girls to an awful fate, but it tells the story of hundreds.

This is but one method whereby the great slave mart of Chicago is kept in operation, sacrificing its thousands of girl to the demon lust.

The stage, with all its attractions, can be but the stepping stone to a life of shame, unless the girl is surrounded with every home protection.

It leads its victims a merry whirl, a gay, giddy time, while it lasts, but the end is always in sight.

The brothel flirts with the stage. It regards it as a needful source of supplies.

And the stage, fickle and flighty, lays its innocents on the altar.

Its sacrifice yearly in the great metropolis of the west is 1,000 victims a year.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE FIVE THOUSAND.

It was the cold gray dawn of a late November morning. The scene is laid in the marshy slough far to the north of the buildings of the Dunning poor farm at the north edge of the city of Chicago.

In the chill and drizzling rain an aged, bent-shouldered man was digging. The soft, wet mud he tossed in a pile alongside of the hole in which he stood. Finally he slowly clambered out of the pit and surveyed his work.

The hole was nearly six feet long and three feet wide. It was about the latter in depth.

Suddenly the old man looked up. To the south of him he heard the rumble of a wagon. A few minutes later the rusty gate at the end of the meadow swung creakingly on its hinges. With a rattle and bounce the wagon again started towards him.

The wagon was a high boarded affair. On its side could be read the inscription, "City of Chicago," and then the number "321."

The vehicle drew up close to the hole. The driver reined in his galloping horses with a jerk at its side.

"Hello, Bill. Been waiting long?" yelled the driver to the old man as he jumped from his seat.

"Just finished," answered the digger.

The driver by this time was busy with the end-gate of his wagon. Letting it down, he pulled at a long box in the vehicle.

The box was a hastily constructed affair. It was of plain, unfinished boards. Sticking to the boards were pieces of colored lithographs, as though they had once been part of a dismantled billboard. The top consisted of two heavy planks roughly nailed on.

The driver struggled with the box a moment. Then he came around to where the aged man stood.

"You've got to help me, Bill. She's a darn heavy one," exclaimed the driver.

The two men clambered up on the wagon and grabbed hold of one end of the box. Together they lifted it in the air. The box slid to the ground, on end, with a thud.

The men took hold of the box and skidded it along the muddy ground to the pit. It was slid off to the top of the hole. There it stuck.

"Gee, Bill, you didn't get that hole long enough," exclaimed the driver.

"You guys up at the dead house didn't tell me she was a six footer," muttered the old man. "How'd you expect me to guess on these stiff's?"

"Never mind, Bill, I'll fix it," said the driver.

Then, suiting his words, he leaped high into the air and came down with a bound on one end of the box. The soft ground gave away after a few attempts and the big box sank with a sucking sound in the bottom of the hole.

"Take care of her good, Bill," yelled back the driver, as he clambered back on the seat of his wagon. "She's a swell one. She came from the E—— club. She certainly was a peach.

"Doc told me, when I was loading her on a while ago, that it was a dirty shame to waste such a good stiff. He said that if she hadn't been so far gone they'd have handed her over to the medical schools."

Then, with a rumble, the wagon started off on its return journey.

The old man gazed down for a moment on the box. On its top, inscribed with black paint, was the number "24331."

At the side of the pile of dirt lay a little six inch board, which the driver had thrown from the wagon. It, too, bore the number "24331."

The old man dug his spade into the wet dirt. Then he pitched a huge clod into the pit. It struck with a resounding bang on the lid of the box. In a few minutes the hole was filled. The old man stuck the numbered stick into the ground at the head of the mound.

Stretching away in long rows on either side, hundreds of other similar numbered sticks jutted from unkempt mounds.

The old digger shouldered his spade and started slowly to leave the scene. Then he stopped and slowly surveyed his work.

"A swell one, huh," he half muttered to himself. "Well, so was lots of the rest of them that's out here now—once."

Then, with a sigh, he started on his long trudge across the muddy meadow towards the buildings of the poorhouse.

* * * *

It was the night of the same day.

The myriad of incandescents in the "red light" district lighted that section of the city as though it were day. Drunken crowds of fashionably dressed men caroused about the streets, hurling vile names at persons they met. Down at the edge of the district a fight was waging. A large crowd had collected. A blue-coated policeman dashed towards the combatants, club in hand. There was a wild scramble in all directions.

In the shadows of a big building a man was crouching. His cap was pulled low about his eyes to shield him from recognition.

He was a "roller," or holdup man. He was watching a particularly drunken man who stag-

gered along the street. If the man went into the darkness his fate would be sealed. The "roller" would be upon him like a panther. A crunching blow on the head with the short lead bar that the robber gripped in his hand. Then a hurried searching of the man's pockets. The extracting of his money and watch. Then back into the darkness again to wait for a new victim.

Suddenly the man drew back further into his hiding place. An automobile had stopped directly opposite him, in front of the E—— club. A well dressed man leaped from the machine and gave orders to his chauffeur to wait until he returned.

The man hurried up the steps to the massive door. The bell pealed back in an inner parlor. A livered servant opened the door. As the man entered a negress, an assistant keeper, came towards him.

"Hello, Mr. W——, where have you been for the last couple of weeks?" inquired the woman.

"Been out of town," answered the man. Then he glanced around the place.

"Where's Mabel?" he asked, with a laugh.

"She's not here any more," muttered the negress.

"What's the matter—sick, is she?" asked the visitor.

"Nope; worse. She croaked a couple of days ago," answered the woman.

"Too bad," answered the man. "She was a pretty girl. Well, that's the end of her, I guess. Got any new ones?"

"Yes, we got one in today to take her place," answered the woman. And then she added, with a laugh: "She thinks she's in a swell place and is going to have a big time. She's a beauty, though; eighteen years old and raised in a little town down state."

"All right, run her out and let me see her," broke in the man.

In the big den of vice there was no mourning. The mentioning of the dead girl's name was forbidden. The thought of death might act as a damper on the night's orgie. A day later she would not be missed. Another girl would take her place. Perchance some one might drop in some day and ask for her, but only in a matter-of-course way.

Only one girl in 80,000 dead. What did she count in that vast host?

One day, but a few weeks ago, I entered one of these dens on Armour avenue, in Chicago. I wandered up on to the second floor without the knowledge of the keepers. An open door attracted my attention. Peering in I saw a young girl lying on a bed.

Her head and face were swathed in bandages.

She seemed to be in great pain. On a table near at hand were several bottles of medicine. She was without a nurse and alone in the room.

I asked her what was the matter, but she only shook her head and refused to answer. I persisted. After much persuasion she lifted an edge of the bandage and exposed her face.

It was a mass of burns.

Before I could inquire further a negress keeper entered the room.

"You can't stay in here," she said angrily.

"What's the matter with the girl?" I asked.

"Oh, she got foolish the other day and took a dose of carbolic acid," was the answer. "She ain't burned bad—at least not as bad as I've seen lots of them. Don't give her any of that soft home talk and she'll get over it all right in a couple of days."

With this the woman held the door open and motioned for me to leave.

In the early morning, three days later, I happened to pass the same place. A wagon, painted black and without a name to designate its owner, was standing in the road at a side entrance.

I stood watching for a few minutes. Presently the door opened. Four men came out carrying between them an undertaker's stretcher. On it lay a body covered with a white sheet.

I approached and asked one who who was dead.

"Just one of the girls here," was the answer. Then he added: "Say, but she's an awful sight; she took carbolic."

He pulled back the sheet. It was the girl whom the negress had said "got foolish."

"Where are you taking her?" I asked.

"Oh, she goes over to the county morgue. She ain't got any money and the house didn't want to pay for her burial. No one knows where her folks live and I don't expect they'd want her anyhow if they found out what she was doing up here. The students will get her, I suppose."

"Hurry her up, Joe," broke in another one of the men at this juncture; "let us get away from here. The boss inside 'll be sore if we stick around. He ain't anxious to advertise the fact that he'd had a dead one in his house."

The men jumped on the wagon. The horses started on a trot with their burden towards the county morgue.

* * * *

In one den is a girl who has saved \$5,000 from the money she derived from the sale of her body. She is in a class by herself in this respect, for but a few of them save a cent.

This girl was, a few years ago, a stenographer. She was ruined by her employer and finally,

when he had tired of her, discharged from her position. She had saved nothing. Penniless and without friends, she heeded the advice of an evil companion and entered a house of prostitution.

Every cent she could eke and scrape she has saved since she entered this den. Her hope was that she might be able to save enough so that she could go to the far west and live down her past life. But the grasp of the devil held her to her bargain. When the time came she found that she could not break off her unnatural habits. She could not be innocent and good again. So she stayed behind.

"How long do you think you will be able to keep up this life?" I asked her.

"Oh, four or five years, I guess," she answered between puffs of a cigarette she was smoking.

"What are you going to do then?"

"I'm not thinking about that time," she said.

"When I get worn out and they tell me they don't want me here any more, I'll go somewhere—I'm not worrying where.

"I'd quit now, but what's the use? If I left here every one would be kicking me down in the gutter. Now suppose I wanted to be good, would mothers you know want their nice, innocent daughters associating with me? No, you know they wouldn't. It would be only a couple of weeks and then I'd be back again."

"Have any of the girls in this place saved money except you?" was asked.

"There isn't a girl in the place who has ten dollars to her name except me," was the answer.

"How long have the majority of them been leading this life?"

"Most of them about two or three years. You see, this is a 'dollar house.' We don't get many of the young ones in here," was the reply.

"How are you paid in this place?" was asked.

"The girls get half of what they get from men. Then they get a tin check for two and a half cents for every bottle of beer they drink with the fellows that come in. They have to accept every drink offered them.

"They are charged five dollars a week for their board here by the keeper of the place. They have to buy all their clothes through him, too. They are charged big prices, so they don't have a chance to save."

"What does the average girl make in this place?" was asked.

"Oh, \$12 to \$18 a week, I guess. They have to pay their board and for their clothes out of that," replied the girl.

In the "red light" district of Chicago is an organized "trust." At its head are five big politicians. They practically control the district.

The trust owns a dry goods store, a grocery

store, a delicatessen, a drug store, a restaurant and a hotel. It has its own manicure parlors, its own dentist parlor and its own doctors. Every necessity of the denizens of the vice ridden district is catered to by this company.

The girls of the district must patronize them. This is an iron-bound order that cannot be broken.

Suppose that a girl in one of the dens wishes to purchase a dress. She goes to the dry goods store. There she makes her choice.

Before she leaves the house in which she is an inmate, the person in charge there gives her a slip of paper. It certifies that she is an inmate of that house.

She hands this to the shop keeper. After she has made her purchase she is handed back another slip. On it is marked the price of the dress. It is always double or triple the amount for which she could have purchased the same article at any other store.

When she returns to the house she turns this slip in. At the end of the week, when the house gives her the money she has earned, that exorbitant charge is deducted from the amount.

This conveys but a small idea of the bondage system that holds the girls of the district in its grasp. The exorbitant prices charged the girls for commodities keeps them constantly indebted

to the keeper of the den where they are inmates. They never get ahead.

If a girl attempted to leave the house without satisfying this debt her clothes would be taken from her. If she ran away she would probably be arrested, charged with theft or some other crime. Perjured testimony would be introduced against her. Her word would count for little. In court she would be regarded as a fallen woman. What she might say would be scorned. A jail sentence would be the result.

This is one of the many reasons why few girls leave these dens after they have once become inmates.

The white slaver, who hands young innocent girls over to this ghastly, reeking life, is not a type. He may be a prize fighter, an army officer, son of a preacher or a banker.

A year ago Chicago was startled when in a round-up of these local drivers of white slaves, the young man Leonard, son of a banker, skilled bank clerk and idol of his mother, was fined \$200 and costs for his crime.

It was a former officer in the Hungarian army who but a short time ago in Chicago showed this hold that white slavery has upon the slaver. In this case the man Sterk received a sentence of one year in prison. Sterk was a man of family. He placed Tereza Jenney in a resort in Buda-

pest and was living upon her shame. The girl escaped after a year and came to Chicago. Sterk, deserting his family, followed by the next boat. His income was gone. To get the woman back was his necessity.

But Sterk made a faux pas. He appealed to the government to deport his victim and made arrangements to return with her on the same boat. When under faulty indictment Sterk escaped the United States court, he was caught on a state charge and convicted.

In many cases, however, the court has had no chance to intervene. The girls go on and on in their lives of shame. Disease overtakes them in the end. Weakened physically by their excesses, they are unable to cope with it. Liquor and cigarettes leave tell-tale ravages.

Hopelessly battling against grim disease, the victim goes deeper and deeper into the last depths of repulsiveness. Her only hope of forgetting her affliction is in drunkenness. She loses all her womanly instincts and is a fiend. Finally liquor fails to keep her in that state of stupor in which she must remain. Cocaine and morphine are resorted to.

One day she regains consciousness. The darkness of her horrible existence enshrouds her. Remorse and recollections of her past engulf her. She realizes the futility of her life.

Then comes the end.

Maybe it is by the aid of a bottle of chloroform; maybe a gas jet is turned on; maybe there is the lifeless body of an "unknown" woman taken from the waters of Lake Michigan the next morning.

There are no tears wasted. A shrug of the shoulders on the part of the owner of the resort—probably he swears a bit when her name is mentioned. He hates to have such things happen to girls in his place, because "people might think that he is hard with people.

The murderer goes to the gallows with the priest and minister at his side. He is given his chance of repentance. He is given religious consolation.

To the fallen woman—once pure and innocent—dragged to her shame through her innocence—is held out no comfort. She is not given the opportunity to repent. She is a thing, repellant and abhorred. The very mention of her name brings a derisive laugh. No masses are said for the repose of her soul. Religious consolation is not to be thought of.

Her obituary is the notice, hidden among the advertisements of the local newspapers.

Notice: The body of Mabel Gormly, who died on November 15, 1909, is being held at the coun-

ty morgue. If the same is not claimed by relatives within five days it will be disposed of according to law.

Disposed of according to law means that it will be turned over to the medical schools for dissection, or if the body is not fit for such, will be carted to the pauper's graveyard at the poor farm.

With a few changes in minor detail this tells the story of the five thousand.

It tells of the end of the 5,000 innocents who yearly are lured to a life of shame in the city of Chicago alone.

It tells the story of the vacant chair at the hearthside of many a home throughout the country.

It is the annual tragedy, repeated not once, but 5,000 times yearly, in Chicago.

The end is the dissecting table—the potter's field—the lake.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LITTLE LACE MAKER.

(ELLA GINGLES' OWN STORY.)

As a prelude to the story which Ella Gingles tells for herself from the beginning of her trip from Ireland to America and her horrible experiences, the following letter which was received by Attorney Patrick H. O'Donnell from her pastor, is printed.

Larne Manse, Larne Co., Antrim, Ireland.

29th June, 1909.

Dear Sir:—

Last evening two American ladies, Miss Hopkins, of Chicago, and Mrs. Murphy, of Minneapolis, called upon me with reference to the poor young girl, Ella Gingles, whom, like a chivalrous-hearted Irishman, you have done and are doing so much to protect and defend. I know her well, her father is a member of the Congregation of which I am minister, as were his ancestors before him. He is a large farmer, well off, as Irish farmers go here in the North of Ireland, and his wife, Ella's mother, is an exceedingly nice, gentle-hearted woman. They have had a large family—thirteen, if my memory serves me—and as their minister I christened them all

and have seen them grow up from infancy. Ella was frequently under my roof, as she was on friendly terms with two young ladies—my adopted daughters—who reside with me. I always found her a bright, cheerful, well-principled girl, clever in many ways with her needle, etc., and especially in the art of crocheting and manufacturing lace. In the latter branches I know that she won prizes at our local annual industrial exhibitions in the town of Larne. But the family being large and their not being particularly prosperous here in Ireland, she and other young members of the family, like many other young people of energy and enterprise, have sought a land of better promise across the Atlantic with sad results to her unfortunately. As I have said, she is the child of respectable and well-off parents. She, herself so far as I know, has always been respectable and well conducted in every way, with a large infusion of enterprise and determination in her character; so that you may proceed in your generous and energetic endeavors in her behalf with the most entire confidence in her integrity in every respect. Accept for yourself and convey to those truly Christian people who are associated with you in the defense of an innocent, but much-injured young girl, the assurance of the most sincere gratitude and admiration, not only of the writer, but of the sorely-

stricken parents and friends of poor Ella, and
believe me,

Sincerely yours,

J. Kennedy,

Minister of the Old Presbyterian Congre-
gation of Larne & Kilwaughter.

(Postmarked) : "Larne, Ireland, June 30, 1909."

BY ELLA GINGLES.

It is a long and hard way when one must set forth to expose one's own butchery, shame and misfortune, but I feel that in telling this story the very fact that I have been a victim will carry with it weight.

It is a far cry from the green hills of Larne, from the wet meadows, glistening with the rains, from the song of the nightingale in the gathering dusk, the sweetness, the beauty of that green island which I call my home and which will henceforth be my only home, to the mire and filth of a criminal court in the city of Chicago, to the unspeakable horrors through which I have been dragged, and to the desperation to which I was driven.

Yes, this is a very far cry, from sweetness and light to mire and filth, but I feel that in justice to myself I must tell this thing as it is. I do not feel now as if this mire and filth had touched my person. I feel today that although I have been the victim of human fiends, although I have been

more monstrously abused than any other girl of my age or character in the world, I myself am as clean and pure as on the day when I left that little Irish homestead 18 miles from Belfast and came to America. One who is murdered is not a murderer, nor is one who is outraged a person of bad character. And a clean mind soon forgets even the most terrible episodes, the most awful happenings. Yes, I will forget everything that has happened and become again the girl who left Ireland such a short time ago to become a victim of fiends.

There are things that one must try to forget, although I know in my heart that my sleep till my dying day will be haunted by the pictures of the demons who have worked their will upon me and who if they had their just deserts should burn in deepest hades forever. But I will forget, I must forget. If I do not forget I shall go mad.

They say that I have been cool, calm and collected on the witness stand during my trial. I have been cool, calm and collected because I was telling the truth, but the reaction from those awful hours in court have been so terrible that I shudder even yet to think of them.

It was only the thought of the green hills, of the heather, of the blossoms in Spring and the yellow corn at harvest time, of the cuddling mother love, of the kindly faces which will not

turn away because I have been tortured—just the green hills, the green hills, and the rains and the sunshine and the light and the purity—I can say no more, but they will help me to forget, they will help me to become again the girl who won the lace prizes in Larne and the girl who had not been the victim of fiends. I will forget there. I could never forget here. America has become to me a nightmare, a horror; the name stands to me for all that is vile, horrible, unmentionable.

I am telling my story, not because I have any animus against anybody, not because I wish to get even with anybody, not because I wish to clear my own name, because I believe that has been cleared before the world by the solemn edict of a jury—not because I wish to create or to have brought forth the terrible things which were done to me.

I am telling this story in the hope of saving other girls, who like myself may be in danger from the beastly “slavers” and a life of shame. If I can but save a few girls from this horrible fate, if I can only help, in some modest way, to protect womanhood from the horrors of white slavery, I shall feel happy for laying bare my soul and giving to the world the true story of the attempt to make a white slave out of me.

I feel that I must write it, that American girls,

and girls of foreign birth who come to America, will not be misled and trapped as I was into the veritable jaws of hell. If I can keep a single girl out of this hell on earth by telling the plain story of what happened to me, I shall feel that I have done my duty by myself.

I am told by men who know about these awful things that my case is only one of many. What happened to me may be an isolated instance and I am told that it is representative of the workings of the panders for the "upper ring," or the dealing in girls' bodies by rich men, rather than the selling of girls to cheap resorts through a quicker route.

I feel that there is no pit too deep for people who will send an innocent girl into a life of shame, who will throw temptation in a girl's way, and will, when temptation fails, resort to force to drive her into hades itself.

I was born in Larne, Ireland. My parents are respectable middle class people and property owners. Our family is a large one, there being thirteen children. We are protestants, as are most of the people of that particular district of Ireland, our church being the Presbyterian. We have always been members of that church, as the letter from our pastor shows.

Larne, the city where I was reared, is a little town about 18 miles from Belfast. One of the

principal industries of the town is the making of hand-made Irish laces. I was brought up to the lace-making trade. I won several prizes against the best lace-makers in the Belfast region. I have invented one particular lace pattern of my own, an improved "grape-vine pattern." With this I won the lace-making prize in Larne on the occasion.

In Ireland there are continual tales of America, how easy it is to make money over there. I had never been farther away from Larne than Belfast in all my life. Many Irish girls had come to America, worked for a time and returned home with money, placing herself in a position to help out her parents in their old age. These stories attracted me. I met girls who had been to America. They had made lots of money and had fine clothes. The name America soon came to mean to me a golden land in the West, as it has meant to many another simple Irish girl. The spell came upon me so strongly that I could think of nothing else. I could see nothing but a golden land, and a fortune that I could make there with my laces, for I had heard that fabulous prices were paid for Irish laces in America. I begged my people to let me go to America. After much pleading they gave their consent.

I was about to purchase my ticket in Belfast when word reached me that Belle Raymond, a

girl I knew in Belfast and who had already purchased her ticket but had been taken ill, would be unable to make the trip. I thought I might get this ticket a little cheaper. I did save quite a little by purchasing her ticket, but I was obliged, on account of the registration of her name, to come under her name. My enemies have made much of the fact that I had gone under Belle Raymond's name. I am sorry now that I did it after all that has come out in connection with my terrible experiences. But I hope I will not be too severely blamed for doing what so many other people, even business people of integrity, have been known to do. To travel on another person's pass is undoubtedly wrong, but it is not a heinous crime.

Belle Raymond's ticket was for Canada and not for America direct, but to my mind all the countries over here were just alike, and as long as one landed on the west side of the Atlantic Ocean, I was satisfied. It was all a land of gold to me. So I went to Montreal on the ticket of Belle Raymond.

On ship-board I made several acquaintances among the other Irish girls on board, and they told me that the best way to get a start on this side of the water was to get a position as maid to some great lady and then interest her in lace-making. Then, they said, I could soon build up

a good trade for my laces among the people who had plenty of money to pay for them. They said that any attempt to sell laces outright would end in failure, as not one person in 100 knew real Irish lace when they saw it, and they would think that I was a fraud unless some great lady vouched for me.

I did not land directly in Montreal. The last stage of the journey I performed by train from Quebec, where I left the steamer. I spent half a day in Quebec viewing the sights of the city in company with several other girls. I then took the train for Montreal where I went directly to the Young Women's Guild home, where I knew I would be safe. The Guild secured me a position with the Thornton family in Belleville, Ontario.

I was overjoyed when I found that I was going into a great rich family, for they told me that Mrs. Thornton's father was worth many, many millions of dollars, and that he controlled the roller mill business in Canada. This meant that if I secured Mrs. Thornton as a patroness for my laces I could get all the rich ladies to buy.

Disappointment awaited me and my dreams were shattered. I worked nine months as a housemaid. Mrs. Thornton was not approachable by servants, although she was uniformly kind and considerate.

At the Thornton home the disillusion as to the golden land began to disappear rapidly and my life settled down to the humdrum of a housemaid's life. My dreams were shattered. I was tempted to do wrong on numerous occasions. Disheartened, I finally left the services of the family. I was given a letter certifying to my good character when I quit.

But there was no chance to get started with my lace-making. I thought perhaps it was because Belleville was too small a place and that therefore I would do better if I could get a place in a big city where I might get a position as lace-maker in some of the big stores I had heard about.

I went to Toronto where I worked for about three weeks. At the end of this time I had almost given up hope of doing anything with my lace-making. I was heartsick and almost ready to go home. I had saved up a little money, however, enough to take me to Chicago or some big city in the United States, and still have \$40 or \$50 left with which to support myself until I could get work of some kind. I was on the point of going back home to Ireland at first, but the thought that I would get there just about penniless, and without having done well on this side, and the thought of what the neighbors would say and how the other girls would laugh at me, finally

decided me to come to Chicago and make one last trial at what the Americans call "making good" before I gave up all hope. This fatal decision was my ruin. Had I been able to see ahead just a little, to have looked into that awful hell-pit of a Wellington hotel—but there. God ruled otherwise and perhaps chose me out as an example and warning.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

I was practically penniless when I arrived in Chicago. I knew no one. The magnitude of the city was fearful to me. For hours I wandered about knowing not where to go. Exhausted and frightened, I at last sought shelter in a railway station. The matron there was kind and talked encouragingly to me. She soon knew my story.

She took me to the Young Women's Christian Association and obtained a room for me. In a few days the officers of the association obtained a position for me as a maid at the Wellington hotel. For five weeks I was happy.

In the Wellington hotel was the lace store of Agnes Barrett. Fine Irish laces were on exhibition. The wealthy women of the city patronized the place and almost fabulous prices were paid for the tiny bits of laces on exhibition.

Agness Barrett seemed to take an interest in me. When she learned that I could make the laces and had won numerous prizes she was delighted. She asked me to come and work for her.

I was overjoyed at the opportunity. She told me that all I would have to do would be to sit in the store and make laces. She said that it

would give the establishment an atmosphere in the sight of the grand dames. That when they came to the store to make purchases and saw me sitting at work making the laces before their eyes, it would greatly increase the value of them. I then went to live with Mrs. Linderman, a kind, motherly woman, who lived at 474 La Salle avenue.

For a long time I was happy. Then Miss Barrett told me that business was slack and that she could not employ me steadily. After that, however, I was in the store quite often. Miss Barrett seemed to take a great liking for me. She was so kind and considerate. She petted and fondled me. Mrs. Cecilia Kenyon and Miss Donohue were also in the store. All of the women lived in the Wellington hotel. Miss Donohue was secretary of the hotel company. They all seemed to be very prominent. At least fine dressed men often came into the store to visit them. They went out to dinners with them and to the theatres.

To me Miss Barrett and Mrs. Kenyon, who was her intimate friend, were angels.

Often Miss Barrett took trips away from the city. She said at those times that she was going to French Lick Springs, Ind., where she had another lace store. When she returned she would

show me rolls of bills which she said were the profits from the store.

She told me that if I were only "wise" like she, I could have fine clothes and not have to work much. She said that lots of nice men with plenty of money were looking for nice girls like me, to make wives of them.

Her feeling towards me seemed to change almost in a day.

I became afraid of her. After these outbreaks I only went to the store when I was compelled to do so. When I did go she would be extravagant in her praises of me.

But all this only leads up to the first night.

That awful night, January 4, 1909, will haunt me to my grave. It was as if the deepest pit of the very deepest hell had suddenly been transferred to earth and found lodgment in Chicago.

This night is hard for me to describe. That I must bare the awful sights to which I was witness would be inexcusable if I were not trying to save other girls from the awful fate which awaits them if they come to the big cities of America trustful and innocent.

It is left for you who read this whether my attempt to save others from my dreadful fate is justifiable.

After the orgies which had taken place while I was lying helpless and frightened so that I

could scarcely move, I was told that I must be Miss Barrett's slave for six months. The price for my slavery was to be \$25 cash down, and \$5.00 a day for the term of slavery. I fought and screamed again at this and said if they did not let me have my clothes and get out of there I would get a detective and see what could be done. They both then told me that I could not get a detective at that hour of the night.

I was turned out of that hotel near midnight in the rain without a cent of money in my pockets, bleeding from the outrages from which I had suffered and forced to run all the way to my home in the rain.

I cannot describe the horrible scenes which took place. I cannot even bear to think of them. I only know that I fought and screamed and screamed until they took me to a bath room and threatened to cut me to pieces. They did cut me. I kicked and fought and fought and kicked and screamed until they administered what they called "knock-out" drops to me and until they cut me on the arms, face and limbs. It was only when I became unconscious from the drug that I ceased fighting them. I fought them even when they had me tied to the bath tub.

The man torturer I did not recognize. He was not the man in the velvet mask who tortured me on the first night. He was smaller. Mr.

O'Shaughnessey, my lawyer at my trial, demanded that the state in prosecuting me produce a man named Rohr and asked one of the witnesses if they knew a man named Anhaltz or Anhalt. I do not know if either of these was the man who held me on either occasion.

I do know, however, that the cutting was done by Miss Barrett herself, and she threatened me savagely several times, declaring that she would cut my heart out. The records of my sworn testimony, both in affidavits and at the trial show this.

It was while I was being tortured that the name of a man named Taggart was first heard by me. Miss Barrett said, "If Tom Taggart could only see her now." This I swore to on the witness stand in my trial for stealing lace which I made myself and I am ready to swear to it again. Then there was something said about the "Springs," and Miss Barrett said, "You know I promised to get them girls like this one." I was frightened to death by this time and did not know what to expect.

The story of the horrors of those awful nights of torture I will never forget. I can not repeat the happenings of those nights.

To tell that part of the story, I present to the reader two affidavits which I made as I lay, suffering from my awful treatment, on a cot at the

Frances Willard Memorial hospital. They are the substance of my testimony in court:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, }
County of Cook. } ss.

Ella Gingles, being first duly sworn, deposes and says:

That, about seven o'clock on the evening of January 4th, 1909, she returned from a trip down-town to her room at 474 La Salle Avenue, Chicago, and there found Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, and Mrs. Kenyon waiting.

That they said they had been waiting about four hours for her but that she found afterwards they had been waiting about an hour; that they told this affiant they had come out there in a cab, but dismissed the cab before affiant arrived home, which was near seven o'clock in the evening; that they came up to affiant's room and that Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, asked affiant to give her a collar that affiant had been enlarging for her and affiant told her she had not yet finished it, to which she replied that the woman to whom it belonged was about to leave town and could not wait for it.

Affiant then went to the bureau and took out the collar and gave it to her, when she said that she wanted the rest of the lace, and affiant told her she had not given affiant any more lace to do; she then said that if affiant did not give her

the lace she would take it and search the room, whereupon affiant says that they, the two women aforesaid, did search affiant's room and took all the lace affiant had except what was in her little work-box, which they did not touch.

That they took a yard of crepe lace that was an original design and with which affiant won a prize in Belfast, a plate mat that was an original design, and with which affiant won a prize in Larne, Ireland, and a necklace with an amethyst drop of a few stones that affiant's mother bought for her in London and gave her the Christmas before affiant left home, at which time she bought another with blue stones and gave it to affiant's other sister; that they also took all the money that affiant had, consisting of a Canadian dollar, four American paper dollars and a dollar in change, took affiant's watch, her bank book showing a deposit of forty dollars in Canada, and a sofa top and cushion and many other things.

Affiant further says that said Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, then asked her to let her look at affiant's trunk, in which affiant then told her she had nothing of hers, but which she insisted upon seeing; affiant then went to Mrs. Linderman, the landlady, and got a candle and took the aforesaid two women down in the basement and opened the trunk.

Mrs. Kenyon held the candle, and Agnes Bar-

rett, alias Madame Barette, went through affiant's trunk and took a pair of long, white stockings, a pair of white gloves, some chiffon, and then Mrs. Kenyon dropped grease from the candle all over anything of any value and the two women aforesaid then tramped the rest of the clothes into the floor, ruining them.

Affiant further says that up to that time, Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, did not claim that any of the stuff was stolen, but that after she brought what was downstairs upstairs and put all of it into a pillow-slip, she said to affiant, "Sure this is all mine." Affiant says that among the things which they took were five medallions, seven of which affiant still possess, having been made twelve in number for a Roman Catholic altar cloth.

Affiant further says that after remaining in the room for two hours or more, joking and laughing and fooling away time, that some time after nine o'clock this affiant was ordered to take up the bag that they had filled with affiant's own goods and carry them down to the Wellington Hotel, and this affiant went, carrying them down on the promise that when they got to the Wellington Hotel the stuff would be given back or the ownership settled.

This affiant says she went down that she might settle her dispute with said Agnes Barrett, alias

Madame Barette, and bring back her own stuff to her own home; that the three, Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, Mrs. Kenyon and this affiant, reached the Wellington Hotel and went into the room of said Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, some time in the neighborhood of half-past nine o'clock, or maybe somewhat later, having gone down in the street car; and that when they went in Mrs. Kenyon locked the door to the said Barrett room.

The two women then whispered together in a low tone and Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, asked this affiant to take off her clothes, and she refused.

Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, then said to affiant, "You might have something that belongs to me," to which affiant replied that she did not, whereupon said Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, said, "I will take them off for you," and she and Mrs. Kenyon then took off affiant's clothes, stripping her with the exception of her shoes.

Affiant says that in taking off the waist a safety pin in affiant's back hurt her and she screamed, whereupon said Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, seized this affiant by the throat and told her she would choke her to death if affiant made any outcry.

After stripping affiant, Agnes Barrett, alias

Madame Barette, said to Mrs. Kenyon, "If only "——"—and another man whose name affiant does not remember—"were here now to see this," and Mrs. Kenyon said, "Who are they," to which she replied, "They are the men that I told you about."

The affiant says Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, said to her, "I know a nice gentleman that wants to get you to live with him," to which affiant replied that she did not want to get married, upon which the two women laughed and said, "Nobody is asking you to get married; you would only have to live with someone a little while and you would get plenty of money for it."

Affiant further says that said Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, then told Mrs. Kenyon to hold this affiant, and Mrs. Kenyon grabbed her from behind, putting her arms through affiant's arms from behind.

The affiant also says that Agnes Barrett then said, "She will do."

Miss Barrett went to the telephone and called up Miss Donohue's room. Miss Donohue was not in her room.

(The affidavit follows for four pages of revolting details.)

Miss Barrett and Mrs. Kenyon, she says, were unclothed, a short time later when a man came to

the room. When he knocked, affiant says, the two women put on night gowns and left her entirely uncovered. She says Miss Barrett asked him what kept him when he was allowed to enter the room and he replied he could not get there any sooner.

She says his face was covered with a black mask.

Affiant says he attacked her and was assisted in this by Mrs. Kenyon.

The affiant says that after some time the telephone rang and Mrs. Kenyon answered it and it was for the man and he called up and said, "Is that you, Charley?"

The affiant says she does not know what was said back but that the man then said, "Yes, she is here," and he told this man over the phone, "Yes, it is all right, Charlie, she is here," and added that he would be back soon.

He then said over the telephone, "Yes, I will just come right away," and that after that he put on his clothes and left, but that Agnes Barrett and Mrs. Kenyon remained in the room.

The affiant further says that before the man went out Agnes Barrett asked him when he would give her the money and he said, "Well, sure, we are to come tomorrow night," and added that he would bring the money then and then left. The affiant says that she then asked Agnes Bar-

rett for her clothes. These, she says, were given her after a time.

The affiant then says Miss Barrett told her to come down the next night at five o'clock and offered her a silk dress if she would do as she bid, and that she then took the silk dress out of the wardrobe and showed it to her, but affiant refused it.

That she then said that if affiant would come down tomorrow she would get it fixed for this affiant and that she would have things ready for this affiant to go down to the Springs. She further told this affiant that she, this affiant, was to go to French Lick Springs and was to stay there about a week.

She further stated that while this affiant was at the hotel she was not to dress in the morning, but put on a kimono and to dress in the evening, that she was to remain in her room in the afternoon.

This affiant says that Mrs. Kenyon then asked Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, what about the "last one," to which she replied, "Well, they have tired of her; they had her long enough." She then told this affiant that she was to do whatever she would want her to for six months and that this affiant was to come down there the next day to sign a paper.

She told this affiant that she was to be down

there about three months, and that she then was going to send this affiant some place else, but she did not say where, but said that this affiant could sell lace for her after that.

Affiant further says that she did not take any money that night, but that the said Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, promised to give her back all the things she took from this affiant if affiant would come down there the next day at five o'clock.

Affiant says that when said Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, gave affiant her clothes, affiant said that if she did not give her the rest of her things she would go to a detective.

Mrs. Kenyon said that affiant could not get a detective at that time of night. She says that night Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, made her sign two papers; the contents of neither was read to this affiant, nor was she allowed to see them, and the condition of signing the papers was to get her clothes.

The affiant says that Agnes Barrett then held up the two papers and said, "Anybody would believe me with these papers and Mrs. Kenyon." Affiant says she then asked Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette for a nickel to ride home, as she had kept all of affiant's money, and she refused it and said the walk would do affiant good. That when affiant went out she came with her to

the elevator and said, "Be sure and come tomorrow at five o'clock." Affiant says that she then went out without any money and ran home most of the way.

Affiant says that on the next day she did not return to the hotel, but went and told Captain O'Brien; that the enormity of the situation was such that she could not tell it, and told the first part of it; that she did not reach Captain O'Brien's office until nearly five o'clock in the evening because she was ill from the outrages and indignities and sights of the night before; that she was unable to go out until late in the day; that the story itself was so horrible that she did not tell it to any man, but told parts of it to different women who are interested in her.

I, Ella Gingles, now make this affidavit, not to save myself or to help myself, knowing well that my ruination is well-nigh complete if horrible sights and acts and degradations that I cannot describe can work my disgrace; and I make this affidavit not in revenge, but because I have been attacked twice in the Wellington Hotel and because I know that no girl can be safe who like myself has no protectors.

CHAPTER IX.

ARRESTED!

After the horrible outrages of January 4 I did not know what to do. I was without money, and I would have been without food if Mrs. Lindermann had not kindly given me something to eat. I could not bear to think of telling any one, even a police officer or my kind landlady, of the horrors of that night.

Finally on the afternoon of Thursday, January 8, I did make up my mind that I would not say anything about the horrors of the case, but would go to the chief of detectives, Captain P. D. O'Brien, and tell him of the stealing of my things from my rooms and ask him to get my things back for me. I went to the captain and told him my story. He seemed impressed by it, took me to his home that night for supper, lodged me, and the next day, which was Friday, ordered the women at the Wellington hotel to bring back the things which they had stolen from me.

On the afternoon of Friday Mrs. Kenyon, who has since died under the mysterious circumstances, came over alone. Miss Barrett did not come. The captain ordered her to bring the things over with her and to have Miss Barrett come over by

noon of the next day. The next day I went back to the captain's office and they both came over. They brought with them only a part of the things they had taken from my room and they also put in some things which had never been in my room. I told Captain O'Brien so when I looked over the lot. We went over everything piece by piece, and only four small pieces of lace was there any difference of opinion, Miss Barrett admitting that the rest of the things belonged to me. I was allowed to take them away.

Captain O'Brien then asked Miss Barrett whether she was going to prosecute me for theft, and asked her if she was to get the warrant out before all the offices closed so that I could get bail that night and would not have to spend the Sunday in jail. Miss Barrett declared that they had no intention of pushing the prosecution, and we all supposed the case was then over, except myself. I intended to get my other things back in time, if I had to sue for them.

We all then left Captain O'Brien's office. I was astounded that night to be arrested at about eleven o'clock on a warrant sworn out by Miss Barrett, charging me with having stolen the four pieces of lace valued at fifty dollars. I was taken to the Harrison street police station. Here I was compelled to spend the night in a filthy cell.

I understood later that it was the next morning

that Captain O'Brien called up Attorney Patrick H. O'Donnell and asked him to come down to the station and get out my bond and take up my case. Mr. O'Donnell did come, and he did get me out on bail furnished by Samuel Feldmann. Mr. Feldmann came to go on my bail at Mr. O'Donnell's solicitation and that of Captain O'Brien, as I understand it, although of this particular point I am not sure. At any rate, I was released on bail pending a hearing on the charge, which subsequently took place in the municipal court before Judge Hume.

Mr. O'Donnell kindly took me to his home, and his wife there cried over and mothered me and was as good to me as my own mother could have been. Up to this time I had given no hint of the horrors of January 4. I could not bear to think of them, much less speak of them. Mr. O'Donnell did not know. No one except those present and myself knew of these things.

Then the people of Chicago began to come to my aid because I was poor and friendless. The Irish Fellowship Club employed Attorney John Patrick O'Shaughnessey to take up my case and investigate it.

I was taken to the office of Mr. O'Shaughnessey and was told that he, as well as Mr. O'Donnell, would be my friend. Mr. O'Shaughnessey was rather cross to me at first and seemed to

doubt whether or not I could make any lace. He seemed to fear that I was a common thief, and not a real lace-maker. He said to me, "Can you make lace?"

I told him, "Yes, I can make lace of any ordinary pattern known as Irish lace." He said to me, "You sit right down there in that chair and make some lace, if you can make lace." I replied that I had no thread.

Mr. O'Shaughnessey then sent out and got some thread of the kinds which I told him to get, and I sat down and worked with the thread for several hours making lace. At the end of the time I was able to show Mr. O'Shaughnessey a piece of the grapevine pattern, which is well known in Ireland, and which is the pattern which I used when I won my prizes in my native home of Larne for lace-making. It was the same kind of lace which I had made on one or two occasions for Miss Barrett at the Wellington hotel. The pattern agreed with some of the pieces of lace which I was accused of having stolen from the Wellington hotel.

This exhibition of my powers to make lace convinced Mr. O'Shaugsnessey that I was not a fraud, and that I could do what I had claimed that I could do. From that time forward he became my active friend and fought hard for me

clear to the end of the terrible trial to which I was subjected.

Subsequently I was compelled to make lace in the presence of a number of ladies who were interested in my case, just to show them that I was not a fraud. Every one seemed to be suspicious of me until I had proved that I could make lace and that I was not lying. I did not and never have had a single friend who has not compelled me to give some definite proof or other either as to lace-making ability or my character since this whole horrible matter came out.

After my experience in proving to Mr. O'Shaughnessey that I was not a fraud I was taken to Mr. O'Donnell's home and there cared for by his wife. Mrs. O'Donnell, who seemed to be about the only person to believe in me from the first, even when her husband seemed to doubt me, took good care of me and treated me as if I were her own daughter. After Mr. O'Donnell had satisfied himself that I was all right, and that there was no fraud in any of my stories, he, too, was very kind and allowed me to come down to his office to visit with Miss Mary Joyce, his stenographer, who used to chat with me while I made lace with which to pay at least a part of my obligations to the O'Donnells.

It was here, in this office, away up in the air at the Ashland block, that I made lace day after

day. I could only make one or two collars and a tie or so a week, but that little brought in something, as I had some exclusive Irish patterns of my own which attracted trade. These patterns of mine could not be duplicated, at least in America, and the lace which I made has always attracted attention. One of my customers for the lace which I made at this time was Miss Sarah M. Hopkins of the Catholic Women's League of Chicago. She bought several ties from me and became interested in me at this period of my troubles, before the brutal second attack at the Wellington hotel.

When Miss Hopkins and other ladies became patrons of mine I thought I saw a way to make a good living without having to work as a housemaid any more, and that I could use the trade which I had learned in Ireland to good advantage. It was the first chance I had really had to show what I could do since I had left the old country, and I felt very thankful for it.

The days dragged by very slowly for me, for they kept putting off the case of trying me for lace-stealing, stealing the lace I had made myself, from time to time, and some days I cried and cried because the case was not over and I was not free, because I did not believe that anybody would convict me of stealing my own property, especially after the manner in which it was taken.

I remember one day I was crying my eyes out on the couch in Mr. O'Donnell's law office when Miss Mary Joyce, the best girl friend I have ever known, came in and tried to quiet me. I cried more and more until a gentleman came in, I think he was a reporter, and then I managed to quit crying until he left. Miss Joyce told him to get out of the place until I was quiet, and he went. After he had gone I began to cry again, and Miss Joyce said not to cry, that some time soon I would be back in Ireland again with the home folks. That only made me cry more, because I did not see how I could face the people at home after the terrible things that had happened to me and after I had been arrested.

Long and long those awful days dragged out from January 9 until February 6. I do not believe that there was a single day that I did not cry until my eyes were all red, and I know that on many a night during that time I cried myself to sleep. I could not bear to think of the shame that had befallen me, although I knew that it was no fault of my own that it had happened to me.

It was all a nightmare. My nerves were breaking gradually under the terrible strain.

Then came my hearing before Judge Hume of the municipal court. I was arraigned on the larceny charge and after Miss Barrett and I had testified my attorneys demanded that I be held

to the grand jury, and refused to cross-examine the witnesses for the prosecution, so convinced were they of my innocence.

When this was done Miss Barrett was heard to say, "Oh, my, this is awful." This remark was overheard by Mr. O'Shaughnessey and convinced him more than ever that something was being hidden and that I was not the thief the Wellington hotel people sought to make me out.

During this trial an attempt on the part of Mrs. Kenyon to coach Miss Barrett while she was on the stand brought forth some strong objections from Mr. O'Shaughnessey, and Mrs. Kenyon was compelled to stop attempting to coach Miss Barrett from the floor of the courtroom.

When they tried to make out their case against me at this hearing they brought a number of pieces of lace which had never been in Captain O'Brien's office or in my room, and I said so, and Attorney O'Donnell promptly had them impounded for the purpose of disproving the charge against me later on. He would not let them have them back, nor would he let them have back a pair of stockings of Miss Donahue's which they said I had stolen. This was the first injection of Miss Donahue's name into the case, but it was brought in later after the second attack on me in the Wellington hotel.

At this preliminary hearing I was held on the

demand of my own people to the grand jury and was subsequently indicted on their demand that I might be enabled to effectually clear my name. This was the opening of the larceny case, where the alleged theft of \$25 worth of lace has caused the expenditure of more than \$38,000 all told in prosecution and defense of me, a little Irish working girl.

CHAPTER X.

THE SECOND ORGY.

The second affidavit of Ella Gingles covering the incidents of the second night following her arrest is a story of a grewsome tragedy. It was made as she lay on a cot in the Frances Willard Memorial hospital in Chicago.

The affidavit, signed by herself and sworn to, is as follows:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, }
County of Cook. } ss.

Ella Gingles, being first duly sworn, deposes and says:

That on the ninth day of February, 1909, she was arrested, charged with the larceny of jewelry and lace in the city of Chicago, and that the complaining witness was one Agness Barrett, alias Madame Barette, and that on the following day she was taken out on bail and became represented by Patrick H. O'Donnell of Chicago, and a day or two thereafter also by John P. O'Shaughnessy. The affiant further says that she had a hearing thereon.

Your affiant says that on Tuesday, February 16, 1909, this affiant came in the afternoon to the

office of Patrick H. O'Donnell, 911 Ashland block, and there sat in the office making lace for one hour and then had a talk with Attorney O'Donnell in his private office, and then left his office a few minutes before five o'clock p. m., but stopped at the elevator in said building to talk to Mr. O'Donnell and Miss Sarah Hopkins.

That as she left the said building she had in her pocketbook, among other small change, a five dollar bill, and that this affiant went from the office to the store on State street known as Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., and went in there and bought a spool of thread for crocheting purposes, and paid forty cents therefor and gave the five dollar bill to be changed in making said payment; and this affiant says she is ready to exhibit her purchase slip showing the purchase and the amount of money offered in payment therefor; and this affiant says that the hour of said purchase was almost five o'clock on the evening of the sixteenth, and that as this affiant approached the door of said store a cab was standing at the curb and Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, stepped out of said cab and started toward the store and left a man sitting in the cab waiting, but that this affiant did not see where Agnes Barrett, alits Madame Barette, went, or did not see her make subsequent purchases.

This affiant further says that after making said

purchase she returned home to her room at 474 La Salle avenue, Chicago, and there placed the one key to the door of her room in a secret place where her sister might find it, and which place was known to herself and her sister, and the secret place was on the stairs under the stair carpet.

After concealing said key, and before the sister so returned, and after entering her room and turning out the gas stove, she retraced her steps and started back to room 545, Wellington hotel, to collect from a Miss Arnold three dollars that said Miss Arnold owed this affiant; and that on two separate occasions theretofore this affiant undertook to collect said money; once while in company with Miss Mary E. Joyce and later while in company with Mrs. Bagshaw and Miss Sarah Hopkins, but that she was persuaded not to try to make such collections by both parties.

This affiant says she is familiar with the Wellington hotel and had worked in said hotel for about a week, and while she worked there said Miss Arnold did occupy said room, and that Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, lived on the second floor in said hotel, in room number 228; and that this affiant, when she went to said hotel, did not know that Miss Arnold had moved out of room 545, when in fact she had, and, as your affiant is now informed, had left the hotel on the 12th of the preceding month.

This affiant did not know that Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, had left the second floor and had moved up into the identical room 545, but your affiant is informed that such is the fact. And this affiant did go to room 545, believing that she was approaching the room of Miss Arnold and not knowing that she was approaching the room of Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, and knocked on the door, the exact time of which this affiant does not know, but believes that it was in the neighborhood of half past six o'clock in the evening..

This affiant says that a man stepped out of said room and asked this affiant what she wanted, and this affiant said she wanted to see Miss Arnold. The man said, "Is it about anything in particular?" and this affiant said, "It is about lace," and the man said that she was expecting this affiant, and to wait a minute. He talked to somebody in the room and then came out and said Miss Arnold was in the bathoom, and this affiant said she would wait until she came back.

The man said she was only brushing her clothes, and this affiant went around to the bathroom and he followed her around, and this affiant knocked at the door, which was a little ajar, and he pushed open the door and pushed this affiant in the bathroom and put a wet handkerchief in her mouth, on which handkerchief, this affiant

says, there was some burning stuff that was sweet, and it was "cold, but burning," after which affiant says she did not know any more.

Affiant says that this was not the bathroom she was subsequently found in, but was the bathroom around by Miss Barrett's room, that affiant then thought was Miss Arnold's room.

Affiant further says she does not remember subsequent events until this affiant woke up lying on a bed entirely undressed with the exception of her stockings, and was being guarded by a man.

This affiant asked, "What is the matter with my head; what is the matter here, and what is wrong?"

The man answered this affiant and said, "You are in Miss Barrett's room; you told something that Miss Barrett did not want you to tell and she is going to kill you, and if you scream we will kill you." At that time this affiant saw nobody except the man himself.

He said he was going after Miss Barrett, who was in the hall, and he went to the hall and locked the door after him, and then this affiant looked for her clothes and could not find any, but found a pocketbook belonging to her on the bureau, and there was a lead pencil in it, and this affiant wrote on an envelope:

"I am at the Wellington hotel; come quick."

But did not sign her name in full, merely sign-

ing her first name, "Ella," and then put it in an envelope, and after affixing two stamps wrote on the outside, "Bellboy please mail this," and then got up on a chair and threw it over the transom towards the next door, room number 547.

Affiant says that the reason she did not call on the telephone was because she did not remember Mr. O'Donnell's telephone number and she did not see any telephone, and that she could not have called on the telephone anyway if this man was still outside, and she did not want to alarm him or notify him, because he said she was not to move or get up, and said that he would kill her if she got up from the bed.

Affiant says that at this time she had nothing on except her stockings, and that when she got down from the chair she put Miss Barrett's spread around her, and that man above referred to then came back in and asked her what she had been doing and she replied that she had not been doing anything. Affiant says that the man then attacked her. When she screamed the man hit her on the head with his fist at the root of the hair over the right eye, and the resultant wound was the wound found on her by the doctors later.

Affiant further says that the man referred to then offered her ten dollars after striking her, and tried to tear the spread off of her, but that this affiant screamed for help, and that the man then

got a towel or some cloth and bound her mouth with a gag, and that this affiant could not prevent said binding. Miss Barrett came in, and he then sat down and wrote several letters or papers and watched this affiant for several hours. Late in the night he presented some paper to this affiant to sign and told her he would kill her if she did not, but this affiant does not know what the paper was and has never heard of it since.

This affiant further says that on the second occasion that the man attacked her this affiant pulled the gag off her mouth and screamed for help again, but the man bound her mouth, and she so sat with her mouth bound until about two o'clock in the morning. Affiant says that there was a knock at the door and the man put out the light and went to the door, and that Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, and another woman came in, and that the man asked the said Barrett what kept her.

Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, then asked the man if this affiant was there yet, to which he replied yes, and that then the aforesaid Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, said that she could not help staying, saying something about a game of cards.

The man then asked the said Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, if she brought the wine with her, to which she replied that she had, but

that she did not have a corkscrew, and asked the man if he went out to straighten up the bathroom, to which he replied that he did, and said Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, then said that she went into the bathroom as she was leaving the hotel and found a hatpin in it, and that was all.

Affiant says that the man then gave the said Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, a pocket knife with a corkscrew in it, and that they pulled the cork out of the bottle and drank some of the contents. Affiant says she did not know what was in the bottle or whether the wine was red or white. Affiant says that the said man, Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, and the woman that came with her as aforesaid had lighted a candle before they opened the bottle, and that after they had partaken of the contents thereof as aforesaid the man went out of the room, but that previous to that he offered the said Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, fifty dollars, and that the said Agnes Barrett said that was not enough.

Affiant says that that was all the man said at the time, and that he then gave to said Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, fifty dollars, who did not then say any more, but took the money. That the man then went out of the room and took the bottle with him, and also the candle lighting the room. Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette,

then turned on the light and came over to this affiant, who was sitting on the bed, and removed the gag from affiant's mouth and said to this affiant:

"Didn't I tell you I would kill you if you would tell your lawyer the things she told me."

"I did not tell the attorney," I replied. Agnes Barrett then asked affiant if affiant had told him the man's name down at the Springs, to which affiant replied that she had.

She then said: "Did you tell that interrupting beast?"

When I asked her who she meant, she said: "That other lawyer of yours."

I said, "I did not tell him anything."

I asked her who brought me there, saying that she did not remember coming there.

The man then came in and said that he was going to fix my head and give me something for it. They asked me to go to Miss Donahue's room and I refused.

Affiant further says that Agnes Barrett then took two night-dresses out of a paper and put one on her and then took her in to the man she claimed was a doctor to the bathroom. The other woman came out of the room after them and locked the door and brought the key with her, and that they then all went into the bathroom.

This affiant says that Miss Donahue was talk-

ing over the back transom to the man inside the bathroom. Affiant says that a candle was then lighted in the bathroom and that Miss Donahue reached a little bottle through the transom and told said Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, to mix it.

Affiant said she did not know what it was and refused to take it, whereupon the man poured it out in a glass and put it to this affiant's mouth and made her drink it. Affiant says that she did not know who the man in the bathroom was at that time, because he had a black mask tied over his face, and that she did not know whether this man was a doctor or not, but that Agnes Barrett called him doctor.

She further says that after drinking the medicine or drug, as above stated, she became sick, and that Agnes Barrett then asked the man if he had any knockout drops.

The man replied that he had not.

Agnes Barrett then said she had some, and went out of the room and shortly afterward came back with what appeared to be candy. They then made affiant drink more of the aforesaid wine and then told affiant to eat some of the supposed candy in order to get the taste out of affiant's mouth, and that she did so.

Affiant says the supposed candy was sweet and

was hard on the outside and soft on the inside, and was of a greenish color.

She says that after this she could not keep her eyes open and could not remember anything more, but that they were still in the bathroom, and when affiant awakened she was on the bathroom floor.

(Here the affidavit recites the revolting details, unprintable in nature, which occurred in the bathroom on the fifth floor of the Wellington hotel.)

The affiant says that when she awakened she was not yet tied, and that the man had his coat off and his face uncovered. Agnes Barrett was standing in the room. The affiant says that Madame Barette cut her on the arms and wrists several times. She says she struggled and that the other woman then asked the said Agnes Barrett why she did not tie the affiant's hands, to which she replied that she did not have anything there to tie them with, but that she then got the key to her room from the other woman and went out, and returned with cords, etc., and that the other woman then held the affiant's hands while Agnes Barrett tied them behind the affiant's head, and tied them to the legs of the bathtub, and that the man then tied the affiant's leg, which the aforesaid Agnes Barrett held until he tied. She says that Agnes Barrett then said that she had not got enough cords with her, but she had

a piece of black cloth or stocking, or something black, with which she tied affiant's leg, and also tied her ankle with some sort of a cord. She says that her left leg was left untied and that her mouth was also tied. The affiant then says that the man and Agnes Barrett then both attacked her.

She says that the strange woman held her shoulders to the floor and Agnes Barrett held the leg that was loose while the man took the knife and cut her several times. She says she did not bleed freely and Agnes Barrett then ordered the man to cut her on the other side. The man then assaulted her. He said he cut her to arouse his passions.

She says they were in the room for some time after that and that the man then told Agnes Barrett to go for his overcoat, and she said for him to come back at five o'clock.

Affiant further says that the said Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, then asked the man to come to her room and stay the remainder of the night, but he said no, that he had somebody to see before he left the city.

Agnes Barrett then told the man to be there and awaken them when he came at five o'clock, and not to sleep late, because she said he was to have a cab with him to take this affiant to Louisville with him.

The affiant then declared that she would not go to Louisville with the man.

Affiant then says Agnes Barrett put the neck of the bottle in her mouth and made her drink the rest of the contents, and also gave her some more of the supposed candy, and then tied up affiant's mouth again.

Agnes Barrett told the man to leave the light on so that the people would think there was somebody in the bathroom, and they then left affiant lying drugged on the floor of the room.

Affiant further says that the man then climbed up over the transom; that she saw him get up; that she saw that he had one leg over, and that she then could keep awake no longer; that she was sleepy and did not know what happened after that.

Affiant further says that at the time the liquid was poured from the little bottle into the big one, as above narrated, that the man told said Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, to scrape the label off the bottle and she took the knife that the corkscrew was attached to and scraped at the label of the wine bottle.

Affiant further says that after the man had attacked this affiant the first time, as hereinbefore narrated, that the said Agnes Barrett, alias Madame Barette, said to him, "Fifty dollars is not enough for this girl," and he then said, "That

is all I paid for the last one,” and added, “Look at the bother you gave me with the last one,” and she said, “Yes, but you won’t have any bother with this one.”

This affiant further says there are many incidents and things that happened from the time she was first seized in the bathroom until the man climbed up out over the transom that she has not narrated in this affidavit, but that she has told most of the occurrences; and also says that the clothes she wore that night were later returned to her by the police.

ELLA J. GINGLES.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of March, 1909.

MARY E. JOYCE, *Notary Public*.

[SEAL.]

CHAPTER XI.

ELLA GINGLES ON TRIAL.

BY HAL M'LEOD LYTLE.

Was Ella Gingles, the little blonde Irish lace-maker, on trial for stealing \$50 worth of lace from Agnes Barrett?

Or was the city of Chicago on trial for permitting an unsophisticated girl to be made the victim of a criminal corporation with its headquarters in another state, as Miss Gingles has sworn?

No more remarkable case was ever tried in the criminal court of Cook county, wherein some of the most amazing cases of which the world has record have been heard and decided.

Ella Gingles was charged with larceny. Ella Gingles asserted that the charge against her was inspired by an intent on the part of her accusers to brand her a thief so that her story of the criminal machinations of a gang operating in the interest of a combination against law and order, with headquarters at an Indiana resort, might escape the penalty of acts committed by its agents.

The jury which heard Ella Gingles' story was not misled by any rhetorical bombast or alleged

expert testimony covering the coined phrase, "mythomania."

Miss Gingles was supposed to have the hysterical tendency developed to the extent that she imagined things happened and then believed they had happened.

There are such people, but they are not of the physical or mental make-up of Ella Gingles. Dr. Krohn has had, no doubt, a vast experience of hysteria, basing the theory on his Kankakee connection, but he reckoned without the jury if he believed that the clear-eyed, self-poised young woman who told that horrible story to the court involving Agnes Barrett and Cecelia Kenyon with the "man in the velvet mask," was a victim of hysteria.

The testimony of Ella Gingles was of a sort that might be heard in a French court and understood. If it were heard in an English court, and believed, the plaintiffs would be certain of twenty years at hard labor without appeal.

In the criminal court of Chicago the prosecution was placed in a strange position. Ella Gingles, charged with a crime against the state, no matter by whom, it was the duty of the state's attorney's office to prosecute her with all the resources of that office.

'Across the river they are used to meeting steel with steel. They fight with the weapons that

the enemy uses. They perhaps become too inured to the idea that everybody is guilty until proved innocent. Therefore the cross-examination of Ella Gingles by Mr. Short, legitimate enough if the young woman were the double-dyed criminal he appears to believe her, fell short of its intended effect with the jury that leaned forward, every man listening with hand over ear for the lightest word of the softest-spoken witness the criminal court had seen in many a day.

Mr. Short was too clever an advocate to believe that the racking cross-examination covering hideous detail of the behavior of Miss Barrett and the dead Mrs. Kenyon, which brought tears to the eyes of the shrinking witness, could add anything to the state's contention in this case.

Ella Gingles was ingenuous to a fault. She answered questions put to her in cross-examination without an instant's hesitation, and with the utmost candor. An apparent discrepancy seized on by the lawyers opposing her and questions thundered at her in denunciatory tone fell flat. The question sounded subtle.

"Ah!" whispered the doubter in the spectator's row. "Here is where she betrays herself."

Then, without an instant's pause, the girl told just what happened. She had been told that she must talk out—just as though she were talking to her mother—and so she told everything. It

was a difficult situation for a prosecuting lawyer.

But if Ella Gingles was ingenuous, Ella Gingles was no fool. She knew that she was on the defensive.

Still, it was not to be wondered at that the Ella Gingles case proved a puzzle to the Chicago police and the state's attorney's office. The young woman appeared to have a thorough knowledge of the pitfalls that beset young womanhood in certain directions, and to be grossly ignorant of those that girls of less maturity in Chicago might be expected to avoid.

When, in the course of her examination, it developed that Ella Gingles was thinking in the way of a foreigner in a strange place while the state's advocate was cross-examining her as though she had been born and bred in Chicago, or at least in America, the assurance of the defendant charged with a crime was remarkable.

If at any time it should develop that Ella Gingles has lied throughout, that she was never attacked in the Wellington hotel—that Miss Barrett is not guilty of the charges made against her and that the weird story of conspiracy was born in a clever brain, rehearsed and then put on like any melodramatic bit for the delectation of a surfeited public it will go hard with the girl.

Miss Gingles was gowned in the most simple style. Her fresh, unpainted face and her wide-

staring, innocent eyes were of the sort seldom involved in a case of this kind.

When asked an involved question in cross-examination she half hesitated, looked quickly at judge and jury, flashed a glance of inquiry at her lawyer and blushed.

Blushing is an accomplishment. It impresses a jury tremendously. Miss Gingles not only blushed, but she wiggled. With a glove twisted in her hand, she had hesitated so long over the answer to a question involving a disagreeable answer that the most dramatic of all situations had been produced.

The court would wait, the audience would hang breathless, the attorneys, standing up, would lean forward, while the witness tried to find words in which to formulate a reply.

Then in three words the story would be told. The jury would lean back and gasp. The judge would swing around in his pivot chair and assume an air of unconcern. The attorneys would busy themselves with papers and the audience would groan. Still Miss Gingles would sit there in the witness chair unperturbed.

Could an innocent young woman sustain the horror of such a climax?

The jury that rendered the verdict of "not guilty" was a representative one. They ranged from men high in the financial world to those of

low estate. In the days that they sat listening to the terrible tale as unfolded by the little Irish lace-maker and the physicians they appeared to be held as though spellbound.

It was a dramatic trial, filled throughout with thrills and shudders.

Sensation followed sensation. At no time during the long trial, which cost the state of Illinois nearly \$100,000, did the interest lapse.

It was for the jurors to decide the truth of this complication of alleged happenings and as to the guilt of the little foreigner, charged by her alleged persecutor with theft.

The important points on which Madame Barrett based her charges against Ella Gingles were:

That Ella Gingles signed a confession December 6, 1908, admitting she was a department store thief.

That she stole valuable lace from her and used the lace in the new dress.

That the lace-maker's injuries were self-inflicted.

Combatting this, the little defendant and her staunch friends swore:

That she was a victim of a conspiracy on the part of her accusers.

That her enemies attempted to make her a white slave.

That she was urged by Madame Barrett to accept money offered her by her tempter.

That she was seized, bound and horribly mistreated in the Wellington hotel, as the result of her refusal to accede to Madame Barrett's demands.

That the Barrett woman forced open, or caused to be forced open, her trunk and took therefrom laces and valuable keepsakes and personal properties belonging to her.

It was charge met by charge.

During the long hearing Madame Barrett sat alone. She seemed to have been shunned. At no time did she lose her self-control. The most violent charges seemed to affect her but little.

The girl would make some terrible charge from the witness stand. The prosecuting witness would sit immovable. Her face did not blanch. It did not color to a crimson red. Her eyes did not wander. Forever they were gazing directly in front of her, yet without looking at any one and anything.

It was the gaze and composure of a woman of the world—a woman who has passed through horrors before and who has become immune.

After the jury had been selected Miss Gingles was released on bond. Previous to this time she had been confined in the county jail at her own request, as she charged her enemies were still

following her and she feared they would do her injury.

At the opening of the first session of court First Assistant State's Attorney Benedict J. Short made a short address.

"Miss Gingles, and not Miss Barrett, is on trial here. You must try this case on the evidence alone," said Mr. Short.

Attorney O'Donnell declared he would show that Miss Gingles was the victim of a plot instigated by an alleged agent representing an influential Indiana Democratic politician.

Here are a few samples of questions asked veniremen by Attorney O'Donnell of the defense:

"Are you married?"

"Have you any sisters?"

"Have you read about this case?"

"Miss Gingles is Irish—does that make any difference?"

"Would it make any difference if Miss Gingles belongs to a different religion than you do?"

Assistant State's Attorneys Short and Furthman questioned prospective jurors along these lines:

"Do you know anything about the Irish lace store?"

"Did you ever stop at the Wellington hotel?"

"Can the state accept you as a juror with con-

fidence that you will do your full duty and not be swayed by outside influences?"

When Attorney Patrick H. O'Donnell, her counsel, entered the courtroom he held a short conference with Assistant State's Attorney Short.

While they were talking Miss Gingles entered the courtroom, accompanied by a deputy sheriff.

"We desire to have Miss Gingles admitted to bail," said Mr. O'Donnell.

"I am very willing, I always have been willing that Miss Gingles should be free on bail," replied Mr. Short.

There was another short conference, after which Mr. Short said: "We will accept you as Miss Gingles' surety."

Thereupon Miss Gingles tripped lightly up to the clerk's desk and wrote her name on the bond. Mr. O'Donnell also affixed his signature to the \$2,000 bond and the pretty defendant was freed from the attentions of the officer.

Ella Gingles presented a picture of fresh, girlish beauty as she took her place in front of the jury box.

She wore a white linen suit, with a long coat. The collar and cuffs were trimmed with blue ribbon. A tan straw hat, tan o'shanter style, was matched by brown ribbons and roses. Her brown

hair, in curly puffs and waves, fell below her ears and tumbled bewitchingly over her eyes.

The scene in the courtroom at the criminal court when Ella Gingles took the witness stand to relate her terrible story was one never to be forgotten.

As the little lace-maker's name was called and she rose to walk past the jury to the witness stand fifty women seated in the back part of the courtroom rose and began to clap their hands. Some threw their handkerchiefs into the air.

The girl seemed much affected by the demonstration. Judge Brentano seemed taken aback for a moment by this unusual outburst. In vain the bailiff pounded with his gavel for order. Finally the court was compelled to rise and sternly rebuke the courtroom in no uncertain terms.

Miss Gingles began her story in a low tone. It was the voice of a schoolgirl telling of something she had undergone, but could not comprehend. The persons in the courtroom hung on every word. You could have heard a pin fall. As Miss Gingles took the stand Attorney O'Donnell said:

"State your name."

"Ella Gingles," the witness replied, in a voice that rang out through the courtroom. She said she would be nineteen years old next November. She was born in Ireland. Her father's name is

Thomas, and she has seven sisters and several brothers. She said she came to America in November, 1907.

"Did you make Irish lace?"

"Yes."

She identified a design shown her as one she made when eight years old.

"Who made the hat you are now wearing?"

"I did."

The hat was a peach-basket affair. A design of lace was shown her and she said she was the maker, as well as the designer.

She testified she won prizes in Ireland for fancy lace-making. She said she originated several designs.

Miss Gingles said she remained in Montreal two days, later going to Belleville, Ontario, where she worked as a cook. From there she went to Toronto. She visited a sister in Michigan, coming direct from there to Chicago about November 15, 1908.

"What did you do here?"

"I went to work as a chambermaid at the Wellington hotel. I stayed there a week."

"What did you next do?"

"I went there to meet some fine lady to sell laces to, and quit the work and sold them."

"Where did you next work?"

"At a Michigan avenue restaurant, but quit after four days."

"When and how did you meet Agnes Barrett?"

"I went to her store and showed her my lace."

At the mention of her name Miss Barrett looked straight into the eyes of the girl she accused, and Miss Gingles returned the glances without coloring.

"Miss Barrett gave me some roses to work on," resumed the witness. "She gave me \$1 and then I made some berries and more roses."

Miss Gingles said she continued to work for Miss Barrett, receiving \$1 per day. Altogether she worked four days for Miss Barrett before Christmas.

"Did Miss Barrett say in your presence and a maid that she missed things?"

"She said she missed some powder and paint and some Limerick laces."

Miss Gingles seemed confident, and began to smile as she testified. On January 4, she said, she returned home at seven o'clock, and found Miss Barrett and Mrs. Kenyon in her room.

"Is Mrs. Kenyon living or dead?"

"Dead."

Attorney O'Donnell dropped this line of questioning and inquired further as to what occurred on that evening.

She said Miss Barrett and Mrs. Kenyon took practically everything of value from her trunk, including prize lace designs, underwear, photographs, bracelets, strips of chiffon and a ring.

"Was the ring valuable?"

"It cost 15 cents in Ireland, but Miss Barrett said: 'It must be valuable or it wouldn't be in a costly box.'

"Besides, they trampled my clothes in the dirt and greased what they left with candles."

"What else did they take?"

"A fancy pillow case I made on a ship."

The most startling part of the girl's story was of the alleged attack upon her in the Wellington hotel, although her testimony was the story of her life practically from the time she came to America from Ireland.

Miss Gingles, in her testimony, declared that it was she, and not Miss Barrett, that had been robbed, and she told a story of how her room at 474 La Salle avenue had been broken into and ransacked in her absence and many valuable pieces of lace taken.

She declared that the robbery was made complete by Miss Barrett the same night in the Wellington hotel by taking all the money out of her purse and forcing her to walk back to her boarding house from downtown in the cold of a winter's night.

She said that on this night she was forced to sign a confession, admitting the theft of lace for which the girl now is being tried.

Her story of the attack upon her in the Wellington was the most remarkable ever heard in the criminal court building, and during it there were many outbursts from the spectators.

Miss Barrett, her accuser in the theft charge, was as agitated as the witness, and several times seemed on the verge of breaking down.

Attorney Patrick H. O'Donnell made good his declaration that the story of Miss Gingles concerning her treatment in the Wellington hotel would be told under oath from the witness chair.

Step by step the lawyer led the girl.

"She offered me money; advised me to take the money the man offered me whom she had brought to the room when I was helpless. She choked me, threatened me, and finally accused me of stealing and made me sign a confession before she would permit me to leave the room."

These were some of the accusations sobbed out by the lace-maker.

Time and again there were seeming admissions forced from the girl's lips which Mr. Short hoped would lay the foundation for impeachment of the most sensational sort.

There was a short delay, owing to a number of emergency matters set before Judge Brentano.

Then Mr. O'Donnell resumed the questioning of Miss Gingles as follows:

"In Captain O'Brien's office when this necklace was produced, what did you say?"

"I said it was my necklace," answered the witness.

"Did Captain O'Brien say anything about you proving that it was your necklace?"

"Yes. I told him that Daisy Young of Belleville, Ontario, could prove that the necklace was mine," answered Miss Gingles.

"Did you write to Daisy Young?"

"Yes."

"Did she answer your letter?"

"Yes."

"Did you show the letter to Captain O'Brien?"

"Yes."

"Have you the letter Daisy Young wrote?"

"Yes; here it is."

"Now, I'll read it," said Mr. O'Donnell.

"No, you won't; I object," said Assistant Prosecutor Short.

"Sustained," said Judge Brentano.

"But I want to show that Captain O'Brien's suppressed evidence is contradicted by this letter," returned Mr. O'Donnell.

"There is no rule of evidence whereby such a letter could be admissible," replied the court.

"Did you meet Mary Brennan at the door of Miss Barrett's room as she testified?"

"Yes."

"Now, tell the jury if there was any property in your room that didn't belong to you?"

"Yes, a towel from the Wellington hotel."

"Did you tell Captain O'Brien?"

"Yes."

"When you went to Miss Barrett's room what happened?" asked Attorney O'Donnell.

"Miss Barrett and Mrs. Kenyon went with me, and Mrs. Kenyon whispered something into my ear. Then Mrs. Kenyon told me I had to take off my clothes. I told her I would do nothing of the sort. Then Miss Barrett and Mrs. Kenyon took off my clothes and made me go to bed. Then Miss Barrett told me that she wanted me to go to French Lick Springs, Indiana."

"Did she tell you what she wanted you to go there for?" asked Mr. O'Donnell.

Here Miss Gingles began to cry.

"Don't do that, Ella," said Mr. O'Donnell.

The girl made revolting charges against both Agnes Barrett and Mrs. Kenyon.

"What happened then?" was asked.

"Why, Miss Barrett offered me a silk dress if I would do as she told me."

"Did she show you the dress?"

"Yes."

"Tell what happened," urged the attorney.

"Mrs. Kenyon said to Miss Barrett: 'Where is the other girl? We promised them to bring two girls here.'"

"Did any men enter the room?"

"Yes, one man came in."

"What else happened?"

"Miss Barrett and Mrs. Kenyon held me."

"Did the man offer you any money?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't take it."

"Did Miss Barrett tell you to take it?"

"Yes."

"Was the light burning?"

"Yes, but when the man came in Miss Barrett turned it off."

"Did you know at the time that Miss Barrett had gone to your room and taken the lace and other articles that you are now charged with stealing?" asked Mr. O'Donnell.

"No, sir."

"Did Miss Barrett say anything to you that night about losing lace?"

"Yes, and she said I had stolen it. I told her it was a lie."

"What did Miss Barrett say?"

"She had a paper and said I would have to sign it and admit that I had stolen the lace. I refused to do it."

"What did she say?"

"She said if I didn't sign it she would call that man back again. Then I signed it."

"Did you call Miss Barrett any names that night?"

"Yes, I told her that she was a beast and that Mrs. Kenyon was another."

"Tell the jury what you did."

"I tried to scream, but Miss Barrett put a towel over my mouth and she said if I screamed again she would choke me."

The girl declared that Mrs. Kenyon and Miss Barrett had prevented her resisting the man.

She declared she had cried and when she went home she asked two women to call a policeman. "They told me to go to Captain O'Brien's office the next day and I did," said Miss Gingles.

"Did you have any money?" was asked.

"No, Miss Barrett took all my money out of my purse."

"How did you get home to 474 La Salle avenue?"

"I ran home."

"That's all," said Attorney O'Donnell.

"Did you run all the way home?" was the first question by Prosecutor Short on cross-examination.

"Yes, ran or walked."

"Which way did you go?"

"I ran out in Jackson boulevard and ran west

on the north side of the street," answered Miss Gingles.

"Did you see any people while you were running?"

"I didn't notice many."

"How did you go down stairs?"

"I took the elevator."

"Didn't you know there was a policeman in the Wellington hotel?"

"No, I didn't see any policeman."

"There were lots of people in the hotel office, wasn't there?"

"I didn't stop to notice."

"You didn't have any money to pay your car fare?"

"No; Miss Barrett had taken all my money."

"You saw people in the streets, but you didn't stop and tell any of them to call a policeman?"

"No."

"What time did you leave the Wellington hotel?"

"At twenty-five minutes to twelve o'clock."

"How long did it take you to get home?"

"About twenty minutes."

"What was the first thing you did when you got home?"

"I saw Mrs. Linderman, the landlady."

"Where was she?"

"In the basement."

"What was the first thing you said to Mrs. Linderman?"

"I told her that an awful thing had happened. Then I told her all."

"What did you do then?"

"I asked her how I could get a policeman, and she said it was too late and to wait till the next day. Then I went upstairs to see another woman and told her the same thing, and she said I had better wait and go to see Captain O'Brien the next day."

"Then what happened?"

"Mrs. Linderman went with me to my room, and there I found that my trunk had been broken into and most of my things taken. I showed Mrs. Linderman what had been done."

"That was when Miss Barrett had gone to your room and taken the lace and other things which she claimed you had stolen?"

"Yes."

"You went to see Captain O'Brien the next day, did you?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell him that you had been attacked?"

"No."

"You didn't mention anything, not to a man anyway, about what you have related as occurring in Miss Barrett's room?"

"No."

"Just told them you had been robbed of \$100 worth of lace?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell anybody—any of the policemen who went around with you, about it?"

"No, I couldn't tell that awful story to anybody."

"This confession you signed to Miss Barrett wasn't the first confession you ever signed, was it?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm positive."

Here Prosecutor Short produced the first sensational attack upon Ella Gingles.

"Didn't you sign a confession that you had taken goods from a department store?"

"No."

"How old do you say you are?"

"I am eighteen."

"Look at this signature signed December 6, 1908—is that your signature?"

Here Mr. Short produced a paper purporting to be a confession that Ella Gingles had made, when accused of theft in a department store.

"That is my signature," said Miss Gingles.

Her voice quivered. There was a gasp among the women who had flocked to the courtroom to lend their moral aid to the accused girl.

"Let's see," said Mr. Short, mercilessly. "At the very outset this paper says—your admission—that you were then twenty years old."

"No, sir," interrupted Miss Gingles.

"Here, look at it; there it is, twenty years old."

"I told them I was eighteen.

"You have said you were born in Ireland?"

"Yes."

"But this document says—your admission—that you were born in London."

The witness made no answer.

Mr. Short attempted to offer the document in evidence, but was temporarily prevented by a ruling of the court.

"You say you were a good girl—a perfectly good girl—up to the time you met Agnes Barrett?"

"Yes; oh, yes, sir," sobbed Miss Gingles.

"You lived in Belleville, Ontario, before coming to Chicago?"

"Yes."

"As Ella Gingles?"

"Yes."

"What! Didn't you call yourself Ella Raymond?"

"No."

"Did you know a Dr. Gibson there?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't he attend you when you were ill?"

"He did not; he did not."

Mr. Short intimated that this part of the girl's testimony would be impeached by testimony of the physician.

"It was under the auspices of that woman's guild at Belleville, Ontario, that you went to work for Mrs. Thornton?"

"Yes."

"No white slave about that?"

"No."

"Was that Mrs. D. S. Thornton?"

"Yes, sir."

"You never had any trouble with them?"

"No."

"When were you taken ill?"

"About two months later."

"What was the doctor's name?"

"I don't remember."

"How long were you at the hospital?"

"I don't remember."

"Didn't the nurse and Mrs. Thornton object to having you go back to work?"

"No."

On this point the witness was quite positive.

Then Mr. Short described the Thornton house and asked the witness if she didn't know that up in the attic much linen was stored.

Miss Gingles said that she didn't know about

it. She described the marking on the linen, and then was asked:

"If Mr. Thornton said you took linen from his house, he is wrong?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you know his handwriting?"

"Yes."

Then Mr. Short showed her the letter from Mr. Thornton that Captain O'Brien had.

"That is his handwriting, but the letter is not true," said the witness.

Then Mr. Short returned to the baby clothes that were found in Miss Gingles' trunk."

"How long have you had these baby clothes?"

"About four months."

"How much larger were you going to make these clothes?"

"Just a little larger."

"Why didn't you start at these?"

"I was waiting for a job."

"You had lots of time?"

"Yes, but I had to work at lace-making to support myself."

"When you were at the Thornton house didn't the family go away?"

"Yes, to Quebec."

"And didn't you have a photograph taken in one of Mrs. Thornton's lace dresses?"

"No, sir."

Then Mr. Short showed her a picture of herself taken by R. McCormick of Belleville.

"That is an enlargement of a photograph that I had taken in Ireland," said Miss Gingles.

"You didn't have this taken in Belleville?"

"No."

"When you went back to the Thornton home from the hospital did the doctor go back with you, or did you ask him to speak to them?"

"No."

"Where did you come from to Chicago after leaving the Thorntons?"

"I went to work for Mrs. Lindquist in July and went to Toronto with her, and then went to Bangor, Michigan, and then to Chicago."

"Where did you go when you went to Chicago?"

"To Mrs. Linderman's house."

"Didn't you have a room at 300 Indiana street?"

"Yes; I roomed with Mrs. Rice."

"No trouble there, did you?"

"No."

"Where did she work?"

"In the Wellington hotel."

"What did she do?"

"She was the linen girl."

"How far is 300 Indiana street from 474 La Salle avenue?"

"Half a dozen blocks."

"You went into Miss Barrett's lace store for the first time in November?"

"Yes."

"Was that before you went to work in the Wellington?"

"Did you see Miss Barrett?"

"Yes."

"Do you know Mrs. Kenyon's sister?"

"Yes."

"Did you have any conversation with anybody there about your mother in Ireland?"

"No."

"Did you tell Miss Barrett that your mother had given you £200 to come to the country for a good time and that you had lost it on the way to the boat?"

"No, sir."

"Did you tell Miss Barrett that you lived at the Wellington hotel?"

"Yes."

Then, prompted by Miss Barrett, Mr. Short put the witness through a long questioning regarding the different kinds of lace.

It was a duel of lace-making knowledge between Miss Gingles and Agnes Barrett, but Mr. Short failed to secure any important admissions.

A queer incident occurred after the adjournment. Ella Gingles, who was formerly kept a

prisoner in the county jail, and who was released on bail, ran from the witness stand into the arms of several women who are befriending her. Agnes Barrett, white and desperate at the charges made against her, ran back from the advancing throng of women.

The accuser of Ella Gingles ran past the jury out of the room by the prisoners' door—the door used by Ella Gingles to enter and leave the room under the escort of a negro deputy sheriff.

Miss Barrett hurried down the stairs and into the office of Mr. Short.

Among the women who were with the lace-maker were Mrs. T. G. Kent, president of the Daughters of the Confederacy; Mrs. Van Dusen Cooke of the Socialist Women of the United States; Mrs. M. C. Brem of the Social Economics Club; Mrs. Lyman Cooley of the Evanston W. C. T. U.; Mrs. Mollie Benecke, Irish Choral Society; Dr. M. V. Maxson; Mrs. Margaret Ingelhart; Mrs. Frances Hagen, and Mrs. Frances Rowe, Children's Day Association.

Testimony which was deemed favorable to Miss Gingles was given by Captain P. D. O'Brien of the detective bureau, who was called by the state. Captain O'Brien admitted that he had formerly been friendly to Miss Gingles, and Attorney O'Donnell got it before the jury that

he had even suggested the employment of her present counsel.

The detective chief gave testimony which was thought to favor the defendant. The witness declared that the first charge of theft was made by Ella Gingles against Agnes Barrett of the Wellington hotel, and told of an investigation by the police of a raid on Miss Gingles' home, 474 La Salle avenue, in which Miss Barrett and Mrs. Kenyon took away some lace and a watch and bank book belonging to the defendant.

His examination, conducted by Mr. Short, follows:

"Do you remember seeing Miss Barrett and Ella Gingles on January 5, 1909?"

"Yes. Ella Gingles came to my office and said she worked at the Wellington hotel and that Mrs. Kenyon and Miss Barrett had gone to her room at 474 La Salle avenue and took her watch, bank book and laces, claiming she had stolen the lace. She said they had compelled her to sign a statement that she had stolen the lace.

"I asked Ella Gingles if she stole the lace and she said, 'No.'

"I told her I thought it was funny that she should have signed the statement.

"I sent for Miss Barrett and Mrs. Kenyon. The latter came. We had the lace, watch and bank book taken to my office.

“What was the lace kept in? A blue pillow case.

“Finally Miss Barrett came to my office and I had her and Miss Gingles attempt to sort out the laces which they claimed were theirs. Then we put the lace on a table and Miss Barrett and Miss Gingles both claimed most of the lace. I told them they had better take the case to court. I told Miss Gingles not to give Miss Barrett the lace if it didn't belong to her.”

“Miss Gingles did admit that some of the lace belonged to Miss Barrett, did she?” asked Mr. Short.

“Yes, but she claimed that Miss Barrett or some of her friends took it to her room. She denied having stolen it.”

“What did Miss Barrett say about the watch and bank book?”

“She said she had lost other property and that she thought she could keep it until her loss had been made good. I told her she couldn't do that in my office.”

“Was there any trouble over a necklace?”

“Yes. Miss Barrett claimed a necklace which she said she had bought in New York. Miss Gingles denied the assertion and said she had brought the necklace from Ireland.”

The necklace was introduced in evidence.

Attorney O'Donnell began the cross-examina-

tion in an unusual manner, which called for an equally unusual objection from Prosecutor Short.

"Good morning, captain," Mr. O'Donnell began, in his most dulcet, honeyed tones.

"Good morning," returned the witness.

"I object," shouted Mr. Short.

"What for?" asked Judge Brentano, in astonishment.

"Oh, I don't care about Mr. O'Donnell's good morning, but to its obvious purpose," said Mr. Short.

After some preliminary questions Mr. O'Donnell asked Captain O'Brien if he remembered a statement made to him in the presence of Chief Clerk William Luthardt of the police department, to the effect that when the piles of lace were divided "Ella Gingles had the pile and Agnes Barrett had the scraps."

Captain O'Brien said he didn't remember it that way.

"But the piles were about equally divided," said Captain O'Brien.

The witness' memory failed him on several points which had impressed Mr. O'Donnell, and finally, when the lawyer became nettled, he snapped this question across the table:

"You were the first person to suggest that I defend Miss Gingles—you wanted me to defend her, didn't you?"

Objection by Mr. Short was promptly sustained.

E. C. Capon, manager of the Wellington hotel, then was called and asked to identify a pass-key which the state claims was found in the Gingles girl's room.

"That's a maid's pass-key," said Capon.

"Poof! I never had a pass-key—I never saw that one until I was arrested," said Miss Gingles.

May Brennan, who came direct to Chicago from County Sligo, Ireland, less than a year ago, was the next witness.

"What is your occupation?" asked Mr. Short.

"I'm a lace teacher."

"Did you try to get Miss Gingles a position in a department store?"

"Yes."

"Did any one ask you to befriend Miss Gingles?"

"Yes—Miss Barrett."

Then Prosecutor Short sprang his big surprise.

"Here is a piece of lace taken from Miss Gingles' room. Did you ever see that before?" asked Mr. Short.

"Yes—I made it. That's my own make."

"What did you do with the original piece of lace?"

"I sent it to Miss Barrett at French Lick, Indiana, last summer."

"Do you know how Ella Gingles came to have this lace?"

"No."

"You didn't give it to her?"

"No. I gave it to Miss Barrett."

Witness then told of having seen Ella Gingles go to Miss Barrett's room in the Wellington hotel early last January.

"Miss Barrett sent me up to her room and I saw Miss Gingles waiting for somebody. Then a bellboy gave Ella Gingles Miss Barrett's pass-key and we both went into the room."

Witness did not know how Miss Gingles came to demand the pass key of Miss Barrett's room, but was sure she went into the room when Miss Barrett was absent.

Miss Margaret Donahue was then called. She is secretary of the Wellington Hotel Company.

"Was any of your property found in Miss Gingles' room?" asked Mr. Short.

"Yes."

"Is this the property you refer to?" and Mr. Short waved before the jury a pair of long, black, silk stockings.

"Yes—those are mine."

Mr. O'Donnell looked at Miss Gingles—the latter turned pink and the jury gingerly examined the expansive hosiery that was passed over the railing.

The strongest part of Mrs. Linderman's testimony came when she told of having gone to the Wellington hotel February 17, the morning after the bathroom episode. She found Miss Gingles delirious, in bed under the care of a physician. Attorney Patrick H. O'Donnell and several policemen were there, the witness declared.

"Tell the condition of Ella Gingles," commanded Attorney O'Donnell.

"She was crazy, crazy, crazy," declared Mrs. Linderman.

"What did she do?"

"She lay on the bed and screamed at the top of her voice."

"What did she scream?"

"She kept repeating, 'Oh, Miss Barrett! Don't let that devil-man in here again! Don't let him kill me, Miss Barrett! Save me, Miss Barrett.'"

Mrs. Linderman also told of how Ella Gingles, on the night of January 4, following the first alleged attack in the room of Miss Barrett at the Wellington hotel, had come home in a disheveled, hysterical condition.

"She told me that a terrible thing had happened to her and accused Miss Barrett. But she was afraid to tell me because she said that Miss Barrett had threatened to kill her if she told," said Mrs. Linderman.

Just before Mrs. Linderman, the mother, took

the stand Tecla, her thirteen-year-old daughter, preceded her. She swore positively that the necklace which Miss Agnes Barrett accuses Ella Gingles of stealing was a substitute.

She wore a school girl's dress of white muslin, with an over-yoke of lace. Her hair was combed back from her forehead and tied at the back with a white silk ribbon.

The little girl was somewhat confused and held up her wrong hand when taking the oath. Her testimony follows:

"Do you know Ella Gingles?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she ever live at your house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you ever seen her wearing jewelry?"

"Yes, sir; I saw her wearing a necklace of purple beads."

"How long after she came to your house did you see her wearing them?"

"I can't remember exactly."

"Where was it you saw her wearing the beads?"

"She was in the kitchen."

"You are sure you saw her wearing the beads?"

"Yes, sir. I remember it plainly."

"Was your mother in the kitchen at the time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she see Ella wearing the necklace?"

"Yes."

Cross-examined by Mr. Short, the youthful witness was trapped as to the number of beads in the necklace held by the attorney.

"How many beads were there on Ella's necklace?" asked Mr. Stout.

"There were seven."

The prosecuting attorney produced the necklace alleged to have been stolen by Miss Gingles from Miss Barrett.

"Is this the necklace Ella wore?"

"No, sir."

"What?"

"I say, no, sir. It is a different necklace."

"In what way?"

"This has five beads and Ella's had seven."

Mrs. Linderman, mother of Tecla Linderman, then took the stand. Her testimony was sensational. She related the story of the night when Miss Barrett and Miss Donahue visited the Linderman home in LaSalle avenue and ransacked the room of the little lacemaker.

Then she went into the details of the condition of Miss Gingles after the happenings at the Wellington hotel. She declared that the girl was a raving maniac when she went to the hotel on the afternoon Miss Gingles was found bound hand and foot, with large gashes cut in her body, in the bathroom of the hostelry.

"You were at home on the night Miss Barrett and the other woman called to see Miss Gingles at the LaSalle avenue home?" suggested Attorney O'Donnell.

"Yes, sir," answered the witness.

"How long were the women with Ella Gingles—to the best of your knowledge?" asked Mr. O'Donnell.

"At least two hours."

"Did Ella Gingles go away with the women?"

"Yes."

"What time did she return?"

"About twelve o'clock."

"What was her condition?"

"She was crying terribly. Her eyes were red and her hair was all tumbled down. She said she had been treated horribly. She said she couldn't tell me what was the matter, because they would kill her if she told any one."

"What else happened?"

"We went to her room together and I saw that her clothes had been dumped into a heap and were covered with candle grease. I helped her to clean them."

"Ella Gingles didn't tell you what they did to her?"

"No."

"Wasn't your curiosity excited?" asked Judge Brentano.

"Yes, but what could I do? It was midnight."

Mr. Short then asked the witness how she came to go to the Wellington hotel February 17, following the alleged attack in the bathroom.

"Mr. O'Donnell came to my house with a man in an automobile, and told me Ella Gingles was being murdered in the Wellington hotel," replied Mrs. Linderman.

Then came some testimony calculated to embarrass Attorney O'Donnell.

"You went direct to Ella Gingles' room, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"She was in bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Mr. O'Donnell was sitting near the bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Mr. O'Donnell had his arms around Miss Gingles?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Ella Gingles had her arms around Mr. O'Donnell?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who went with you to the room?"

"Miss Joyce."

"Oh, you didn't go direct to the Wellington hotel from your home to the Wellington when

you heard that Ella Gingles was being murdered?"

"No. I went first to Mr. O'Donnell's office."

"You say Ella Gingles was a raving maniac?"

"Yes. She acted as if she were under the influence of some dope."

"Dope? Where did you hear that word?"

"I read it in the medical books," was the surprising answer.

"Did Ella Gingles talk to Mr. O'Donnell?"

"Yes."

"What did she call him?"

"Mr. O'Donnell."

"Did she call him by his first name?"

"No, sir."

"How long were you in this room?"

"An hour, at least."

"Nobody suggested that she be sent to a hospital?"

"Did a physician come?"

"Yes."

"What did he do?"

"Ordered us all to leave the room."

"Did all go out?"

"I think so."

"Do you remember handling the cords with which Ella Gingles was tied?"

"Yes."

"How did you know she had been tied and that those were the cords?"

"A policeman told me."

"Were there any books in Miss Gingles' trunk?"

"Yes; I saw several books."

"Don't you know that Ella Gingles claims she never read but one book in her life, and that one of Dickens' novels?"

"No; I don't know anything about that."

"Did you know that Miss Gingles was starving between January 4 and February 16?"

"Yes; I heard she was hungry."

"Did you give her anything to eat?"

"Yes; several times I gave her coffee and toast. I knew she had no money."

"You would have given her money if you knew she were starving in your home?"

"I had no money, but I didn't take her room money."

A sharp clash took place between Attorney O'Donnell and Judge Brentano when the lawyer objected to one of Prosecutor Short's rapid-fire questions.

"I'll rule it out if you are invoking the strict rules of evidence, but it is pretty late to invoke them now," said Judge Brentano.

"I'll invoke the rule and take exception to the court's remark," answered the attorney.

"Save your exception," retorted Judge Brentano.

A few minutes later Mr. O'Donnell began questioning Mrs. Linderman regarding the letter which was received by Miss Joyce and telling of her alleged tortures which resulted in her being found bound and gagged in a Wellington hotel bathroom.

"I object! This isn't proper. I'm invoking the strict rules now," said Mr. Short.

"Sustained," said Judge Brentano.

"Give me the letter, then," snapped Mr. O'Donnell.

"Say please," replied Mr. Short, holding the letter teasingly.

"Please. Being attorney for the Chinese, I'll 'kow-tow' to you," said Mr. O'Donnell, solemnly making the Chinese salutation to royalty.

A few minutes later Mr. Short objected again.

"That's only a self-serving declaration," he declared.

"Who does it serve?" sarcastically inquired Mr. O'Donnell.

"It serves you," was the prosecutor's quick retort.

"Oh, indict me, why don't you?" rejoined Mr. O'Donnell."

"I will if I get anything on you."

"Yes, and you probably will whether you get

anything on me or not," said Mr. O'Donnell, angrily.

"Yes—oh, no, I won't," and Mr. Short corrected himself quickly.

Belle Carson, 32 Goethe street, was then called and swore that Ella Gingles had gone to her room on the night of January 4 and that the girl had asked her about getting a policeman.

"I told her the names of two judges I knew."

Miss Carson told how Ella Gingles had brought some lace to her room and told her how Irish lace was made. Miss Carson at that time had a room at 474 La Salle avenue.

"I went to Miss Gingles' room and saw the laces which she was making."

"Were they large or small?"

"Small."

Tom Taggart, the Indiana politician, and former Democratic national committeeman, appeared as a voluntary witness to clear his name of charges made in the defense of Ella Gingles.

Mr. Taggart was treated with the utmost deference. Other witnesses may have been "ragged" by counsel for both sides, but Taggart was immune from even being asked to repeat his testimony or to give any explanations.

Mr. Taggart told a straightforward story and it consisted mainly in denying that he knew Ella Gingles or that he had ever known Agnes Bar-

rett except in a business way through her lace business at French Lick Springs, Indiana.

The rest of his testimony was given over to proving that he is an utterly unsophisticated Indianian, and when asked about the alleged "white slave" traffic he innocently asked:

"What is a 'white slave'?"

Mr. Short gave the definition, without even cracking a smile.

When Mr. Taggart had been enlightened he declared that there were no "white slaves" in his hotel in French Lick.

"We don't let any bad characters stay in the hotel if we know them. My hotel is perfectly respectable; it is patronized by the best people in the United States, from Maine to California," he declared.

Mr. O'Donnell was equally careful not to ruffle the temper or feelings of the witness. He asked a few perfunctory questions and said, "That is all, Mr. Taggart."

Mr. Taggart, however, wanted to talk some more. Turning to the court, he said:

"Your Honor, I came here as a voluntary witness."

"Of course you did," put in Mr. Short.

"And I wanted to vindicate my name. There was so much said in the papers when Miss Gingles made her statement—I just wanted to come

and put things right," was the gist of the explanation volubly made by Mr. Taggart.

It developed that Mr. Taggart has kept two detectives employed since the opening of the trial to report to him the developments, especially as they related to the use of his name in the testimony.

Dr. H. A. Watson, 4358 Lake avenue, and house physician at the Wellington hotel, followed Mr. Taggart on the witness stand.

"On February 17, were you called to attend Ella Gingles?"

"I object!" shouted Attorney O'Shaughnessey.

"On what grounds?" asked Judge Brentano.

"It isn't relevant to the issue," replied Mr. O'Shaughnessey.

"If this case had been tried on merely relevant issues it would have been finished in twenty minutes," retorted the court.

"Did you go to the bathroom on the fifth floor of the hotel?"

"Yes."

"What did you see?"

"The transom of the bathroom had been taken out and the door opened from the inside. On the floor lay a girl. One knee was tied and one foot fastened to the foot of the bathtub. Both hands were tied."

"Were they slip knots?"

"No. Hard knots. The feet were tied with cords and the knee with a stocking."

"What was her condition?"

"She was not unconscious. The pupils of the eyes were widely dilated. I asked her who her friends were and she asked me to send for Captain O'Brien."

"What did she say?"

"She was crying, as hysterical people do. She kept saying, 'They threw pepper in my eyes.' "

" 'I can't drink any more wine.' She also said she was a friend of Mr. O'Donnell."

"What did you do?"

"I examined to see if she had been attacked, and found there were no such indications. I cut her loose and found she wasn't in a bad way. Her pulse was good and she did not need medicine."

"How about her wounds?"

"They were scratches, and not cuts."

"When we took her to a room she kept crying and said, 'They cut me! They threw pepper in my eyes and put me in a cab.' "

"We object to this form of questioning," said Mr. Short.

"The objection is sustained. The court will state why. You are asking questions, Mr. O'Donnell, on matters that nobody can testify to unless you take the stand yourself."

"Your honor," shouted the Irish lawyer, "I

don't have to take the stand, sir. My good wife will take it."

"Very good; then proceed," answered Judge Brentano.

"Now, as a matter of fact, did you not see this girl lying there on that bed in a semi-conscious condition, so far from rational that I was compelled to shake her to make her recognize me?"

"I saw you shake her. She did not appear to me irrational apart from the hysteria."

"What position was Miss Gingles in when you found her in the bathroom?" resumed Mr. Short, again taking the witness.

"She was lying on her right side and her body stretched from one end of the bathtub. Her feet were tied to the iron pipe under the stationary bowl. Her hands were tied to the iron foot at the end of the tub."

"Did you know Miss Gingles before?"

"No. I never saw her before."

"Was there anything much the matter with her aside from being hysterical. Did you see the scratches on her arms and body?"

"Yes. Those scratches were very superficial. They did not more than penetrate the first skin."

"Did you see a liquid in the bathroom?"

"Yes. I thought it was wine. Also there was a little bottle of laudanum."

"Now, if this girl had taken laudanum, what

would have been the condition of the pupils of her eyes?"

"They would have been very much contracted."

By Mr. O'Donnell: "And tell us, had she a cut on the inside of the thigh, running crosswise?"

"Yes, she had such a cut."

"There were many cuts, altogether?"

"I don't recall precisely how many."

Mr. O'Donnell dramatically seized Ella Gingles by the hand, almost dragged her to the witness chair, and then demanded explosively:

"Did you see this cut, and this one, and that one and that one? Did you really see any cuts?"

"Yes. I saw several cuts, but I cannot say that these are the scars from them."

"Now, how many cuts did you find?"

"As I remember it, there were several on the arms and one on the leg."

"Which leg?"

"I do not recall."

"Did you see other bruises and injuries on the girl's body?"

"Oh, I remember generally that she was cut and scratched slightly, but I did not regard any of the injuries as serious."

"Do you know that Ella Gingles had ten wounds altogether?"

"All I recall I have told you."

"How long were you in the bathroom with Ella Gingles before you untied her?"

"Not more than a few minutes."

"Now, about this pink baby ribbon Mr. Short is trying to make out Ella was tied with. Didn't you see me take it out of her nightgown?"

"I don't remember."

"Well, I took it out of her neck-band because she was tearing at herself, didn't I?"

"Oh, I can't tell that."

"Did you see me take the gag off her?"

"It was hanging under her chin when I first saw her, but I don't know who took it off."

"You remember a big crowd of newspaper men being in the room, don't you?"

"Many people were there. I did not know many of them."

"How does it come that you say you took Miss Gingles out of the bathroom at eleven p. m. when Captain O'Brien was called and told of her condition at ten?"

"Well, I understood that you had been there and gone before I reached there."

"Was one of her arms tied with a stocking?" asked Mr. O'Donnell.

"Yes."

"Had she her own stockings on?"

"No."

"What?"

"Well, I don't recall exactly. I don't think she had them both on."

"As a matter of fact, were there not three stockings? Did not Ella have her own stockings on?"

"Well, I won't be positive about it."

"Was she brought to the bed in the same condition you took her from the bathroom?"

"I believe she was."

"When you left you are sure she had on a black skirt?"

"Yes."

"And you are not sure whether she had on stockings or not?"

"No."

"Between the time you cut Ella Gingles loose and we got there were any clothes taken off or put on Ella Gingles?"

"Not that I can remember."

Dr. Watson proved to have a bad memory. He couldn't remember who took charge of the cords that bound Ella Gingles or what was done and said after the girl was found in the bathroom.

Professor Henry J. Cox of the United States Weather Bureau was then called by the state.

"What kind of a night was January 4, 1909?" asked Mr. Short.

"It was cloudy, and at eleven a. m. the tem-

perature was fifty and at midnight it was forty-five."

"Did it rain that night?"

"No, sir."

"But there was a mist, wasn't there?" asked Mr. O'Donnell.

"No such record."

"What kind of clouds were there?"

"Low, hanging clouds."

"When did the sky clear?"

"At four a. m."

"Let me look at that book," said Mr. O'Donnell.

"I'm not a—what do you call it—meterologist?" suggested Mr. Cox.

"Read the meter, Pat," said Mr. Short.

"Here. What's this? Why, the record shows there was rain that night!" shouted Mr. O'Donnell.

Mr. Cox looked and saw the letter "T" opposite the temperature reading for nine p. m.

"That means 'trace.' Yes, there was a trace of rain at that hour," admitted Mr. Cox.

When the case closed and the arguments were through the courtroom was filled with wild, expectant people. It was a scene never equaled in Cook county. Even the scenes of confusion in the trial of Dora McDonald for the slaying of Webster Guerin were eclipsed.

The jury did not deliberate long. A few hours sufficed to reach a verdict. There was some contention on the part of one juror, but he was soon convinced that the verdict should be not guilty.

The scene when the verdict was handed to Judge Brentano was appalling.

The little Irish girl standing in front of the bar of justice, with eyes looking straight ahead into those of the judge; the auditors standing breathless awaiting the words that were to fall from his lips.

When the court read from the slip of paper, "We, the jury, find Ella Gingles not guilty," bedlam broke loose. Men and women, many of them richly dressed, rioted madly. Several of the clubwomen and members of the Irish Fellowship Society ran to the girl's side and hugged and kissed her.

For several minutes the court made no attempt to still the outbreak. He, too, grim and stern, and used to tragedies in the court, seemed to feel the joyfulness of the occasion.

"I'm so happy," the little lace-maker told her friends. "I was certain I would be freed. It was a horrible plot against me, but with all my friends working for me I knew I could not come to any harm."

After leaving the courtroom the girl was taken in a cab to the home of a wealthy clubwoman on

the south side. That evening hundreds of supporters called to greet her and tell her of their joy at her acquittal. Several of them joined together and presented her with a small diamond brooch.

The next day the little lace-maker began making arrangements to return to her old home and to her parents, at Larne, Ireland. There with her family she expected to try to live down the horrors of her experiences in Chicago.

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